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THROUGH

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TEN THOUSAND MILES

THROUGH

INDIA & BURMA

AN ACCOUNT OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY AUTHENTICS' CRICKET TOUR WITH MR. K. J. KEY IN THE YEAR OF THE CORONATION DURBAR

1902-03

BY

CECIL HEADLAM

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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To

EVERARD BRITTEN-HOLMES

FOUNDER, MANAGER, FRIEND

OF THE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AUTHENTICS

In the course of the following pages I have made use of articles contributed by me to the hospitable columns of *The Sportsman*, *The Daily Express*, *The Tatler*, *The Pioneer*, *Times of India*, and *The Indian Sporting Times*. To the Editors and Proprietors of those papers my best thanks are due.

To the Editor and Proprietors of the *Tatler* I am especially indebted for the loan of two blocks from photographs which appeared in that paper. The illustrations, which form the most interesting part of this book, are from photographs chiefly by Messrs. K. J. Key, J. B. Aspinall, F. G. H. Clayton, and R. A. Williams, who have been good enough to place the products of their cameras at my disposal. To them, and to Mrs. Tipping of Aligarh for the life-like water-colour sketch from which the frontispiece is reproduced, I take this opportunity of offering my grateful acknowledgments. To Mr. Williams I am under still further obligation for the extremely interesting article which he has contributed, describing his experiences whilst shooting in Kashmir.

C. H.

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TEN THOUSAND MILES

THROUGH

INDIA AND BURMA

I

EN ROUTE

OF all the lands I have visited—and, in the course of twenty years' travelling for work and pleasure, I have seen very many under many different conditions—there is none where I have found the globe-trotter regarded with such mingled feelings as he is in India. In other countries an Englishman is made welcome, or merely tolerated, or else clearly shown that he is, so far as he represents his country, cordially disliked. But in India he is treated with the most genuine hospitality and kindness by his fellow-countrymen, and at the same time he is made aware that he inspires in them fear and distrust. The fear is that he may like the country, the distrust is that he may say so and even publish the fact in a book. A certain poem by Rudyard Kipling probably explains these feelings.

Anglo-Indians have undoubtedly suffered much from those who have formed a hasty opinion of India, its problems and its hardships, in the course of a short sojourn

there in the cold weather. Those who have been through the terrible stress of the hot weather and the rains are naturally exasperated when the cold weather visitors report that the trials of the Indian climate have been absurdly exaggerated, and that life in India is a round of gaiety and good time. Yet so sensitive are they to this false opinion from home that, being told that it is not hot out there, they hardly dare to indulge in electric punkahs!

Knowing all this, it is with some trepidation that I have undertaken to write an account of the globe-trotting of an English cricket team. In the course of our match-making we wandered, between the months of November and March, more than seven thousand odd miles in India. Our purview ranged from Bombay to Calcutta, and from Peshawar to Trichinopoly. But I hasten to add that on the strength of that "whizz, whizz, all by steam, whirr, whirr, all by rail" I do not intend to pose as an authority on matters Indian, or as an understanding critic of the native, nor, seeing that I have visited Burma and experienced the hottest of hot weather in Calcutta, am I going to assert that cold and frivolity are the chief sensations to be experienced in India.

As this is not a guide-book I have omitted directions and history; as it is not a blue-book I have left politics severely alone, and the chapter on the Fall of the Rupee I have decided to omit as too exciting. Occasionally I have recounted some facts, and usually I have noted some of the effects of each place as they appeared to me without "spoiling my holiday with scenery"; but I have not endeavoured to say everything about every place. My pen and my mood has been my guide.

I agree with Sterne—it is very much amiss "that a man

cannot go quietly through a town and let it alone when it does not meddle with him, but that he must be turning about, and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, o' my conscience, for the sake of drawing it." That, at least, is occasionally my mood, and though I have written histories of mediæval towns, yet I maintain my right to remain ignorant when I choose and I retain the capacity of enjoying my ignorance. Sometimes I simply do not want to know what has happened at a place —it may have been besieged a hundred times for all I care. I simply want to enjoy it by existing in it, observing it may be, but uninstructed certainly.

My pen and my mood have likewise been my guide in the matter of spelling; but chiefly I have aimed at not disguising names familiar to every student of history by means of a new eye-twisting orthography. In this matter, then, I have been consistent only as to one point: I have rigidly excluded all accents from these pages, for accents, like genders and augments, I consider in any language a weakness of the mind and a weariness of the flesh. I am on the side of Homer—

> "Poluphloisboisterous Homer of old
> Threw all his augments into the sea;
> Although he had often been courteously told
> That perfect imperfects begin with an *e*;
> But the Poet replied with a dignified air,
> 'What the Digamma does any one care?'"

It is only as an outsider, then, that I write, and perhaps the observations that I make will be forgiven their inaccuracy if they help to throw local colour upon the record of an unusual

cricket tour. The constant dweller in a land soon loses sight of what at first struck him as picturesque or characteristic. For him those touches are commonplace which to the newcomer seem by far the most interesting details in the picture. This fact is the justification of the impressionist, and may it be accepted as my excuse!

There is this much also to be said in favour of a rapid survey of this kind, that it gains in contrast what it loses in profundity. Many of those who spend their lives in India know only a tiny fraction of the country.

Yet the globe-trotter is frequently asked by the resident, "What do you think of India?"

The only answer to that question if he has kept his eyes open is, that there is no such place. There is a huge section of the earth, a vast tongue-shaped peninsula, stretching from the Himalayas to Ceylon, composed of many countries, ranging from the wet, green west and south to the great grey formless land of the Punjab and Central India; countries inhabited by many different peoples of different breeds and creeds and tongues, hating each other; mountain tribes and races of the plains enjoying or disliking many different climates, climates that range from the excessively cold to the excessively hot, from the drought of Pindi to the moisture of Madras; a section of the earth won by the sword and held by the sword, administered under the British Raj.

It was to visit these countries that in the year of grace and Coronation Durbar, 1902–3, Mr. K. J. Key, the old Surrey captain, undertook, following in the footsteps of the late Mr. George Vernon and of Lord Hawke, to take a team of cricketers from England. But whilst the two latter had taken a team selected by themselves, Mr. Key captained a side which was composed of members of one

club. That club was the Oxford University Authentics. After being asked what I thought of India, I grew accustomed in the course of the tour to being asked, as question No. 2, "Who are the Authentics?" or "What does the name mean?" It will be best perhaps to answer that question at the outset.

The name Authentics, I may mention, caused a good deal of difficulty to the Post Office Babus. I was frequently addressed as the President of the Oxford Authorities—a title I really could not claim; or as the Honourable Secretary of Oxford Arithmetic, a position to which, in my wildest moments, I have never dared to aspire.

Some twenty years ago, not for the first or last time, the honour of representing the 'Varsity on the cricket-field fell into the hands of a clique. Just as literary men in London run, like baby-linen, in sets, so at the 'Varsity it was not enough to be a good cricketer to be given a trial for your Blue. It was necessary to belong to a certain set or to have been at a certain public school. The result was an inferior eleven and repeated disasters at Lord's. Now in those days there came on a visit to Oxford one Everard Britten Holmes, an enthusiast for cricket. And he being much struck by the number of good cricketers who were never tried in the Parks, jestingly undertook to get together an "Authentic" Oxford team, which should beat the side chosen to give battle to Cambridge.

From that jest sprang the Club of Oxford University Authentics, which Mr. Britten Holmes founded shortly afterwards and of which he has been ever since the very popular and devoted manager and secretary. That fine athlete and most original-minded of philosophers, Professor Thomas Case, was the first president of the club.

All idea of opposition between the Authentics and the

'Varsity eleven has, of course, long since passed away with the occasion which gave rise to it. Nowadays nearly all good cricketers at Oxford who play for the 'Varsity or their college eagerly join a club which opens the door for them to many enjoyable matches and tours. It was at the end of one of these tours that F. H. Stewart, the Honorary Secretary of the Calcutta Cricket Club, who whilst on leave at home had been enjoying to the full the advantages of being one of "Britten's Lambs," unofficially proposed, in saying good-bye, that a team of Authentics should visit India. The idea took root in Britten Holmes' scheming brain. For the next few months he was busier than ever, holding committee meetings and sounding possible starters. When K. J. Key consented to captain the side it was felt that the project was already well within the bounds of practical politics. His high cricket reputation, his great experience, his brilliant batting powers gave a *cachet* to the team which had been lucky enough to secure in him the most imperturbable of skippers and the most unselfish of cricketers. He threw himself at once whole-heartedly into the business of promoting the tour. He bought a new camera and began to cast about for somebody to make his speeches. I am not sure that he did not surreptitiously take lessons in elocution. His accomplished photographs adorn this book; but of his abortive speeches I fear he will now never be delivered.

By degrees the team grew from the embryo stage, and in June 1902 it was possible to cable to Calcutta the magic word "Coming." Of the huge amount of *dik* and worry which that word represented in the past and future for the two honorary secretaries at either end of the cable it is difficult for those who have not experienced the sort of thing to form any idea.



MR. E. BRITTEN-HOLMES

From a Photo by Mr. F. G. H. Clayton

A cricket tour may sound a simple thing to manage, but it is not merely a matter of saying to one cricketer after another, Come, and he cometh. Few people would believe, unless they went into the question thoroughly, how enormous is the amount of detail which has to be arranged for a trip of this kind, and it is upon the skill and foresight of the manager that the success of the trip from the point of view of those who participate in it depends. Tickets, customs, luggage, and the painting of it, clothes suitable for all purposes and all temperatures, the matter of hats and hospitality, and the very serious questions of servants and washing; these in addition to a thousand other minor things must all be thought of and provided for.

I have said that a cricket tour seems a simple thing. It *is* a comparatively simple thing to get up a team of cricketers to visit other lands in the winter, if you may choose from all your acquaintance and if you can offer to pay their expenses. But in India there are no gates, for the reason, among others, that most of the Gymkhana grounds are government property, and thrown open to all comers. There was no doubt, therefore, that the present team would have to be run on the purest "amateur" lines. And to get together fourteen men of the requisite cricket ability who could afford both the time and money for a tour such as was now contemplated taxed even the ingenuity, patience, and the honeyed eloquence of Mr. Britten Holmes himself. The length of the tour prevented any of the undergraduate members of the club from being able to come, various unforeseen events prevented many others who had at first seemed likely to come from coming, so that at last it was found necessary to enlist the services of the sister University. We were left short of bowlers. G. H. Simpson-Hayward,

the Cambridge "Soccer" Blue and Worcestershire lobster, whose novel method of underhand bowling was sure to prove effective in India, H. J. Powys-Keck, an excellent natural left-hand bowler, whom most of us knew as a Free Forester, and A. H. Hornby, the son of "A. N.," were therefore invited to join us. Join us they did, and they covered themselves with glory in India. Poor J. N. Ridley was another Cantab who came to our aid. H. B. Chinnery was at neither University, but I have seen him so often at Oxford that I am always racking my brains to remember what college he was at. He is one of the very few cricketers who have compiled a century in both innings of a match.

As finally constituted the team was one which those who are only familiar with the well-known names in first-class cricket were rather inclined to shake their heads over. Cricket in India, we were warned, was much better than we thought, and without C. B. Fry, P. F. Warner, B. J. T. Bosanquet, H. D. G. Leveson Gower, Lionel Palairet, F. H. E. Cunliffe, and other Authentics of their kidney and reputation, what could we hope to do? Dearly should we like to have had the aid and companionship of these players, of the two Fosters and many another famous and popular 'Tic., but even as it was many of us who knew something of second-class cricket as well as first thought that the *Sportsman* was right in prophesying that we should give a good account of ourselves. For much second-class cricket is practically first-class. But, whatever the result of the cricket—and we were always anxious to avoid giving the impression that we represented anybody but ourselves, a private club on tour—there was never any doubt but that we should receive in India the most hospitable of welcomes.

Here then are the names of us who set forth to battle, dine, and dance in the Great Dependency :—

THE TEAM.

K. J. KEY (capt.) (Clifton and Surrey),
H. B. CHINNERY (Eton and Middlesex),
CECIL HEADLAM (Rugby and Middlesex),
F. G. H. CLAYTON (Harrow and Northumberland),
R. A. WILLIAMS (Winchester and Berkshire),
F. H. HOLLINS (Eton and Lancashire),
G. H. SIMPSON-HAYWARD (Malvern and Worcestershire),
H. J. POWYS-KECK (Malvern and Worcestershire),
J. B. ASPINALL (Stonyhurst),
J. E. TOMKINSON (Eton and Cheshire),
R. H. RAPHAEL (Wellington),
A. H. HORNBY (Harrow and Lancashire),
F. KERSHAW (Cheltenham), and
J. N. RIDLEY (Eton and Northumberland).

Once the invitation of the Calcutta Cricket Club had been definitely settled, the Authentics placed themselves under the ægis of the Viceroy. His Excellency accepted "with much pleasure the honour that was conferred upon him by the O.U.A. in electing him an honorary member of the club," and as an old Oxford man expressed his desire to further in any way that he could the interests of their tour in India. Arrangements were immediately begun for a match against the Gentlemen of India, and for the accommodation of the team in the Delhi Durbar Camp.

We sailed from Tilbury on October 23 on the P. & O. *Caledonia*, and lucky we were to strike a ship so admirably officered and managed. Like most travellers I have found many reasons in the past to say and think very hard things of the P. & O., of the high rates, the bad food, and worse

service which you meet with on some of their vessels. But always in future I shall remember and acknowledge that on the *Caledonia* at any rate you can be sure of finding the best and most sporting kind of sailormen in Captain E. H. Gordon and his boys, and also from start to finish a most excellent table. There were many friends and cricketers, including E. C. Lee, C. J. Burnup, H. V. L. Stanton of the *Sportsman*, who came down to Liverpool Street to give us a send off, and down to Tilbury came that cheery cricketer, Hugh Spottiswoode, and also, but, alas! only so far, Key. Owing to the unfortunate illness of Mrs. Key he had been obliged to put off sailing for India, and was destined only to be able to join us at Calcutta at the end of December. His absence was a severe loss to us in every way, and, needless to add, a bitter disappointment to himself. But we shall always remember with gratitude that it was only Mrs. Key's pluck and enthusiasm that enabled them to join us at all.

Our start was most auspicious. The pitch rolled out well—I mean the ship did not pitch, and the rollers did not roll. Never have I seen the Channel and the Bay more charming. Sunny, smooth, and warm without being foggy this voyage offered a striking contrast to the last time I had made it, some few months before, in a small "tramp" which for twenty-four hours had only been able to make one knot an hour in the teeth of a gale, and had taken over a fortnight to reach Lisbon. Calm as it was, however, the motion of the ship proved too much for many, and for the first few days the team was distinctly *piano*. In a row of uniform chairs they lay disconsolately gazing over the waste of waters, wondering no doubt why they had been so foolish as to come. The deck-steward could not charm them to games of bull or quoits, charmed he never so wisely; all the wealth of English womanhood on board left them cold as

yet and unconcerned, and even Britten Holmes, who had come to "set" us as far as Marseilles, and who had quickly assumed command of the ship, failed to stir enthusiasm as to the order of going in. But in a few days there was a revival, and deck-cricket took place in the Bay itself. Which shows what a land-lubber can do—on a mill-pond. In the same beautiful weather we passed Lisbon and Cadiz, full to me of memories of long, delightful rides through Portugal and Spain, and passed Gibraltar, whence the opposite shores of Africa are for ever calling one who has once ridden and camped in Morocco. Thereafter a choppy sea, and the tail of a storm in the Gulf of Lyons. The lions roared,—and if they suffered hunger, it was not altogether our fault.

Raphael and Williams joined us at Marseilles, and here, to everybody's great regret, Britten Holmes left us. On the bridge of the tug you might see him, trying to ignore the cheers which Captain Gordon called for from the bridge of the *Caledonia*. That he could not accompany us through India was the one dark spot on the horizon of our tour.

Stromboli in eruption, the Straits of Messina and Bonifacio; then the rocky shores of Crete, shining above us through a haze of amethyst hue, and hiding from our ken the Labyrinth of the Minotaur — that minotaur whom Mr. Evans has so unkindly exploded, proving once more the futility of learning history which always promotes the unknowing of the known. For the oldest historical fact is always being subverted by the newest historical theory, as the late Lord Lytton used to complain. Next Port Said, ugly as ever, but nowadays a comparatively virtuous port, and after the abominable process of coaling we entered the Suez Canal, that modern product of French genius and English practical ability. Perceval Landon, talker, herald, journalist, was on board. We had renewed our Oxford

friendship, and I remember we sat and talked of the canal, of its ancient and romantic history, of Herodotus and the Pharaohs, of Gaul and Britain, of America and Panama, till the canal seemed to be the very pivot of the universe, the greatest of ancient facts, the finest of modern achievements, more wonderful than the Nile, and yet more marvellous than ocean.

It is after all merely a canal, cut and dredged through a limitless waste of sand and lagoon, but it is none the less extraordinarily effective—effective to the ordinary traveller in the first place on account of the striking contrasts it affords him. He has passed, outward bound, nothing but rocks and cliffs—the white cliffs of Dover, the red cliffs of Bournemouth and Portugal, the great grey rock of Gibraltar, the barren rocks of Marseilles, the steep gullies and amethyst ravines of Crete.

Suddenly, rising out of the water, he sees the lighthouse and the breakwater of Port Said ahead and close at hand. He is scarcely aware of a coast before he finds himself on shore, drinking a cup of coffee in a café, or playing a game of billiards in the English Club, or of roulette at the Eldorado, whilst hundreds of dusky figures crowd and chatter round the sides of his vessel, and fill her coal-bunkers from the lighters alongside with marvellous rapidity.

Next there is the contrast of the silence—the vast, mysterious silence of the desert. In silence the ship moves away from the racket of Port Said. You scarcely feel the motion of her going ; can scarcely discern the throb of her engines. Yesterday she rolled and heaved with the swing and the rush of her fifteen knots, and the powerful pulse of the screw thrilled her from stem to stern. To-day she glides down the still waters of the canal slowly, for the canal is shallow ; silently, for on either side of her stretches the limitless

expanse of sand and lagoon. For a moment the silence is broken by the whistle of the train that runs along the canal bank from Port Said to Suez; for another moment the long level of the horizon is broken too. Phantom hills appear, and phantom trees reflected in phantom water. It is the mirage. A whole landscape is there plain to every eye—a landscape which does not exist, and is yet reflected in the non-existent water.

Silently in the distance an army of pelicans rises and takes wing; silently on the canal bank an Arab jerks and sways along on his camel, the train on his right, the monster ocean steamer on his left. This is the meeting of East and West, with all their contrasts brought out in high relief. There is nothing more striking of its kind in the world, unless it be that contrast between East and West as you get it at Tangiers, when after leaving Gibraltar with its English ships and English guns and English Tommies in their familiar red-coats or khaki, you find yourself within an hour in the very heart of all that is eastern, in the middle of the Arabian Nights. A page of the Old Testament is spread out there before you, painted with all the high lights and strong shadows of the Old Dispensation.

So it is here on the Suez Canal—and the Old Dispensation carries it over the New. There is little that is modern in the fact of the canal itself. Did not Pharaoh Necho construct one hereabouts (600 B.C.), and did not the old historian, Herodotus, describe for us his journey down it? What is new is the puffing, busy little train and the vast steamers with their smoking funnels. But they hardly seem realities. An hour passes, and for the Arab on his camel nothing is left of these save a stretch of black cloud in the sky. Only the desert remains, and the eternal silence, the boundless vista, and the passing mirage. Can

you wonder if the West, with all its works, its noise, and steam, and engines, seems here a mirage also—a phantom appearing and disappearing on the horizon—whilst the East with its deep worn ways is the reality that abides?

. . . .

An unusual number of passengers had joined the ship at Marseilles. There were Calcutta judges returning for the cold weather sessions, officers for India, and the expedition to Somaliland, business men and journalists, polo-players and globe-trotters in quest of the Coronation Durbar. This fact cheated us of a cricket match at Port Said, where we arrived too late in the afternoon to play the P. & O. team who, under the guidance of Mr. A. J. Tweedie, were thirsting for the fray. The crowded state of the ship also prevented us from being able to play deck-cricket after we left Marseilles. As we were booked to play at Bombay three days after landing this was a serious matter for us, for it is difficult to keep in training on board ship, and impossible for a bowler to get into trim save by bowling. Our experience in Bombay fully justified our fears. It was fortunate, indeed, for us in these adverse circumstances that we found in Captain Gordon, who has figured before now in the Amateur Boxing Championship meetings, one who has lost none of the enthusiasm which has made him as handy a man in the ring or at the wicket as on the bridge of the *Caledonia*.

He and his officers used to turn us out of bed, somnolent, unwilling, and for an hour or so before breakfast we ran round decks, or skipped in the foc's'le, or were put through Sandow exercises under their directions. There were, later, the usual deck sports to be indulged in—from dancing to cock-fighting, and from three-legged races to spar-and-bolster battles. These things helped to counteract to some

extent the inevitable softness which results from a long sea voyage. The Red Sea was hot and sticky as is the way with it, and, as there was a little sea on, the port-holes of our cabins had to be closed. This made it both necessary and delightful to carry our beds on deck, and there sleep beneath the blue and starry vault of heaven till awakened by the red glow of dawn—and the swabbing of the decks. But on one of our number this heat told hardly, for Hornby, who had contracted fever some days before, was cooped up in his cabin all these days and nights, and by the time we reached Bombay his weakness was such that he was quite unfit to play, and it seemed not at all improbable that a return of fever would incapacitate him for the tour altogether. As Powys-Keck was not due to join us till our fifth match, and Key not till we reached Calcutta, we were now only eleven, and had no margin for further casualties. We began to compose a lugubrious poem about "Twelve little 'Tic Boys," but the subject was ghastly, the rhymes difficult, and the wit somewhat personal, so we will let that pass.

II

BOMBAY

"Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—
A thousand mills roll through me where I glean
All races from all lands."

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

A VISION of many ships, a vision of great buildings of an exotic sort lying on a low sea-front, nestling amid green trees, a vision beyond of smoking factory chimneys, and a stench close at hand of decaying fish—these things striking on the senses in the early morn told one that the good ship *Caledonia* had cast anchor at last in the harbour of Bombay, Queen of the Indian Seas, and also in the region of Bombay ducks! There were farewells to be said and mails to read, and from this moment the bustle and excitement of getting accustomed to the strange and ancient land on which we now found ourselves.

We were met by the representative of Messrs. Henry King & Co., Bombay, who acted as our bankers and agents throughout the tour, and who now saved us much time and trouble by clearing our baggage, cameras, and guns through the customs. The heavy duty on the latter articles is recoverable on leaving the country. But no .303 is allowed to be brought into India at all.

On landing we were met by our hosts and by a crowd of



GYMKHANA GROUND, BOMBAY

F. H. Hollins. A. H. Hornby. R. A. Williams. F. G. H. Clayton.

From a Photo by Mr. J. B. Aspinall

rascally-looking natives who, on consideration of an exorbitant fee, for it was Durbar year, were willing to give us their services. The system is, with this class of servant, that you give him twenty or thirty rupees a month, and that in return he finds himself in everything, clothes, food, washing, &c., and acts as your khitmagar, bearer and courier, valet and butler in one. If he is comparatively honest, you are lucky. But on first landing you must have a man who can speak English, and this is not usually the most honest sort. It is best, if possible, to get a Mussulman, for Christians are as a rule men of the lowest class. I said "if he is comparatively honest," for all servants in India are thieves. It is when they confine their thieving to their purchases on your behalf in the bazaar, and to your friends' effects, that you are lucky. The practice of "illicit commissions" is even more universal in India than it is in the city of London or below-stairs in Kensington. A friend of mine, bored with the pretence of accounts, summoned his butler and proposed that he should, in lieu of each little commission that he appropriated on each article he bought, be allowed a definite, larger sum each month —and be honest. The man begged to be excused. "No, sahib!" he said, "I should lose my reputation in the bazaar!"

The stranger arriving in Bombay has the worst possible chance of not being robbed that I know of, though I have been in Mexico, lived in Italy, and frequently been on the train between Nice and Monte Carlo. Your agents send you a man, of whom they can hardly know any more than you do, and it rests with you to take him or not on the strength of the credentials he produces. Now his testimonials from former employees may read well enough, but how are you to know that they are genuine? "Chits"

have a market value and into the market they find their way. Moreover, you know how light-heartedly people write "characters" for servants in England. Few have the courage to tell the truth and write "Drunken and idle, but frequently honest," or "Drunken and dishonest, but seems to take an interest in his work——" The only hold, then, you have over your man is to take his chits away from him at once and destroy them if he misbehaves. But even then he probably misbehaves to the tune of rupees sufficient to buy back in the bazaar more false chits and better, and not be out of pocket on the transaction. And you should of course always keep his wages at least a fortnight in arrears.

Thus it will be seen that for the majority of newcomers it is purely a matter of luck whether one gets hold of an honest or dishonest servant. And it is only by experience, which may be bitter, that he can tell which way his luck is going. One favourite dodge with these "Bombay Boys" is to decamp from the train after you have left Bombay. Whilst you are asleep they take all your kit and return to their happy homes to await the arrival of the next P. & O. And you are left lamenting.

The experienced Anglo-Indian will tell you that though your man may be a thief he will never take any money or valuables which you personally give into his charge. He may, you are told, be trusted with quite large sums of money even though he is engaged at the same time in selling your shirts and rifling your cash-box. Then, if you act in accordance with the wisdom which has been imparted unto you, and your boy goes off with the rupees you have given to him to keep for you, you are given to understand by the experienced Anglo-Indian that you have acted like a fool of a globe-trotter, and that you do not "know the native." Which is perfectly true.

This, precisely, was the unlucky experience of poor Jack Ridley, whose "boy" went off with a hand-bag he had given him to hold containing a letter of credit and a few pounds. Ridley found and seized him, hopelessly intoxicated, on the steps of the Yacht Club. The man, it turned out, was well known to the police; he had played the same trick a few months before. He was tried before a native judge and received a totally inadequate sentence. No doubt he is at work again, with new chits or the old ones—what does it matter?—awaiting the arrival of another shipload of sahibs.

You cannot fairly blame the native for all this. On the whole I was astonished at the comparative honesty of him. His patience and endurance are admirable, and up to a certain point he is very efficient. Beyond that point all intelligence and initiative seem to leave him. But I do blame the system, which is crude and foolish and unfair to a degree. Imagine what would be the fate of foreigners landing in London (it is none too blithe as it is) if they were obliged by the exigencies of life in England to engage at the moment of their arrival at the docks any servant who chose to roll up with half-a-dozen letters of recommendation in his hand! The thing is absurd, and it is high time that in a city like Bombay some system of registration or of licence to servants to ply for hire should be introduced.

The arrangements for the reception of the Authentics at Bombay were in the capable hands of Mr. A. L. Rumboll, hon. secretary of the Bombay Gymkhana Cricket Club, and very admirable they were. Mr. Rumboll in business hours is a traffic manager of the G.I.P., which can boast in the Victoria terminus at Bombay what is probably the finest station building in the world. The Authentics owe a special

debt of gratitude to Mr. Rumboll for the kindness with which he immediately undertook to manage and make clear the complicated railway arrangements of their extended tour. After engaging our servants we spent a few hours in purchasing *sola topis* (pith helmets), and in buying bedding and linen—for in India, which is, after all, the land of the soldier, conquered by the sword and held by the sword, there is a smack of campaigning even in the ordinary system of travelling. You take your own servant and kit wherever you go, and are prepared to be quartered in tents, trains, or bungalow, with the same ease and independence, meeting always with the same unfailing hospitality and welcome, though hospitality will often involve up country the sacrifice of much personal comfort on the part of your host. These preliminaries completed, the cricketers, after they had settled down in the various comfortable billets assigned to them, were free to indulge in a short practice at the nets on the Gymkhana Ground. Next day was spent in two further spells of practice, varied by visits to the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, the Byculla Club, and the Bombay Club, all of which had admitted the visitors as honorary members. And on Sunday, after attending the cathedral service in the morning, visits were paid to the native bazaar and the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill, where the bodies of the dead Parsees are exposed naked to the sun and air, to find a speedy entombment in the numerous vultures that inhabit the neighbouring trees.

We had not much spare time in Bombay, but we used all we had to the best advantage in the way of sight-seeing. On the day that intervened between the Hindoo and Parsee match, for instance, Mr. Tribhowandass Munguldass Nathuboy, a very wealthy and influential Hindoo gentleman, whose father entertained the Prince of Wales in 1875, met

us in the afternoon with a brake and four white Arabs, postillions and four outriders, and took us for a drive to show us the various places of importance. The first thing to be seen was the Hindoo burying ground, an enclosure between two long parallel walls. The ground is covered with ashes. The body of the deceased is placed within a small stack of wood, and is completely hidden from view ; the stack is then burnt till nothing but a handful of ashes remains. There is nothing unsightly or other than admirable in this, the most clean and decent form of burial. The handful of ashes is scattered in the sea, or, in the case of a very holy man, in the Ganges. At the time of our visit six pyres were alight. One of the bodies was the corpse of a man who had died from plague. Bombay has suffered terribly from plague these last five years. The death-rate therefrom is still enormous. The virulence of the plague abates during the hot weather, but seems to gather strength increasingly during the cold. Its ways and causes still baffle the medicine-men. It has fastened on the crowded and palpitating slums of Calcutta and Bombay, but the still more dense and filthy town of Hyderabad it leaves severely alone. Bangalore, the hill station and health resort of Mysore and Madras, has been decimated, but Madras is free. The attitude of the native is instructive. He does not mind dying, but he loathes the idea of being sent to a European hospital. Left to himself he says Kismet. It is fate. If the plague comes, it comes. Some god is angry. But if Government interferes to save him from the plague, to kill his rats and disinfect his houses where plague has occurred, then he hates the presence of the white man, whose shadow defiles his food, and who, he fears, may look upon his "purdah" women ; he notes that Europeans scarcely ever catch the plague (if this plague, one may ask

in parenthesis, or another as virulent, were to attack the British, how could we continue to hold the country?), and he starts the rumour in the bazaar that the sahib has introduced the plague in order to keep down the numbers of the natives. Then there is trouble. In a cantonment district, where the arm of the sahib is strong, or in a small district where the civil servant has authority, the matter is managed. But in the slums of the big towns, where the plague is worst, where there is a native municipal body and a seditious native press, the hand of science is stayed for fear of a riot. Nature triumphs.

We were next taken to a Hindoo temple. Strangers are not usually admitted, but we were allowed to pass, as Mr. Nathuboy was a great benefactor of the establishment. Gods of every shape and size, monsters with heads of monkeys and elephants were there to be worshipped—more curious than beautiful. Thereafter our host took us to his bungalow and gave us an opportunity of seeing the abode of a native gentleman. He was particularly proud of a large arch supported on two life-sized elephants carved of stone, which he has erected in honour of the Coronation. He called our attention to the delicate blue colour of these beasts, and explained that at night-time their eyes could be illuminated from within.

The island of Bombay is a town nine miles long; a town of handsome public buildings with an individuality of their own, of fine European houses, of overcrowded native houses and bazaars, of streets here broad and almost stately, there thronged with foot passengers and bullock carts, but always amazingly full of colour.

The vast commerce which has grown up in Bombay in the last two hundred and fifty years, since the days when

Charles II. made over the island to the East India Company for the annual rent of ten pounds in gold, has increased the population of the island from ten thousand to nigh upon a million. And this number is made up of very many different nationalities. You may hear, it is said, fifty different dialects and languages spoken in the course of a morning stroll through those crowded bazaars, which are one of the most picturesque features of this beautiful city. Hardly in Hyderabad, hardly in Delhi in the Durbar days, could you find a greater variety of peoples and costume. Arab horse-dealers, Persians from the Gulf, Afghans from the Northern Frontier, Beluchis, negroes, Malays, Chinese jostle the Parsees in their shining, sloping hats, and mingle with innumerable Hindoos and Gazerati, with Jews and Fakirs, Goans and Rajputs, Sepoys and Europeans. Truly a cosmopolitan town, with all the life and colour and vigour of a cosmopolis.

In the centre of the crescent, of which Malabar Hill and Colaba are the points, is "The Fort," and in the centre of this quarter is the Gymkhana Cricket Ground. This and the Maidan is practically the only open space preserved in the midst of this busy and crowded space. For all exercise and sport otherwise you must go out by train to the mainland—a fact which reflects equal discredit on the foresight of the authorities and the enterprise of the railway companies, who might well have relieved the congestion of the city by building up a suburban traffic.

The Gymkhana Ground appears at first sight to the visitor the most English thing in the vast city, which boasts the proud title of "Queen of the Indian Seas." After driving through the streets, filled with representatives of every race, and bright with patches of every colour, the pavilion, the green cricket ground, and the nets, seem

quite English. And yet how little English it is after all! A second glance round and you have to admit that you left England behind when you stepped off the gangway of the P. & O. Till that moment England was with you. But now you are preparing to play cricket under new conditions. Native servants move about silently and endeavour to valet you; the punkah swings overhead and fails to keep you cool. You go out on to the ground to play, and you get at once your first and probably most lasting impression of cricket in India. It is an impression of sun—dazzling, exhausting, baking, cooking, deceptive sun. It is not till you have seen it and played in it that you realise why it is that every team on tour, visiting India or Australia, plays always, at any rate at first, a little below par, twelve annas to the rupee. Some players indeed it suits, but they are not many. For this sun is not the sun which we know at home. It is different not only in degree, but in kind, from the sun which we know and love in Europe. "Englishmen and dogs," say the Italians, "love the sun;" and again, "*Dove vien' il sole non vien' il medico*—Where the sun is, the doctor comes not." In England the sun is a thing to be thankful for and to bask in: in India it is a thing to curse and to dread. Recognise philosophically that the sun in the East does two good things: first, he acts as chief sanitary agent by burning up the impurities with which the native litters the earth, and in this capacity is more valuable even than the other scavengers, kites and crows, dogs, pigs, and cows; secondly, he helps you to raise a thirst. Recognise these things and be thankful, but build your houses so that the sun cannot get into them, dress yourself so that the deadly rays cannot injure you, and order your life so that you may keep within doors in the hot weather between nine and four. That is a

different sort of power from that of the sun which we welcome at home. And it feels different.

"I do not understand how the Easterns can be so foolish as to worship the sun," said an English bishop to an Anglo-Indian. "Ah, but you should see it, my lord," was the retort. And, indeed, unlike the quiet, gentle, comforting friend we know in England, this white, blazing furnace, shining unmitigated in the brazen sky, seems alive and almost a god—a malignant one too, by the same token.

My own respect for the sun has never been quite the same—I can never feel quite the same admiration for his might and power since the astronomers have established the fact that, instead of being the only sun, quite at the top of the school of luminaries, he is merely the centre of a system which revolves round another. So Galileo's "*E pur se muove*" comes to be true, also, of the sun! And the sun is reduced to the level of the arrangement of Swift's fleas:—

> "Big fleas have little fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em;
> And little fleas have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*."

But though I had lost my respect for him, I always loved him, loved him and never dreaded him, till I visited India. There I learned to fear him, and to understand the experienced verdict of Sir Philip Francis: "His light, the moment I can command wax candles and a coal fire, I solemnly disclaim for ever. Let him ripen his cabbages and show peasants the way to their daily labour. I desire to have no further communication with him . . . !"

When you come to play cricket, it is natural that this new sort of sun should make some modifications in the

game. These, to the visitor, are striking. In the first place he has to get accustomed to playing in a *sola topi*, a pith helmet, which he had always hitherto regarded as a *solar* myth ; in the next place he finds that making runs, especially when he has to run them out, has become a feat not only of skill but also of endurance. On the other hand, the short hours go a long way to compensate the fieldsmen for the exhausting effects of the heat. Fielding from a quarter to three to five is endurable : at the worst it is but two hours and a quarter of purgatory with a chance of heaven and a certainty of tea. In first-class cricket at home in July it is another matter. You go out at the same hour with a practical certainty that you will remain out till seven, watching the ball at the utmost tension, and if you take ten minutes off for tea all the pavilion critics hold up their hands in horror and ask what England is coming to. They never did it, they say, in their day. But, of course, they never played cricket under the same conditions at all.

It is chiefly in the bowling that the modifications I have referred to are observable. A really fast bowler cannot "live" in this Indian heat, this Bombay "cold weather" ! Bowlers whom we should regard as quite medium in pace at home one hears described here as fast. Evidently the exhaustion of a long run is not to be courted : the bowler tends to take a hop and a skip to the wicket and to send in a ball which may be tricky but is certainly not swift. Simpson-Hayward, for instance, immediately saw fit to curtail his usual long run. Yet there are compensations for playing cricket in weather of this kind, in such circumstances as we found ourselves.

In the evening after cricket we used to congregate chiefly at the Yacht Club, where we had been very kindly made

hon. members, as also at the Byculla Club and the Bombay Club. At the Byculla Club I was given, by Mr. F. C. Macrae, the clever illustrator of some delightful books on Indian "bungalow" life, the best dinner which I have eaten in the East; at the Yacht Club I passed the pleasantest hours before dinner that could be desired. To sit there on the terrace in the cool of the evening, watching the congregation of men and women who have come like you to enjoy the cool breeze from the harbour where, in the light of the setting sun, ride the big steamers, the yachts, and the ships of the Indian marine, to drink there your whisky-peg or Billy Williams, listen to the band, and see your friends, and renew many old acquaintances, this is a pleasure which goes far to make you appreciate, as a contrast, the heat and toil of the past day.

The First Day's Play.

Wickets were pitched on the Gymkhana Ground at 11.30 on Monday, November 17. The Europeans of the Presidency, who were captained by F. R. Sprott, long identified with Poona cricket, had not been able to raise their strongest side. Cricket, in fact, is not usually played in Bombay during the cold weather, and on the present occasion several of the soldier cricketers, who form the backbone of the Presidency team, were absent—notably J. T. Weatherby and Captain Deas. J. W. Wood had also injured himself at polo the week before, and E. L. Sale was unfortunately indisposed. But, with Captain Greig, the Hampshire amateur, H. Cheetham, and Captain Lowis, fresh from serving on the frontier with the Malakand Field Force, their batting seemed likely to be strong enough, though their bowling was not expected to be up to the mark. The

result was a match of exceptional interest and varied incident. Clayton lost the toss, and on a fast, good wicket—which the Gymkhana authorities had taken infinite trouble to prepare—Captain Greig opened the Presidency account off a full-pitch from Williams, which he cut to the boundary, following it up with a single; but in Clayton's first over, from the Terminus end, he was taken at cover-slip off a rising ball. A few runs later Simpson-Hayward, at slip, dismissed Sprott by a magnificent left-handed catch off the same bowler, and another catch by the same fieldsman made the score read 30—3—2. On a good wicket in the great heat of the Indian mid-day sun this seemed too good to last, and, sure enough, a prolonged stand was made by Captain Lowis and Cheetham ere the fourth wicket fell at 107. Williams, who was over-pitching the ball and never got his length, gave way to Simpson-Hayward, whose long run and underhand service provoked shrieks of merriment from the vast crowd of natives—Parsees and Hindoos—who occupied one side of the ground. Sitting beneath their black umbrellas or perched in the surrounding trees, they followed the game with extraordinary keenness, applauding the visitors, whose brilliant fielding provoked frequent outbursts of enthusiasm. It was soon evident that Simpson-Hayward, like Williams, was suffering from lack of practice, as he could neither get his proper pitch nor usual spin on the ball. But he puzzled the batsmen considerably, and presently clean bowled Cheetham, who had never been at home with the lobs, with a beautiful break-back.

Sinclair paid the penalty of calling a short run to Hollins, and when the bell rang for "tiffin" the score was 134 for five wickets.

When the game was resumed, Milne, a left-hander, scored 36 very rapidly before being well caught at the

wicket. He hit two 6's—one a very proper box over the screen into the Gymkhana tennis courts, the other off a ball which he fetched from the offside on to the tents at long-on. Lowis was presently bowled off his pads by a ball for which both he and the wicketkeeper were looking under their topis away to leg when it dropped and rolled into the wicket. The outgoing batsman had played a sound, if not brilliant, innings at a critical period of the game. Clayton now quickly finished off the innings. The Authentics' skipper had bowled with great judgment and endurance, and his analysis of seven wickets for 70 runs was highly creditable. Simpson-Hayward had bad luck, and, with a little fortune, would have secured five batsmen instead of two.

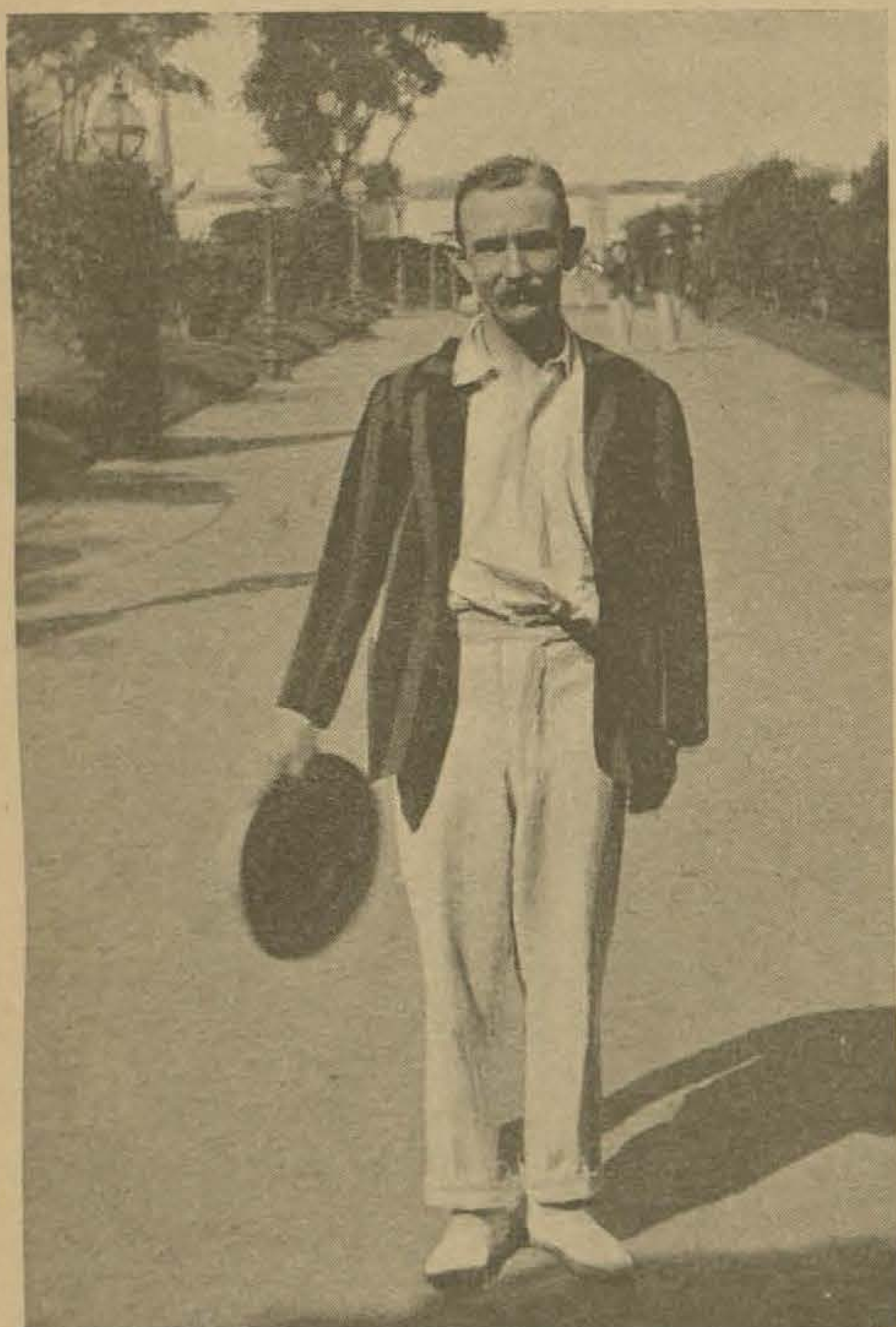
A brilliant start was made by the Authentics. Chinnery got going at once, and banged away at Greig and Milne with refreshing vigour, and as soon as a change was made, hit John for three 4's in succession. He was not caught at the wicket, off a rising ball, till 59 had been registered, out of which he had contributed 36. Williams had not so far seemed very comfortable, but when Hollins joined him he began to play magnificent cricket. Cutting and driving with great force and accuracy, he scored at a great pace, and, as Hollins followed his example, the 100 went up in less than the hour, and at the end of the day—when Hollins was out to a very fine catch at third man for an excellent 33—159 had been scored for two wickets, the last 100 having been added in fifty-two minutes. It was "pukka" cricket, and the Authentics could hardly have had a more auspicious introduction to Indian cricket.

In the evening the Authentics were entertained to dinner at the Yacht Club by M. R. Jardine and E. B. Raikes, both well-known Oxonian cricketers, and now leading

lights of the Bombay Bar. Among the old Oxonians and cricketers who were present to welcome the visitors were the Chief Justice (Sir Lawrence Jenkins), Messrs. Lownds, Crum, Wilkinson, Basil Scott (the Advocate-General), Radford Young, Sprott (head of the Deccan College at Poona), Captain Davy, and Captain Greig, A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor of Bombay.

On the second day the fortunes of the game began to change. A brilliant catch by Tomkinson, fielding substitute at mid-on, dismissed Raphael off the first ball of the day. Then Clayton joined Williams (not out, 84), and some more hard hitting was seen. Presently, by a beautiful cut to the boundary, Williams scored the first century of the tour—the first century made on the Gymkhana Ground since 1896. His was a fine display of well-timed hitting, and he gave no chance. His wicket fell almost immediately afterwards to Cheetham, who had come on to bowl two overs before, and began to stick the batsmen up. Headlam joined Clayton, and the pair added 60 runs before the Middlesex amateur was bowled for 28 by Cheetham in trying to pull. Clayton continued to force the game, completed his 50 in forty minutes, and was out for a dashing 68, which included nine 4's, and, apart from a chance at the wicket, was quite free from blemish. The innings was finished off with rather startling rapidity, and, save for a fine drive for 6 by Tomkinson, needs no further comment. The Authentics held a useful lead of 109. Milne's fast left-hand deliveries proved most effective for the Presidency (five for 61), but Greig's slow "tosh" was very severely treated.

It was now that the match took one of those turns which make cricket the great game it is. Captain Greig



CAPTAIN GREIG

From a Photo by Mr. J. B. Aspinall

began to play one of the most superb innings we have ever seen or wish to see, and gradually, thanks almost entirely to his individual effort, his side began to gain the upper hand. It was a very hot afternoon, and the bowlers were a bit stiff and done up with their previous exertions, but the astonishing proportion of the runs scored by the "Little Man" (192 out of 284 on this day) shows that it was more his skill in placing and forcing the ball to the boundary than the looseness of the bowling which was responsible for the result. Though cooked to a turn by the end of the day, the Authentics continued to field brilliantly, Chinnery and Hollins being the best of a good lot. The first wicket (Sprott's) fell to Simpson-Hayward at 64, the second at 146. Eight bowlers were tried and retired without avail, and though runs never came really fast, they accrued steadily to Greig's total. Cheers punctuated the game, his game—first his 50, then his 100, then his 150, then a great outburst of applause from the Parsees showed that "Jungly" had passed his record score of 184 against them. It only remained for him to make his second century, and this, next morning, he did before being once more caught in the slips by Williams off Clayton. His grand innings of 204 out of 317 was compiled without a chance, and included no less than twenty-eight 4's. He used to perfection every stroke in the book, and made just three bad shots in his whole stay at the wicket. He was morally bowled, yorked by Ridley, when 50, and he twice put Simpson-Hayward up to mid-wicket, the ball falling harmlessly between short-leg and mid-on.

Williams, who was evidently getting his arm in at last, bowled very well on Wednesday morning, and the Presidency innings was soon finished off. The Authentics

were left with 304 runs to get to win, and two hours and three-quarters to get them in. But for a piece of sheer bad luck they would probably have won, and certainly have saved the match. On the morning of the third day it was found that Chinnery had severely strained his side, and would be unable to play. That just made the difference. Clayton and Hollins and then Clayton and Raphael began to go for the runs. For the third time in the match the century was hoisted for the loss of one wicket, Raphael sending up the 100 at the end of fifty-five minutes. The turning point of the game arrived when John went on to bowl. The wicket was beginning to crumble a little at the top end, and John got a good deal of work on to the ball. He quickly secured three wickets. Then Williams and Tomkinson played the "goose game" with success. The minutes slipped by. At last Williams, who was evidently much exhausted, lost patience, hit out, and was clean bowled by Milne. The game seemed over. There was half-an-hour to play when Aspinall, the tenth and last man came in, after Tomkinson had been dismissed for an invaluable 41. But he and Ridley, who was playing with great skill and confidence, made a determined stand. The score crept up; the time passed. Ten minutes were left to play when Ridley was missed. Only six minutes were left when Aspinall was finely caught at leg, and the Authentics had lost their first match by 46 runs, and a small margin of minutes. It was a fine game, splendidly won, and gallantly bid for. But twenty minutes of Chinnery would have won the match, and six minutes of Chinnery would have saved it. But, won or lost, there is no doubt that the Authentics had started well, and more than fulfilled the expectations of the critics and Press. Handicapped by inexperience of the light and heat, and

conditions attendant on Indian cricket, they showed any amount of dash and pluck and vigour, and it was evident that, when they got their bowling arms in, they would be a very formidable side to tackle. Full score :—

BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Capt. Greig, c. Williams, b. Clayton	5	c. Williams, b. Clayton .	204
F. R. Sprott, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Clayton	12	c. Clayton, b. Simpson-Hayward	19
H. Cheetham, b. Simpson-Hayward	29	c. Williams, b. Hollins . .	29
Lieut. Furber, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Clayton	2	c. Ridley, b. Williams . .	18
Sinclair, run out	3	c. Simpson - Hayward, b. Williams	45
Capt. Lowis, b. Simpson-Hayward .	72	c. Hollins, b. Williams .	38
J. S. Milne, c. Headlam, b. Clayton	36	c. Aspinall, b. Williams .	1
Capt. Davy, b. Clayton	0	not out	8
Capt. Pelham, b. Clayton	4	c. Hornby, b. Williams .	5
M. Walcott, c. Hollins, b. Clayton .	30	b. Hollins	19
H. C. John, not out	6	st. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	13
Byes 3, l.-b. 2	5	Byes 8, l.-b. 5 . . .	13
Total	204	Total	412

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	9	0	49	0	22-3	2	91	5
Clayton	17-3	2	70	7	17	2	59	1
Chinnery	5	0	20	0	8	0	45	0
Simpson-Hayward .	18	1	60	2	20	1	92	2
Ridley	9	1	37	0	9	1	37	0
Hollins	...	...	...	...	9	2	39	2
Kershaw	...	...	...	...	4	0	15	0
Raphael	...	...	...	...	2	0	18	0

Williams and Ridley bowled a no-ball.

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
H. B. Chinnery, c. Walcott, b. Greig		36	absent	0
R. A. Williams, c. Walcott, b. Cheetham		105	b. Milne	25
F. H. Hollins, c. Sprott, b. Milne		33	b. Cheetham	12
R. H. Raphael, c. sub., b. John		0	c. Cheetham, b. John	43
F. G. H. Clayton, c. Greig, b. Milne		68	st. Walcott, b. Milne	59
C. Headlam, b. Cheetham		28	b. John	0
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Greig, b. Cheetham		0	b. John	0
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Cheetham, b. Milne		20	b. John	41
F. Kershaw, c. Greig, b. Milne		0	b. John	7
J. N. Ridley, not out		3	not out	30
J. A. Aspinall, c. Sinclair, b. Milne		6	c. Furber, b. Milne	20
Byes 10, l.-b. 4		14	Byes 15, l.-b. 5	20
Total		313	Total	257

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Milne	13-5	2	61	5	18-4	1	75	3
Cheetham	15	1	64	3	17	1	59	1
Greig	16	2	67	1	9	1	42	0
John	14	0	98	1	17	4	53	5
Sinclair	2	0	9	0	1	0	8	0

Umpires—Major Walton and D. B. Tapin.

SECOND MATCH—*V.* THE HINDUS.

(Played at Bombay, November 21 and 22, and left drawn.)

After their memorable match with the Europeans of the Presidency, the Authentics spent a quiet day picnicking at Elephanta Island, where they visited the marvellous Shiva Lingam Temples, cut in the live rock, and in the evening were entertained by Sir Lawrence and Lady Jenkins at their beautiful house on Cumballa Hill.

The Oxonians turned out all the better for their day's rest, and made a good start in their contest with the Hindus by winning the toss. The match was played on the Hindu Gymkhana Ground, which was given over to the Hindus for the purpose of cricket by Lord Harris when Governor of Bombay. A portrait of that nobleman hangs in the pavilion. There is no doubt that the stimulus given by his lordship to the Hindu love of cricket will have been redoubled by the visit of the Authentics, whose action in allotting the Hindus a match was very highly appreciated. Great efforts had been made to gather together a representative team, and, with one exception, the best side that the Hindus could put into the field was at their command. That exception was P. K. Telang, the local Hindu Jessop. But they had K. S. Seshachari, from Madras, to keep wicket, and remarkably well he kept. From Madras also came M. Subrayalu, a fine all-round player, and T. Narayana Rao, a good right-hand bowler, who varies his pace well. Balu, of Bombay, was the really good left-hand bowler selected ; and Bhanda, of Bombay, was the best bat on the side. Rajalinga Rajauna, the crack Kamptee batsman, with other useful bowlers and batsmen, completed the team. They expected to give the Authentics a good game, but, as it turned out, they were completely outplayed, and time alone saved them from a severe defeat. The Hindus certainly played below their true form. Most of them were playing their first big match, and, as many had come from afar, the ground and conditions were strange to them. Their natural nervousness was further increased by the unseemly behaviour of a large section of the Parsee crowd, who displayed their jealousy of the Hindus by "barracking" them disgracefully when in the field or at the wicket.

This lamentable display of ungenerous partisanship was of course as odious to all genuine Parsee sportsmen as it was to us. It was the ebullition of a crowd of lads, the *chokra-log*, and larrikins. We had had some warning of the jealousy which exists between the two races of cricketers, and which is, one could not help feeling, a little too keen to be quite healthy, during the match with the Presidency. For occasionally in the pavilion or elsewhere, a much-salaaming native would creep into one's presence, and, bending low, deliver a chit (note) and bolt. The purport of these chits was always a warning from a well-wisher or an admirer that the Hindus would water their wicket over-night, or pitch their wickets aslant, and generally not quite play the game. And later came other mysterious chits from other admirers and well-wishers, warning us against similar slimness on the part of the Parsees. Needless to say our opponents met us in the fairest possible spirit, and we enjoyed their cricket as we enjoyed their enthusiasm and their hospitality. But it would seem that rivalry had been carried a little too far, and had not hitherto been sufficiently kept in check by those in authority. No harm, but good rather, may be hoped for from this incident, therefore, if it "cleared the air," and if in future the leaders of Hindu and Parsee cricket regard each other in the same spirit of friendly rivalry that animated the speeches of the respective honorary secretaries of the two Gymkhanas when they met and fraternised across the dinner-tables of the Ripon Club a few days later.

These causes combined to put the native fieldsmen off, and the result was that they missed catches and misfielded the ball to a fatal extent. The wicket was a splendid one, and the bowling not very difficult, despite the fact that the side was said to be "far and away the finest bowling one

that has ever donned flannels in India." When all seemed lost, Shivlal, Kirtikar, and Balu played up gamely, and the experience and determination of these players met with a reward which everybody felt was their due.

Clayton and Hollins opened the Authentics' innings, but the first-named was quickly stumped in jumping out to drive Narayan Rao. Hornby, who, though still weak from his attack of fever, was luckily well enough to play in place of Chinnery, whose strain was likely to keep him out of the field for some time, then joined Hollins, and took the score to 88 before a separation was effected. The scoring was at first slow, but presently, thanks to indifferent fielding, became fast enough. Both batsmen had some luck, Hornby being missed from a skier at point, and Hollins by Subrayalu, at extra-cover, when he had scored 9, and again by Banda at short-slip when he had got 20. These were expensive mistakes. He did not offer another chance till he reached the nineties, when he gave a very hard one to the wicketkeeper. He reached his century in just under two hours, and then began to hit out with great vigour, continuing to score rapidly, in spite of the efforts of five fieldsmen on the boundary. His 141 contained twenty 4's, and was compiled by very good and stylish cricket. Hornby's 44 was a vigorous and most useful effort, whilst Tomkinson and Raphael both hit with tremendous energy, and did much to disconcert the Hindu bowlers. All the other batsmen reached double figures, Ridley in particular showing great promise as a batsman.

The Hindus had an hour and twenty minutes to bat. They made a disastrous start. When only 7 had been notched Clayton clean bowled Date with a very fine break-back, and at 21 Bhandare was out to a magnificent one-handed catch by Simpson-Hayward off Williams, the fields-

man, at short-slip, falling and taking the ball at the second attempt. Balu, Narayan Rao, and Shivlal all fell to catches at short-slip, and when stumps were drawn for the day six wickets were down for 97.

The task which the Authentics had before them on the second day was a heavy one. Fourteen wickets must be secured on a perfect wicket for less than 260 runs, and within the space of five hours' actual play. At the luncheon hour it seemed as if they would perform the task, for, after the Hindu captain, Kirtikar, had offered a stubborn resistance, Hollins finished off the innings for 158, and, in the fifty minutes that the second innings lasted before tiffin, five wickets were obtained for 60 runs. Agaskar was caught at the wicket before a run had been scored, and Simpson-Hayward clean bowled Rajalinga and Banda, and got Shivlal — who hit about him merrily — stumped, whilst Williams clean bowled Date. The Hindus had adopted the plan of sending in their "tail" first, and it remained to be seen whether their more experienced batsmen would be able to keep up their wickets during the two hours and a half that remained to play. Runs came slowly, and wickets fell at gradually longer intervals. Sabrayalu appeared to be stumped in playing forward to a ball from Williams, but the appeal was disallowed. At last he played-on a ball from Clayton. Bhandare joined Balu, and remained with him till he was bowled by a slow one from Ridley, and immediately afterwards Balu was nonplussed by Simpson-Hayward. When Seshachari joined his captain there was over half-an-hour to play, and the innings defeat had nearly been averted. Both batsmen played the right game successfully. Change after change was tried, and, in spite of every effort and many a close shave, the Hindus remained undefeated. The game was saved, and Kirtikar



AUTHENTICS *v.* HINDUS

and Seshachari were the deserving heroes of an enthusiastic crowd.

Thus, for the second time in Bombay, time was no friend of the "'Tics." In the evening they entertained some of their kind friends in Bombay to dinner, and passed the cool of the Indian night, in the garden of the Bombay Gymkhana, listening to a smoking concert given by the club.

Appended is the full score and analysis :—

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

F. G. H. Clayton, st. Seshachari, b. Narayan Rao	2
F. H. Hollins, l.b.w., b. Balu	141
A. H. Hornby, c. Banda, b. Agaskar	44
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Rajalinga, b. Shivlal	35
R. A. Williams, l.b.w., b. Balu	11
C. Headlam, c. Seshachari, b. Narayan Rao	12
R. H. Raphael, c. Agaskar, b. Balu	30
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Banda, b. Balu	19
J. N. Ridley, c. Shivlal, b. Narayan Rao	25
F. Kershaw, c. Seshachari, b. Balu	14
J. B. Aspinall, not out	13
Byes 7, l.-b. 2, n.-b. 1	10
Total	356

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Balu	33	1	131	5
Narayan Rao	20-2	4	71	3
Banda	8	0	32	0
Agaskar	9	0	52	1
Shivlal	9	0	59	1

Banda delivered a no-ball.

HINDUS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Bhandare, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Williams	7	b. Ridley	21
Date, b. Clayton	7	b. Williams	10
Banda, c. Aspinall, b. Williams	12	b. Simpson-Hayward	4
Balu, c. Williams, b. Simpson-Hayward	28	b. Simpson-Hayward	40
Narayan Rao, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Williams	0	c. Tomkinson, b. Williams	5
Shivlal, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Hornby	29	st. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	29
Subrayalu, c. Hollins, b. Williams	13	b. Clayton	43
Seshachari, b. Simpson-Hayward	17	not out	18
Kirtikar, c. and b. Hollins	30	not out	37
Rajalinga, not out	10	b. Simpson-Hayward	11
Agaskar, b. Hollins	0	c. Headlam, b. Clayton	0
Byes	7	Byes 3, l.-b. 6	9
Total	158	Total (9 wickets)	227

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	17	2	56	4	21	2	83	2
Clayton	11	1	38	1	13	3	25	2
Simpson-Hayward	14	2	33	1	17	2	57	4
Hornby	7	4	10	1	5	1	14	0
Hollins	4	2	10	3	10	5	20	0
Ridley	2	0	4	0	5	1	13	1
Kershaw	...	...	...	...	3	1	6	0

Umpires: Captain Lowis and Mr. R. S. M'G. Shepherd.

THIRD MATCH—*V.* THE PARSEES

(Played at Bombay, November 24, and won by the Parsees by 8 wickets.)

The Parsees defeated the late Mr. G. F. Vernon's team in 1890 by four wickets, and Lord Hawke's XI. in 1892 by

109 runs, though they lost the return match by the narrow margin of 7 runs. Since that time the Parsees have improved distinctly as batsmen, thanks to the lessons they have been quick to learn from their opponents. In bowling and fielding, however, they are probably not so formidable as they were. Many of those who played against the previous teams turned out to play against the Authentics, and, with the exception of K. M. Mistri, their crack left-hand batsman and bowler, they put into the field the strongest side at their command. In these circumstances, the Authentics were naturally extremely anxious to lower their colours, and this, but for peculiarly bad fortune, they might have succeeded in doing. The absence of Key and the accident to Chinnery weakened them by the loss of two of their best batsmen, and, in addition to that, as in the Presidency match, one of their best players was unable to bat in the second innings at the moment of crisis. Not content with inflicting on them these mishaps, Dame Fortune did not favour them in the field. A bad decision enabled D. Kanga, when he had got 16, to continue his innings, and add 100 runs to his score. It is human to err, but it is hard luck on a team when an error of this sort proves the turning point of a match. On the other hand, the fullest credit should be given to the Parsees for playing first an uphill and then a winning game with great determination and spirit. Mehta's bowling, backed up by keen and energetic fielding, won the game. Mehta was by far the finest bowler the Authentics had yet had to face, and this player, who learned his cricket from Jack Hearne in Patiala, should prove a useful recruit to Lancashire, the English County for which he is now qualifying. He has a good control over the ball, varies his pace and pitch with much judgment, and, besides getting a great deal of spin on the ball and bringing it back very

quickly off the wicket, he bowls also a good one which goes with his arm.

Clayton won the toss, and, before a very large crowd of Europeans, Parsees, and Hindus — which must have numbered well over 10,000—the Authentics began their innings. It was not an auspicious beginning. By lunch time they had lost four wickets for 60 runs. Both Hornby and Tomkinson got out just when they seemed well set, and it remained for Simpson-Hayward to come to the rescue. Mehta and Pavri, the Parsee skipper, were both bowling extremely well, but Simpson-Hayward, in partnership first with Tomkinson and then with Raphael, played with any amount of confidence, and when the tiffin bell rang had contributed an excellent 45 out of 134 for five wickets. Raphael was then 7 (not out). He lost his partner the first ball after lunch, and was himself missed at the wicket shortly afterwards. From that moment he began to get runs very quickly, but, in spite of his efforts, the total was only 174 when the eighth wicket fell, and it looked as though the innings would be over for a very mediocre total. Luckily the wicket, which had not been very true in the morning, was now playing quite easily, and, thanks to an extremely useful effort on the part of Kershaw, a very different complexion was now put upon affairs. The 'Tics' "tail" was wagging. Raphael played magnificently. He hit with splendid confidence and yet maintained a sound defence. Though twice missed at the wicket and once from a very hard return to Mehta, it would not be easy to overpraise his cricket. As a batsman, he crouches—after the fashion of Jessop—and dashes at the ball with something of the same sort of spring. His 111, which comprised eleven 4's and a 6—a glorious off-drive over the stands—provoked great enthusiasm. His innings



AUTHENTICS *v.* PARSEES

and the timely contributions of Kershaw and Aspinall (who was not out with a merry 16 to his credit) seemed to have turned the tide in favour of the Authentics.

In the few minutes left for play, Pavri and Driver scored 24 for no wicket, but the latter might have been caught by Hornby in the slips. The second day's play proved this to have been an expensive error, for, after Dr. Pavri had been taken at mid-off and Daruwalla had also fallen a victim to Williams, Driver and Mehromjee began to put on runs apace. Mehromjee is the best bat on the Parsee side. His play is stylish and confident, his hitting clean and hard, and he has some beautiful shots past cover and extra-cover. He looked set for a good innings, when he was bowled by a fast ball from Hornby, which broke back and just touched the off-stump. D. J. Kanga, who is a left-hander, joined the left-handed Driver, and presently put his leg in front of a straight full pitch from Simpson-Hayward. The umpire decided in his favour, and Kanga, profiting by his good fortune, began to play the innings of his life. It will hardly entitle him to be considered a good batsman, for, though he never gave another chance, he really scarcely made a fine stroke throughout, and he indulged in an extraordinary variety of approach-shots and mishits all over the field. But cricket would be a poor game if it were only the very best men who got runs, and though Mehromjee would have given more pleasure to watch, Kanga deserves, perhaps, all the more credit for his successful effort. With 178 on the board, Driver was caught at short-leg off a mishit from Simpson-Hayward's deliveries, and Kanga's brother then joined him. The brethren hit away merrily, the first half-hour after tiffin providing the brightest cricket of the day. Yet at the end of the day, when the Authentic bowlers were presumably tired, the scoring was very slow. Many maidens were

bowled, and several wickets fell. The score was 345 for seven wickets at the close of play. It looked as if the inability of the Parsees to force the game in these circumstances had rendered a draw inevitable.

But the unexpected always happens. Next morning the Parsees adopted forcing tactics, and, thanks to a little luck, and also to some slackness in the field, they succeeded in securing a lead of 95 runs. This lead, as matters turned out, gave them the match. But no one was prepared for what happened. It was known that, owing to an unlucky injury to his thumb, Clayton would be unable to play. But the batting of the Authentics had proved capable of great things, and, even without Chinnery or Clayton, it was expected that they would make an even draw of it.

But, as in the first innings, a bad start was made, and perhaps the knowledge that they were playing one short may have upset the side, and prevented them from playing with their usual confidence. Or it may have been simply that the excellent bowling of Bulsara and Mehta was too excellent. The latter especially was working very hard and doing a great deal with the ball. Whatever the cause or causes, the result was a collapse, redeemed only by another useful contribution from Raphael and an invaluable 40 by Hollins. The Parsees were left with 30 runs to get to win, and lost two wickets in getting them. Thus very unexpectedly, and much to the chagrin of themselves and their friends, the Authentics were beaten by the Parsees.

Undoubtedly it was the best team of the two sides as they took the field that won. Personally I was astonished then, and am still more astonished now, that we did so well on the first two days. But I think that with our full side and our bowlers hard and fit as they were in a week or so after this we should have had no difficulty in turning the tables.

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
R. A. Williams, b. Mehta	4	b. Mehta	7
R. H. Raphael, b. Mehta	111	b. Mehta	27
A. H. Hornby, c. H. D. Kanga, b. Pavri	15	c. Mody, b. Bulsara	15
F. H. Hollins, c. Bulsara, b. Mehta	10	b. Mistri	40
J. E. Tomkinson, b. Mistri	26	b. Bulsara	0
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b. Mehta	45	run out	10
C. Headlam, l.b.w., b. Pavri	1	c. D. D. Kanga, b. Bulsara	9
J. N. Ridley, b. Mehta	13	c. Daruwalla, b. Mehta	13
F. Kershaw, c. Daruwalla, b. H. D. Kanga	36	not out	0
J. B. Aspinall, not out	16	b. Mistri	0
F. G. H. Clayton, c. Pavri, b. Mehta	21		
Extras	13	Extras	3
Total	311	Total	124

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
A. H. Mehta	34	4	97	6	29	13	59	3
Pavri	27	6	99	2	7	3	18	0
Bulsara	8	1	27	0	22	10	36	3
Mistri	8	1	24	1	3	0	8	2
Kanga	6	0	30	1	...	...	...	...
Machliwalla	3	0	8	0	...	...	...	...
Driver	3	0	13	0	...	...	...	...

PARSEES.

Dr. M. E. Pavri (capt.), c. Clayton, b. Williams	28
K. R. Driver, c. Kershaw, b. Simpson-Hayward	67
D. C. Daruwalla, l.b.w., b. Williams	7
R. P. Mehromjee, b. Hornby	30
D. D. Kanga, b. Simpson-Hayward	116
H. D. Kanga, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Clayton	66
R. E. Mody, b. Clayton	5
B. C. Machliwalla, l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	16
A. H. Mehta, st. Headlam, b. Williams	10
K. Mistri, not out	20
D. Bulsara, c. sub., b. Williams	20
Extras	21
Total	406

Second Innings.—Mehromjee, not out, 17; Mody, c. Tomkinson, b. Williams, 0; Mehta, l.b.w., b. Hornby, 2; H. D. Kanga, not out, 11; extras, 0. Total (for two wickets), 30.

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hornby	17	3	61	1	3	1	13	1
Williams	26	2	102	4	3	0	16	1
Clayton	24	9	53	2	...	...	...	...
Ridley	10	1	30	0	...	...	...	...
Kershaw	3	1	20	0	...	...	...	...
Simpson-Hayward .	25	2	91	3	...	...	...	...
Hollins.	10	1	28	0	...	...	...	...
Aspinal	...	...	...	...	0-2	0	1	0

Hollins bowled one wide.

On the evening of the second day of the match the Authentics were entertained by a large and representative gathering of the Parsee community at dinner at the Ripon Club. In replying to the good wishes of the Parsees, Mr. F. G. H. Clayton took the opportunity of thanking all supporters of cricket, Parsee, Hindu, and European, for the kindness of the welcome which the Authentics had everywhere received in Bombay, both on the cricket field and off. Nothing could exceed the kindly interest taken by all there in the Authentics' tour, as evidenced in private and in the Press.

We were not a very merry party when we left Bombay. The casualties which had befallen us, and the regrettable defeat which we had just sustained were severe blows to us, and we were all feeling the effects of the great strain which eight days' very hard cricket so soon after landing had put upon us. But as we waited on the platform for the train to start there was a scene which could not but bring smiles to the faces of the most depressed. A crowd



MR. F. G. H. CLAYTON

ENWREATHED AND GARLANDED

From a Photo by Mr. J. B. Aspinall

of friends and cricketers had come down to see us off, and amongst them many enthusiastic Hindus and Parsees. Mr. J. M. Framjee Patel was there, and in our bunks we found each of us a copy of Mr. Pavri's book on "Parsee Cricket" presented to us by him. But there was more to come. Wreaths of sweet-smelling flowers and garlands of tinsel were hung about our shoulders and placed upon our heads, and thus bedecked we marched about the platform, endeavouring, with but poor success, not to feel excessively absurd!

III

STATION LIFE AND OUR MATCHES AT SECUNDERABAD — BANGALORE — MADRAS — TRICHINOPOLY

We left Bombay with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret — pleasure at the warmth and kindliness of our welcome; regret that our stay was so short and in result so unsuccessful. We gave the spectators some splendid cricket to watch, but we lost two out of our three matches. The slightest turn of Fortune's wheel, however, would have given us two—if not three—victories. In the light of our experience, it would seem unwise for any visiting team in future to play eight days' cricket out of twelve in Bombay after coming fresh off the sea. It was really courting disaster and casualties. But it should be said that, considering that we started without Key, Powys-Keck, and Hornby, and finished without Chinnery and Clayton, we came out of it in effect extremely well.

As you approach Secunderabad the country, which was hitherto very dull and uninteresting, changes its aspect. Here it is dotted about with numerous granite peaks and isolated granite rocks, huge boulders of weird shape poised in curious positions. Secunderabad is the British military cantonment some six miles distant from Hyderabad, the capital of H.H. the Nizam's territory.

After the damp, relaxing heat of Bombay, the change to the higher, drier air and less serious cricket of Secunderabad

was not unwelcome. Here the Authentics enjoyed the hospitality of the G.O.C., Major-Gen. Sir George and Lady Pretyman, and of the officers of the R.A., the 1st Middlesex and Lincolnshire Regiments. On our off days visits were paid to H.H. the Nizam's palace, outside Hyderabad; and a ride through the crowded streets of that completely Indian town was performed on elephants, kindly provided by Captain Osman Yar Yung, son of Colonel Afsar Dowlah, the commander-in-chief of the Nizam's forces. A still more interesting expedition was that made to the ruined city of Golconda, whither Captain Osman Yung drove the Authentics in his four-in-hand, and provoked the admiration of all by the marvellous skill and ease with which he manœuvred his team through the narrow, tortuous, and crowded streets of Hyderabad *en route*. Scarcely a single European is to be seen throughout the length and breadth of this, the teeming capital of the largest native State in India. As we drove—one day on elephants, another day on an English coach and four—through the crowded, coloured bazaars, filled with Pathans and Arabs, Sikhs, Parsees, Fakirs, and natives of the Deccan, armed, the very shopkeepers, with ancient knives, and scimitars, and matchlocks; bazaars blocked by tongas, bullock wagons, smart carriages with syces in gorgeous liveries running ahead to clear the way, or by the torches and canopies of a wedding procession, we were acutely conscious of the mixture and the contrast, of the incongruities which are the keynotes of modern India. Yet Hyderabad, with all its ancient effect, its air of the Arabian Nights, is only a few hundred years old. It sprang up when Golconda, the old capital of the Kutb Shahi kingdom, was overthrown by the conquering Aurungzebe in 1687. Only the massive fort—built of huge unmortared

granite blocks — and the extensive *enceinte* of mediæval walls and bastions remain of Golconda, the once rich and populous diamond city, seven miles away.

Secunderabad is one of the largest military stations in India, for there are stationed here, besides the regular troops, the forces of the Hyderabad contingent and of the Imperial Service troops. In this vast and straggling cantonment there are no less than ninety miles of roads. That fact puts into a concrete form the impression that I received from every other city, cantonment, or station that we visited. They all seemed to stretch over an enormous area, and to be composed of innumerable distant and straggling bungalows—similar bungalows standing in similar compounds. Architecture comes before Art. The style of building which obtains in a country is usually determined by its physical needs. The Esquimaux builds his ice-house to keep him warm, the Burman his house on piles to keep him dry in the rains, the Anglo-Indian his bungalow to give him air. No building I know seems so strange to sleep in as a bungalow till you are accustomed to it. The verandah without, the thick roof and empty upper storey to keep off the sun—that you can understand. But why, you wonder, in the cold weather, why this almost indecent publicity? There are four doors, two leading into the verandah, one into your bathroom, and another into the passage. There are windows innumerable, opening on to garden or compound. When in the cold weather, after a day of hot sun, the temperature drops suddenly and the nights are chilly and seem doubly so to a skin rendered over-sensitive by the previous heat, these many openings seem a snare and a delusion; the resultant draughts a misery and a foolishness. You perceive at this season that this style of building exposes you to many discomforts

—to the mercy of thieves, to the frequent and disastrous visits of ants, to the company of geckos or little lizards, with their startling cry of "chuck-chuck!" to the possible attentions of a snake, to the certain depredations of the impudent and noisy crow, who, cheeky as a London sparrow, will first wake you up by his raucous cries in the verandah and then enter your room and steal your *chota-hasri*. These things are true enough, as undeniable as mosquitoes. But wait awhile, wait till the maddening voice of the "brain-fever" bird ushers in the hot weather, till the streets of Calcutta are aflame with the crimson flower of the Cotton-tree, and, later, the fire-red blaze of the Gold Mohur; wait till the ground beneath burns your feet, and your linen, when you take it from the drawer, feels and smells hot as though it were fresh and smoking from the iron; wait till, after a day spent in a desperate endeavour to avoid the furnace heat without, you sally forth breathlessly to "eat the air," as they term it in the vernacular, and returning feel as you enter the doorway that you are entering a lime-kiln; wait till then, and you will cease to complain of the draughtiness of bungalows, and you will not return to England with an impression of cold as the chief characteristic of India. Air, that can be circulated with the aid of a punkah, is the blessed thing which the structure of a bungalow and the large compound in which it stands successfully secure you. Hence the bungalow; hence, too, the straggling character of Indian stations.

As to the hot weather, there are, of course, compensations. There is, for instance, mango foule; later there is the mango. And there is the joy of getting back to the punkah, of appreciating a breath of cool breeze. But best of all is the new and wonderful sensation the hot weather provides for those who can escape from it and rush up

from the sticky, steamy heat of Calcutta, or the burning atmosphere of Allahabad, to the bracing cold of Simla or Darjeeling.

Outside the bungalow is a patch of garden and an acre or two of drab and dusty land, waste apparently and uninhabited. Apparently waste, yet donkeys and goats there are which find a living among the dusty leaves that fall thereon, and the wiry apology for grass that grows there. How they manage it I do not know. The life of a goat, a donkey, or a horse can scarcely be a happy one here;—decidedly in this country it would be better to be a bicycle! The "compound," I have said, is apparently uninhabited, but no man really knows how many natives live there. There may be fifty, there may be a hundred for all the sahib knows. The wives and families of all the servants dwell there, unofficially. It is for the child of one of them, perhaps, that that goat is being milked; for the child's mother and half a dozen other inhabitants of the compound, unknown very likely even by sight to the sahib, have recently been carried off by plague.

The servants of an Indian household are legion. The laws of caste, acting like western Trades' Unions, decree that one man shall do one job in India and no more. Each horse, each pony must have his own syce or groom, who will look after him alone; saddle him and groom him, exercise him, run by his side when master takes him out for a ride or drive, feed him, caress him, and sleep with him.

There is another man who lives to cut grass for that horse and to keep him supplied with fodder, not forgetting to procure a sufficiency of that lucerne which he loves. Your stable, you see, however modest, involves a regiment of servants. A cook you must have in any country, but

where else will you find one who, with the aid of a few pots, a spoon or two, some scraps of fire which he blows up with a short bamboo tube, will serve you a dinner at a moment's notice, a dinner of many courses, all unrecognisable, crowned by a more excellent soufflé? And this equally well on the march or at home. The Indian cook is a marvel, and his ways are wonderful. I believe they are better left uninvestigated. But as to his gift for producing much out of little there are no two opinions. Indeed, one is led sometimes to presume too much upon it. I remember, on one of our journeys, arriving at a small up-country "mofussil" station, where I had ordered breakfast for our team. The restaurant consisted of an old disused railway carriage. We boarded it eagerly, only to find that a party of planters, passing by that way earlier, had completely demolished the viands prepared for us. The Goan in charge was apologetic but not encouraging. He lived at that station, you see; lived, in fact, in that railway car, and he knew better than we could the barrenness of the land. There was nothing, he said, absolutely nothing that could be got to eat. I asked for eggs. Indian eggs are the smallest things on earth, but they are better, to a hungry man, than a dead policeman or a poke in the eye with an umbrella. No, he said, there were no eggs. The planters had eaten them all—every one. Then I arose in my wrath and referred, not charitably to them and to him. "What, no eggs?" I cried at last. "Well, if there aren't any, go and lay some. What is the good of being a cook and living in a restaurant car if you can't lay eggs?" I suppose I had touched his professional pride. Whatever the cause, whatever the method, I only know that he went out then and there, and in five minutes returned with three poached eggs! You have your "Boy," then, and your

cook; next comes the *chuprassi*, whose duties seem to be confined to "wearing a livery and posting letters or not delivering 'chits.'" The extreme publicity of a bungalow, with its many open doors and windows, its vague compound and exposure to the casual passer-by, make it necessary to have guards and watchmen, known as *chaukidars*. The *chaukidar* is supposed to keep watch o' nights; what he does is to sleep in the verandah just outside the *chis* of your room, and there he snores, making with his budmarsh nephew, the punkah-waller, who has gradually ceased to pull your punkah, a chorus of snoring so loud that you do the watching. In spite of his services thefts from bungalows are very common indeed, especially in the Northern Provinces. One heard of cases almost daily there. On the frontier, where the thieves come down from the hills and are dangerous as well as expensive visitors, the *chaukidar* is a polite form of blackmailer, who, for the not excessive sum of seven rupees a month, protects you from the intrusion and thefts of his fellow-tribesmen. Notwithstanding his somnolence, the *chaukidar* does occasionally catch a thief, whom, amidst enormous hubbub and much objurgation, he will tie to a tree and there, with the aid of his fellows, beat till such time as master, weary of the din, emerges and interferes. But if master, pleased with the success of his *chaukidar*, be so ill-advised as to reward the watchful thief-catcher with five rupees, unexpected and unsatisfactory is the result. For *chaukidar* number two will very likely be stirred by the desire of a similar reward to unwonted activity in thief-catching. Then, unless Providence quickly send him a genuine burglar, a *pukka* thief, he will be tempted to manufacture for himself a *kutcha* substitute, a spurious imitation. He will take under his wing some poor waif, and hide him of his charity in the neighbouring crops.

There he will feed him for a day or two, and then, suggesting that it is cold at nights, he will bring the poor wretch up to the bungalow after dark, clothe him in some rug or cloth of master's, and cry aloud, "Ho! a thief!" Then will he valiantly arrest him and claim a reward!

Thieves in India form separate castes. There are definite brotherhoods and tribes of robbers, and every member of them is born a thief. They glory in their calling, and they can follow no other. With them to steal is not merely a social duty, with its own traditions and its own language, as in London or Paris, not to be divulged to an outsider, but a very religion with its own thieving god, as in Rome or Athens. For a member of these tribes to be honest would be wrong, impious even. At their head is a Rajah whom we several times had the pleasure of meeting. A keen sportsman and a polished man of the world, he is the modern type of the Europeanised rajah, yet he could not have attained to his hereditary position of rajah without proving his capacity as a light-fingered gentleman, nor could he retain it if he failed once a year to pick somebody's pocket. Naturally he confines the field of his operations to the family circle!

But my list of servants has been left incomplete. There is the *dhobi*, the worst of all human washermen, who, as he applies the inherited skill of generations to the task of rending your garments and of washing dirt into your linen by beating it with all his might against filthy jagged stones, seems to be devoting a life of toil to the task of proving that the *dhobi* of the unchanging East can equal in destructiveness even the finest records of a European steam laundry. There is the *dhirzi*, too, who squats all day in the verandah, repairing the damage which the *dhobi* has wrought, or working mysteriously for the mem-sahib. There is the

mehtar, who performs the menial office of sweeper. There is the *bhisti*, who brings mussacks or skins full of water for your bath or for the garden, and is not at all the "Wee, cow'rin', tim'rous, sleekit beastie" that Burns apostrophised.

But the retainer who most interested me to watch in India was the *mali*, the native gardener, and all his works. As a visitor I used first of all to be made aware of him by his evening gift of a button-hole. Flowers for the dinner-table may fail, flowers in the garden may scarcely be visible, but a button-hole for the stranger sahib never fails. It does not follow that your *mali* grew them, but there would seem to be a free exchange among *malis*, the goods of other people's gardens are common when a button-hole is required which may produce possibly a reward of two annas or so! In the same way, flowers, if the mem-sahib insist, are nearly always forthcoming to decorate the table, but whence they come it is difficult to say. A resourceful *mali* and a bad garden form a combination which is at once the most productive and the cheapest form of flower-raising in India—provided always that your neighbours have better gardens. And it is likely that they will. The love of flowers and of gardens seems to be innate in the English race. It is pathetic to see how fondly they set about reproducing the soft charm of the English country-side in places so different and so discouraging as the Riviera, a London square, and an Indian station.

The gardener has many enemies to deal with in India; the scorching, parching sun is one; the mischievous and ubiquitous little squirrel another. But your *mali* does not fight either of these. He leaves it to the toiling *bhisti* with his skins of gurgling water to fight the sun and dust, and to the sahib, if he will, to shoot the squirrels. As for him, he seemed, to my eye, to spend all his long, quiet days

squatting on his haunches, in that attitude so popular in the East, sitting, that is, on his heels with his knees in his armpits, and scratching very slowly, very quietly at the weeds and grass around him; occasionally, when after long hours of such scratching he had cleared the space round about, moving on, without raising himself, for all the world like a toad. But now and then, at some obscure period of day or night, he must do something else. The splendid Croton plants, the gorgeous growth and purple blossoms of the Bugainvillea, the short-lived splendour of the Morning Glory, may owe little to his care, but there is also all your movable garden, your treasures in huge pots, to bear witness to his unnoticed activity. To have your garden arrayed in large, portable pots is a system strange to the newcomer, but its great advantages are soon explained to him. First, it enables you to cope with the invading ants and the parching sun; secondly, it enables you to have your plants moved easily to and from the verandah, and thirdly, it enables you, when suddenly ordered away from the station where you have made a garden at large expense, to sell by auction, in part or whole, the products of your loving enterprise.

I wish I could give some idea of the contents, of the appearance of these Indian gardens, so exotically English; I wish I knew enough to be able to enumerate and convey to the reader the variety of vegetation we met with on our tour, from the rose-hedges of Peshawar to the huge banyan and the cocoa-nut palms of Madras. I wish I could persuade Simpson-Hayward to write a chapter on that subject; Simpson-Hayward, whose skill as a gardener is no less great than his skill as a bowler; Simpson-Hayward, whose knowledge of botany proved often so astonishing to the most enthusiastic gardeners!

The strange growths, the seeds of unwonted plants which so frequently appeared stirred him to ecstasy. It was a refreshing sight to see him clamber down from the train when it stopped on the road, and to watch him snatching seeds from the wayside. You forgave him, even though he had leapt up in the middle of a game of bridge to do so; you forgave him though he emptied your tobacco-tin to stow his seeds therein. His passion for the vegetable world was so pure and so whole-hearted!

This army of servants is not costly, for though you must have many men to serve you in India, you only pay them some ten to fifteen rupees a month and nothing for board, which they supply themselves, and as to lodging they sleep in a go-down in the compound or the verandah as aforesaid.

To command this army you must have a general in the form of a butler, who combines the functions of a butler and a housekeeper, whose duty it is to provide for all emergencies, to "make bundobast" of any sort, to look after all the other servants; to be looked after by you. He, in fact, is the man to be cursed if anything goes wrong. After a short stay in India you begin to understand the meaning of the man who said that what he most missed on returning from the East was a nigger to curse.

The importance of the butler as a personage in the household may best be gauged by the fact that he is usually, besides being majordomo and caterer-in-chief, chancellor of the exchequer as well. Most sahibs—as to the memsahibs, that is another *jat*—give their butlers so much a month in cash, and themselves never carry any ready money on them at all. For the fall of the rupee has resulted in the "chit" system. The Roman dandies used to

wear a lighter kind of ring on their fingers during the summer; but a careless Government has omitted to provide a thinner rupee for the hot weather. When all your money has to be carried practically in the form of florins, cash becomes a weariness of the flesh. Therefore the Anglo-Indian, after providing for his household wants through his cash-keeping butler, lives for the rest of the month on I.O.U.'s. He signs "chits" for drinks at the club, chits for groceries, chits for his losings at bridge—chits for everything. It is a light-hearted system, disastrously deceptive, however, so that one day a month is often a very bad day. For the club accounts are made up and rendered once a month. The enormous saving of trouble—and also of coinage—resulting from this system is apparent. So far as a mere visitor is concerned, however, it is apt to be rather a nuisance. If he is made an honorary member of a club for a few days, and then passes on, he usually has to have his chits sent after him, and he is kept uneasily afraid that in some cases they or his cheques may never reach their proper destination.

I have spoken of clubs in India, and no book which endeavoured to give an impression of our tour would be complete without some reference to these, the most salient features of Indian stations. India, in fact, is the land of clubs. His hour or two every evening at the club is the social bourne of every Anglo-Indian's day. For his day is parcelled out in a manner very different from that which obtains at home. It begins earlier, does "the long, long, Indian day." It begins with *chota-hasri* (little breakfast), that early cup of tea, slice of toast and fruit which is regarded in many houses in England as a luxurious indulgence almost amounting to traffic with the Evil One. Then follows a ride or game of golf, or early parade, then

a bath and breakfast proper. Next comes business and the heat of the day, broken by tiffin.

In the hot weather, in those parts where the power of the sun is most intense, a variation of routine is introduced. Work is done very early in the morning, and the mid-day, from ten to four, is passed in the house, which is closely shut up to keep out the sun. Then, after tiffin, comes an hour or so of siesta. The streets that were full and busy in the early morning grow quiet and empty; the noise of vehicles and voices grows faint, the very birds grow silent, and all the world, sweltering in the noonday heat, determines to be somnolent. Then (or afterwards) the lover might indite such lines as these to his real or imaginary mistress :—

SIESTA

I

" The fierce white sun is burning
  The drab dust 'neath my feet,
And all the world is silent
  Under the noonday heat;
The crows have stayed their cawing,
  The mills have ceased to hum,
The frogs have hushed their chorus,
  The copper-smith is dumb,
        For, hush! my darling sleeps.
          Sleep on, my darling, sleep!

II

The Malis in the compound
  Chatter and drone no more,
The grasshoppers are silent
  That chirped so loud before;

Khitmagar holds his quarrel
  With brother khitmagar,
And fainter sounds and fainter
  The sound of the bazaar.
      For, hush! my darling sleeps.
        Sleep on, my darling, sleep!

III

Sleep on and dream, my darling,
  Oh softly dream of me;
Sleep on amid the silence
  That brings me near to thee.
Sleep on—and in thy waking
  Dream, free from all alarms,
That I at last am holding
  Thy form within my arms.
      Then wake, my darling, wake!
        Awake, my darling, wake!"

Two or three times a week about half-past four the polo-players assemble on the Maidan, and there play as many chukkas as they can get up, or if there is no polo, a game of racquets, a game of hockey, tennis, ping-pong, or of Badminton. For it has been discovered that to keep well in India the secret is to take regular hard exercise, and not to drink any alcohol, or as little as is possible, before sundown. And India being "the poor man's country," these games, including even polo, are within the reach of almost every man. For men live simply and cheaply in India. Where every man's income is known to everybody, the foolish and expensive item of pretence which goes for so much at home is eliminated. Thus after his business and his exercise your Anglo-Indian finds himself at the club, and there for an hour or two he will stay and see his friends, for all the

station meets there—to drink short drinks, play bridge or billiards, and to "bukh." Enjoyable hours they are, most enjoyable we used to find them after the heat and stress of the day's cricket was over. At some clubs there was a ladies' quarter; but whether there be one or not, the one drawback to the club system is, and must be, that it destroys social life—home life—as we understand it in England. But a bungalow is not a homely place, and in India most men are not married. Still this habit the men have of going off to the club and staying there till it is time to drive back in the "tum-tum" for a late dinner must tend to give the women, who have been spending all the long hot day alone, with no work to distract their attention from the heat, and no games to while away their superfluous hours, a yet duller time than need be theirs.

Yet there are mem-sahibs so happily constituted, so richly endowed with the gift of making the best of it, that they like India. And they are not only "Simla Stars," women who go to the hill-stations, to Simla, Darjeeling, Ooticamund, or Missoorie to have a good time, but even those who stay with their husbands in the hot weather when they remain below in the plains to work and roast. These are they who love not Rudyard Kipling.

Such, then, very briefly and vaguely, were the domestic conditions of the life upon which we had now entered, and under them we were destined to spend four of the most enjoyable months imaginable.

SECUNDERABAD

Captain Milman, to whom we are greatly indebted for the trouble he took in making a most successful "bundobast" for our stay at Secunderabad, skippered the opposing team. Winning the toss, Hollins elected to bat first on a wicket which had not quite recovered from rain and watering. The start was a dramatic one. Three wickets were lost for 10 runs, and four for 45. Then Simpson-Hayward—the Honourable Simmer as he is locally termed—joined his captain, and, as in the Parsee match, made a most timely stand. The wicket was difficult; Milman (fast right) was bowling well, the ball was popping about nastily, but both batsmen played remarkably good cricket. They added 136 runs for the fourth wicket before they were separated, when Simpson-Hayward was run out for an excellent 53. Biggs and Ridley stayed with Hollins whilst he put another century to his credit—a century compiled without a chance—by faultless and brilliant cricket. This score of his was a far finer effort than his previous century against the Hindus—the wicket was more difficult, and his cutting and driving were superb. Biggs, it should be mentioned, was playing as a substitute for Clayton, whose thumb—which had prevented him from playing in the second innings against the Parsees—had developed symptoms of blood-poisoning, and threatened to keep him for some time out of the cricket field. Without the aid of his bowling, which had hitherto proved very useful, and on a wicket which had now dried into a fast and easy one, it did not seem probable that the Authentics would get rid of their opponents very cheaply, who started well. But when 26 runs were on the board Simpson-Hayward took the ball from Hornby and

met with immediate success. He completely nonplussed the batsmen, and collected seven wickets for 39—a fine performance.

Secunderabad were forced to follow on next morning, and, thanks chiefly to mistakes in the field, managed in the end to save the match. Milman and McEuen both played a fine game for their side, but the former should have been caught in the deep when he had scored 10, and he also offered two chances to Hornby at cover. But both catches came very awkwardly to Monkey Sahib. He was out at last to a good catch in the deep field by Kershaw. Both as a batsman and a bowler Milman did yeoman service for his side, and, if he had more practice and experience, he would soon develop into a fine cricketer. Captain McEuen played with great patience and accuracy, and his century was the reward of real good cricket; but he gave two easy chances of c. and b., one to Ridley and the other to Williams.

The Authentics were left with 146 to get, and forty minutes to get them in. They made a dash for the runs. Tomkinson and Williams hit courageously, and at one time were actually ahead of the clock. But it was of no avail. Wickets fell rapidly in the futile endeavour, two of them to beautiful catches by Kader Beg at third man. What had seemed at the end of the first day's play likely to issue in a victory for the Authentics was converted into a draw in their favour. Clayton's bowling was much missed, but I reckon that not winning this match was our worst performance in India. Unfortunately, two further casualties occurred during the day. Biggs felt the effect of the sun from the first day's play and was unable to field, and Aspinall, who had kept wicket very well in the first innings, had to give up owing to the same cause and a touch of fever.

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
A. H. Hornby, b. Masood	. . .	6		
R. A. Williams, b. Milman	. . .	0	c. Kader Beg, b. McEuen .	18
R. H. Raphael, l.b.w., b. Masood	.	0		
F. H. Hollins, b. Milman	. . . .	121	not out	5
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Roberts, b. Milman	. . . .	12	c. Kader Beg, b. McEuen	30
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, run out	.	53	b. Masood	5
C. Headlam, b. Milman	. . . .	0		
L. M. Biggs, b. Milman	. . . .	27		
J. N. Ridley, c. McEuen, b. Milman		23	c. Fleming, b. Masood . .	4
F. Kershaw, b. McEuen	. . . .	3	not out	11
J. B. Aspinall, not out	. . . . .	0		
Bye 1, l.-b. 3.	. . . .	4	Byes	6
Total	. . . .	249	Total (4 wkts.) .	79

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Masood	17	1	67	2	6	0	28	2
Milman	19	1	80	6	4	1	31	0
Fleming	4	0	25	0	1	0	4	0
McEuen	3	4	2	1	3	0	11	2
Lucas	4	1	22	0	...	...	...	...
Phillips	4	0	35	0	...	...	...	...
Ahmed Ali	5	0	25	0	...	...	...	...

SECUNDERABAD.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Capt. McEuen, st. Aspinall, b. Hayward	. . . .	14	not out	119
Lieut. Phillips, b. Hayward	. . .	15	b. Hornby	0
Masood Ahmed, c. Hollins, b. Hayward	. . . .	6	b. Hayward	3
Capt. Pearce, b. Hayward	. . . .	0		
Ahmed Ali, b. Hayward	. . . .	5	l. b. w., b. Hayward . . .	4
Kader Beg, c. Hornby, b. Williams		11	b. Hollins	30
Capt. Skelton, l.b.w., b. Ridley	.	21	b. Kershaw	26
Capt. Milman, l.b.w., b. Hayward	.	11	c. Kershaw, b. Williams .	78
Lucas, c. and b. Ridley	. . . . .	3	st. Headlam, b. Hornby .	12
Capt. Fleming, c. Hollins, b. Hayward	. . . .	9	l.b.w., b. Hayward . . .	10
Capt. Roberts, not out	. . . . .	7	b. Hornby	1
Byes 3, l.-b. 2	. . . .	5	Leg-byes 3, n.-b. 3 .	6
Total	. . . .	106	*Total (9 wkts.) .	289

* Innings declared closed.

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hayward	11-5	2	39	7	20	1	64	3
Hornby	6	3	12	0	12	2	48	3
Williams	11	0	40	1	24	3	97	1
Ridley	4	1	10	2	8	1	24	0
Hollins	...	...	...	...	11	4	27	1
Kershaw	..	...	..	...	6	1	23	1

The evening of our departure from Secunderabad coincided with the usual weekly dance at the United Service Club. We were fortunate in being guests at many of these Station Club dances in India, and very enjoyable we found them. For a weekly "Cinderella" is a regular institution with many of these clubs, and we used to find it a good plan, after the dance was over, to go straight down to the railway station where our carriages were waiting for us on a siding, and go to bed in them, thus often avoiding a late night and an early morning start.

At Secunderabad we were obliged to leave, under the good care of Major Quinton, the Hampshire cricketer, two of our party—Clayton and Aspinall. Clayton was destined to have a weary and painful time of it before he could play again; but the best comfort he could have was, I am sure, that from this time forward the Authentics entered upon a career of victory so complete that it might almost be called a triumphal progress.

Bangalore is reputed to rejoice in the most equable climate in the south of India. All English flowers and fruits grow there to perfection, for it is nearly 3000 feet above the sea-level.

Our arrival here, where we were to meet the forces of Mysore State, was greeted by cloudy weather varied by cold, drizzling rain. This sort of thing is much appreciated by those who have just survived a hot weather, but

for us, who had been through the rigours of the English summer in 1902, it smacked a little too much of the "Home, sweet home," which we had come to India to avoid. From this time forward we carried rain along with us. To Bangalore, Madras, Trichinopoly, Calcutta, Delhi, Lahore, and Aligarh we came like rain-gods, bringing desirable Christmas rains. I hope there is a cult of 'Tics at those places now. As far as we were concerned, I think we got too much rain to the square inch in the course of our seven or eight thousand miles. But this, we were told, was unusual. There had been eruptions at Martinique. The weather all over the country was abnormal. The weather always is.

One of the beliefs to which an Anglo-Indian still clings most fondly is that he can foresee the weather with certainty for six months ahead of him. There is, no doubt, a probability that, when the rains are over, day after day it will be fine, and that when the rains break after the hot weather, day after day it will be wet. But when I was told in Bombay definitely that it would not rain again till the 9th of May—we were then in the middle of November—the thing seemed to me too simple. The weather, I felt, was not being given sufficient credit for originality. So I bet to the contrary—and in December the races in Bombay had to be deferred owing to the racecourse being flooded by the heavy rains. You see, I had so often heard the same sort of thing from hotel-managers on the Riviera.

The rain, however, though it occasionally spoilt a wicket or a match for us, saved us from being troubled much by one of the greatest curses of the East—dust. The roads everywhere are inches deep in fine white dust; the whole surface of the earth is drab with dust; the very foliage of the trees white or yellow, for the leaves are all heavily laden

with the all-pervading dust. Therefore, when the wind begins to blow across the bare, burnt open spaces, it stirs up the white powder of the soil, whirls it first into little dust-devils that twist and twirl along the Maidan or parade-ground, and then, when the wind gets stronger, it works up a heavy column of dust. If it blow yet harder, it brings a huge black cloud across the horizon, a cloud of blinding, permeating dust, before which, if you are wise and in time, you flee to the nearest shelter and cover yourself up to escape its exasperating effect. There is nothing pleasant about a dust-storm, and we were lucky in not having one during our cricket matches. On several occasions, however, the dust proved something of a nuisance. Every bullock-cart that goes along an Indian road, every herd of goats that saunters along, feeding on the dead, dry leaves that have fallen by the way, stir up a cloud of dust which hides them completely from view. The air is full of dust, and when the sun begins to get low on the horizon and the temperature begins to fall, the heavier atmosphere holds the floating particles nearer to the ground, so that a bank of haze is formed behind the bowler's arm and the batsman finds a new difficulty to contend with on Indian fields.

Delhi, next to Cawnpore, was the dustiest place we visited, and in spite of the rain, the watering, the oiling of the roads, and the sprinkling of mica on the more important paths, who will forget the dust of Delhi? How many games of polo did it almost spoil for the eager spectators, who could sometimes scarcely distinguish men and horses for it, how many "Delhi throats" did it engender, and how many new Parisian frocks did it utterly destroy?

It was at Bangalore that, a few minutes before noon, a casual spectator arriving on the ground might have been surprised to see the players cease from playing and kneel

or lie down flat, but all with their faces in the same direction. Here, he might have thought, we have an instance of the influence of East on West, for surely the sahibs have adopted some native custom and lie turning towards the sun at noontide in accordance with some strange Mohammedan ceremonial. But the intelligent traveller would, as usual, have been wrong. We only behaved like that because we were waiting and dreading the fire of the mid-day gun, which points across the wicket and is only about a hundred yards distant from it. As the barrack children or playful Tommies occasionally insert a handful of gravel into the muzzle, or because the gun, not being in the charge of gunners, is occasionally too much depressed, it is not wise to stand in its way, and, even though you are making a century, to win a cricket reputation at the cannon's mouth. You may be quite well, but you had better lie down.

FIFTH MATCH—*V*. MYSORE STATE

The prospect of the match had roused great interest in the district, and the Authentics were most hospitably received by the Resident, the Hon. Colonel Robertson, the Sappers and Gunners and the Officers of the Essex Regiment, and on the second day of the match were entertained to dinner at the United Service Club. Rain had affected the wicket, making it inclined to bump, but Captain Barstow and H. W. Green made a good start for the home side, though Powys-Keck and Williams were evidently bowling very well. The former had joined the Authentics here, and it was at once seen that he would prove a very valuable addition to the attack, his fast left-hand swingers affording a much-

needed variety of style. Chinnery also came into the side, having nearly recovered from the strain from which he had been suffering since the first match in Bombay. Powys-Keck whistled round the stumps, and actually moved Barstow's leg-bail out of its groove, but he failed to secure a victim. He had not yet got full control of his swerve; to make the ball pitch aright after describing such a curve in the air must require practice—like taking pepper under a punkah! It was Williams who began to get the wickets. Bowling with much greater confidence and command of the ball than he had hitherto displayed in India, he seemed to puzzle the batsmen completely. The wicket was not easy, but it was chiefly owing to his clever variations of pace that he got Jayaram smartly stumped, and Captain Gosling yorked. These were the most dangerous batsmen on the side, and Williams secured all but one of the rest, taking nine wickets for 58 runs—a fine performance.

The innings of the Authentics was remarkable for two things—an intensely brilliant knock by Chinnery, and something of a collapse after his departure. Chinnery played the most delightful cricket imaginable. He bombarded the pavilion and the screen with astonishing vigour and frequency, and proved in the most dramatic manner how valuable his services might have been at Bombay. Five 6's and ten 4's, out of a score of 88, speak for themselves, and will reveal more than any comment how clean and hard all round the wicket was the hitting of the Middlesex amateur. Chinnery is small, like Captain Greig, though of much sturdier build, but he hits the ball mighty hard. I do not think there is a batsman, short of Jessop, now playing first-class cricket at home, who hits more fiercely all round the wicket. He is so astonishingly pugnacious with the

willow that he reminds you inevitably of his uncle's prowess with the gloves. Though he is not content merely to play a good length ball, yet he does not jump into it. He just stands easily at home, and apparently without effort, but with a perfect full swing picks the ball off the wicket and lifts it over the ring. It is superb cricket to watch. It is also demoralising both to batsmen and to bowlers. The other batsmen on his side are tempted to try and do likewise, and they fail. The bowler scratches his head, and wonders what is the use of bowling a good length anyway? So pugnacious a display, then, probably upset the other batsmen, several of whom got out in hitting at balls which, off a wicket that was somewhat poppy, found a lodging in a very safe pair of hands belonging to Watters.

On the second day, Mysore State had to face a deficit of 104. But the wicket had improved, and a drizzling rain made matters difficult for the bowlers. Powys-Keck, with two fine swerving balls, got rid of Green and Barstow cheaply; but after that Jayaram and More, and then Jayaram and Gosling, scored freely. The former—though he can scarcely claim to be considered a first-class batsman, for he has too many risky strokes—made some very brilliant ones, and Gosling brought off some tremendous hits, sweeping Williams twice magnificently out of the ground. He is a dangerous batsman, especially, I should fancy, on a true wicket. He pushes most balls back quietly—tamely almost; then astonishes you by leaning forward suddenly and sweeping the ball from anywhere within his long reach clean out of the ground. He got one proper box at a ball at Bangalore, which it was a joy to behold. Jayaram's method is entirely different. He is very quick on his feet—too quick perhaps—and gives you the impression that he is too anxious to score. He has got, as the Americans say,

a hustle on him, anyway. A quick eye and quick feet enable him to jump out, change his mind in the middle of a stroke and jump back. But this habit leads to many dangerous and scratchy shots, and it involves a liability to be stumped (as actually happened to him in the first innings). This exceeding nimbleness of his gives him fine opportunities of making good drives and brilliant forcing strokes past extra-cover, but it must unsettle him for cutting and for playing a ball that gets up quickly, and it involves a liability to be caught at the wicket (as indeed actually happened to him in the second innings—but that is another story !).

On his form at Bangalore he could hardly be called a first-class batsman—but perhaps he was playing below his form.

Several changes of bowling were tried, but it was not till Ridley was put on that a separation was effected. Off his first ball Jayaram was exceedingly lucky to survive an appeal for what looked like a good catch at the wicket, and off his fourth Gosling was finely caught by Raphael on the square-leg boundary for a valuable 38. Jayaram, who had been missed by Williams in the slips off Hornby when he had got 80, now looked like obtaining his century, but he skied a ball to Hornby at mid-off, and retired with 97 to his credit. He had made his runs by hustling and daring cricket, and, though a good deal favoured by fortune, deserves much credit for the way in which he nearly pulled off a victory for his side. Robertson hit about merrily, and the Authentics were left 146 to get to win. Seventy of these they collected that night for the loss of three wickets, and, thanks mainly to a very careful and excellent contribution by Raphael—who had gone in at a rather ticklish time overnight—the rest were scored

next morning for the loss of only one more wicket. Simpson-Hayward made the winning hit at one o'clock, and carried out his bat for a timely 39. In the afternoon a match at racquets was arranged between Captain Gosling and Colonel Benson and two Authentics—Williams and Tomkinson. The visitors proved too strong for their opponents, and won easily with three games to one. Full score :—

MYSORE STATE.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Capt. Barstow, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Williams	26	b. Powys-Keck	18
H. W. Green, c. and b. Williams .	11	b. Powys-Keck	0
B. Jayaram, st. Headlam, b. Williams	9	c. Hornby, b. Ridley . .	97
W. J. More, b. Williams	4	l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	30
C. H. Richards, c. Ridley, b. Williams	13	l.b.w., b. Hornby . . .	14
Capt. Gosling, b. Williams. . . .	19	c. Raphael, b. Ridley . .	38
W. Robertson, b. Williams . . .	14	not out	34
Capt. Marsden, c. Chinnery, b. Hornby	1	b. Hornby	4
Kanakarathnam Pillay, b. Williams .	3	c. and b. Hornby . . .	1
P. Leonard, c. Thompson, b. Williams	2	st. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	2
D. S. Watters, not out	1	c. Hornby, b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Byes	2	Byes 6, l.-b. 4 . .	10
Total.	105	Total	248

Bowling Analysis.

	B.	M.	R.	W.	B.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	108	3	58	9	96	2	73	0
Powys-Keck . . .	60	3	20	0	102	2	40	2
Simpson-Hayward .	24	1	19	0	52	2	54	3
Hornby	18	1	6	1	55	3	63	3
Ridley	...	...	...	...	12	0	8	2

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
H. B. Chinnery, c. Watters, b. Kanakarathnam	88	c. Green, b. Kanakarathnam	1
F. H. Hollins, c. Jayaram, b. Kanakarathnam	0	b. Kanakarathnam . . .	30
A. H. Hornby, c. Richards, b. Kanakarathnam	23	b. Jayaram	0
R. H. Raphael, c. Gosling, b. Richards	21	c. Green, b. Watters . .	62
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. and b. Kanakarathnam	23	not out	39
J. E. Tomkinson, st. Green, b. Kanakarathnam	22	not out	0
F. Kershaw, c. Watters, b. Barstow .	13		
R. A. Williams, c. and b. Watters .	7		
C. Headlam, not out	3		
J. N. Ridley, b. Richards	0		
H. J. Powys-Keck, c. More, b. Richards	0		
Byes 8, l.-b. 1	9	Byes 10, l.-b. 4	14
Total	209	Total (4 wickets) .	146

Bowling Analysis.

	B.	M.	R.	W.	B.	M.	R.	W.
Richards	120	2	88	3	60	1	34	0
Kanakarathnam . .	126	3	43	5	144	1	42	2
Barstow	24	0	32	1	24	0	17	0
Leonard	24	0	23	0	...	...	...	...
Watters	36	1	14	1	42	1	24	1
Jayaram	...	...	...	...	24	0	15	1

Madras is more picturesque than most of the towns of Northern India. The mud huts of the natives, shaded by banyans and cocoa-nut palms, add very much to the effect of the scene. The huge banyan trees form splendid avenues, and the vegetation is immensely luxuriant. You are in the region of the universe which boasts, in Ceylon, the garden of the world. Everything here is green and moist—steamy, if you will, but delightfully green after the

From left to right, beginning at top.

(1) K. S. Seshachari. H. W. Green. J. B. Barstow. B. Cayley. R. D. Richmond. J. E. Tomkinson. T. Caplen. B. Jaya Ram. F. Kershaw. G. H. Simpson-Hayward.

(2) S. F. Gosling. C. H. Richards. C. Headlam. C. T. Studd. F. H. Hollins. F. H. A. Stephenson. H. J. Powys-Keck. A. H. Hornby.

(3) J. N. Ridley. E. L. Challenor. R. H. Raphael. R. A. Williams. H. B. Chinnery. F. F. Tweedie.



AUTHENTICS *v.* MADRAS PRESID

From a Photo by Messrs. Nicholas & C

drab dust of the Deccan. Dripping, oozy paddy-fields that swarm with snipe, toddy-palms, tanks and gheels wherein men fish and buffaloes wallow, green compounds and green trees running down to the edge of the flat, yellow beach—beyond, the white surf of the pale blue sea, and men, burnt to a jet-black, riding their catamaran log-boats therein—that is the impression you have of Madras, and it is the impression you had of India before you visited it. Madrasi is a term of contempt in Northern India; for Madras, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as "the dark Presidency," effete, slow, and hopelessly behind the times. Abuse it, if you will, but when you get there you find the India you had learnt to imagine in the nursery; and you find, moreover, historically, the beginnings of the British Empire in India. The country is redolent of great names: of Clive and Dupleix, and it teems with small posts and outlying rock-forts, from which a few hundred brave Frenchmen and Englishmen, using petty discordant rajahs as their tools, fought for the supremacy of their indifferent countrymen in India.

SIXTH MATCH—*V.* MADRAS PRESIDENCY

(Played at Madras on December 8, 9, and 10, and won by the Authentics by 109.)

The north-east monsoon was not yet over when the Authentics arrived in Madras. We had heard at Bangalore how ten inches of rain had fallen in less than twenty-four hours, followed by another fall of five and a half inches in thirteen hours, and it was still raining, though less heavily, on our arrival at the capital. Those acquainted with Indian less well than with English soil hardly expected to be able to play on grass at all, and nobody expected a fast,

true wicket. Yet that, after the first few hours' play, was what we got.

His Excellency the Governor, Lord Ampthill, himself a few years back president of the O.U.B.C. and also of the Union at Oxford, showed his interest in his old 'Varsity by putting up several of the team at Government House. Visits to Fort St. George and boating on the Adyar River occupied the day of arrival. On the following morning the Authentics turned out to give battle to the Madras Presidency on the charming ground of Chepauk Park, which owes much of its excellent qualities as a cricket ground to the former secretary of the Chepauk C.C., Mr. H. C. King. Mr. King, who was present to welcome the Authentics and watch the game, was, it will be remembered, in the Marlborough XI. with Mr. A. G. Steel, and played on more than one occasion for All England teams. Another famous cricketer was to be found in the person of the rival skipper, Mr. C. T. Studd, now engaged in missionary work in Madras.

Hollins won the toss, and decided to take first knock. As matters turned out, it would have paid well to put the other side in, but that is, of course, always a risky device, and rain was still threatening. The wicket was drying fast, but, at the bottom end in particular, was decidedly difficult all the morning. The ball came at different paces, and kicked up nastily at times. Making the best of his opportunities, Tweedie bowled extremely well. He got a great deal of work and spin on the ball, and kept a perfect length. If he could vary his pace a little, he would make a very good bowler indeed. As it was, he did well enough, taking eight wickets for 30 runs. The Authentics were all out for 83, and, had it not been for an erratic over from Caplen to start with (the Kentish bowler had injured his foot and was un-

able to bowl afterwards), and for several dropped catches, this small total would have been smaller. One of the most gratifying features of the innings was the success of Stephenson at the wicket. The hon. secretary of the Madras C.C. had taken infinite trouble and pains to organise the matches at Bangalore, Madras, and Trichinopoly, and to him, therefore, the Authentics owed much of the pleasure of their visit to these places. It should be mentioned that Williams, owing to the injury to a finger of his left hand received at Bangalore, was only able to bat one-handed. He managed, however, to secure two wickets before tiffin—those of Barstow and Jayaram. The wicket had been drying quickly, and after tiffin it played fast and true. Captain Challenor, who had only recently landed from South Africa with his regiment, played exceedingly good cricket, and, with Stephenson as his partner, sent up 80 on the board before the third wicket fell. Then, however, Simpson-Hayward was put on for the first time, and the lobster brought about something of a collapse. He quickly dismissed Challenor, whose clean, hard-hit innings of 58 was, next to Captain Greig's at Bombay, the best batting that had been shown to the Authentics so far. Powys-Keck and Williams soon secured two more wickets apiece, and the innings was over for 149. Seeing how greatly the wicket had improved, there did not seem much in it, so far as the match had gone, though a lead of 66 is always a desirable asset. That deficit was wiped off by Hollins and Hornby, after Chinnery had been dismissed cheaply. Play was slow and careful in the morning, the Authentics not being able to afford to take any risks. Hornby, though much exhausted by the heat, played an exceedingly useful innings, and when his wicket fell Raphael took up the running. The bowling, which was good and accurate, was gradually collared. Runs began to

come apace, and by tiffin 192 had been notched for two wickets. The interest of the game, lovely weather, and the presence of their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Ampthill, combined to draw a huge concourse of people in the afternoon, and not only was the pavilion crammed, but every available space within and without the enclosure from which a glimpse of the play could be seen was occupied by interested spectators. They were rewarded by a brilliant exhibition of batting. From eleven o'clock to five, from morn till dewy eve, Hollins stayed at the wicket, and at the end of the day was not out with 175 to his credit out of 357 for eight wickets. His cutting and leg hitting were in particular superb, and this, his third century of the tour, gave additional evidence of the great improvement in freedom and resource which has taken place in his cricket since he left the 'Varsity. He was missed at the wicket when twelve, and gave one or two other difficult chances to mid-on, but, apart from these blemishes, he scarcely made a bad stroke throughout his long stay. It was hoped that he would succeed in passing Captain Greig's score of 204 registered for the Bombay Presidency against the 'Tics, but this was not to be. He was left not out with 185 to his name—the highest and probably the best innings he has played.

The wicket remained fast and true, and it still seemed anybody's match. The Presidency had four and a quarter hours to get just over 300 runs, and it was quite on the cards that they would succeed in getting them. They lost two good wickets in Barstow and Jayaram for 16, but thereafter the game began to go in their favour. Challenor, who had scored so well in the first innings, and Studd got together, and added 90 runs before tiffin. Afterwards 25 more were notched by the same batsmen. It was only very

close and brilliant all-round fielding which had kept the score down. Very probably, had the Authentics given runs away now instead of continually saving them, they might have lost the match.

Fielding won this match as many another. I do not refer to the one or two catches dropped by the home side which enabled the Authentics to wipe off a deficit of 60 odd runs on the first innings, and to set their opponents 300 to get on the third day. It is not human to time every ball off the bat, with its variety of flight, spin, and pace, so perfectly as to catch every catch. The fact that base-ball players do it does not apply to cricket, where the ball is different in size, weight, and material. But ground fielding is another matter, and I believe that the close and brilliant fielding of the Authentics before and after tiffin on the third day won the match, though this could not be deduced from the score. It is no exaggeration to say that during the stand by Studd and Challenor at least 50 runs were saved by fielding which could scarcely be surpassed for quickness and accuracy, the excellence of which was intensified by that sort of ready and unerring combination, which a team can only acquire after it has played a good many matches in unison. The effect of that 50 runs so saved was probably even greater than it sounds. Seven wickets to fall and a little over 100 runs to get is a discouraging reflection to the "out" side, and it is proportionately inspiring to the batsmen. There is a vast difference between 100 and 160 at such a juncture. Then such fielding has a moral effect upon the bowler ; it keeps him keen, confident, and trying instead of letting him grow slack, despondent, and, finally, sick. The moral effect on a batsman is also considerable, when time after time a fine stroke that seemed a certain 4 is stopped and smartly returned, so that he scores nothing, or is nearly run-out.

He finds himself hustled, and is apt to get unsettled or desperate. So when Studd fell at last to a good catch by Chinnery off a mis-timed slow ball from Williams, the Presidency had still over 150 runs to make. At this point, however, Williams, who had recently changed ends, began to bowl very finely. Five overs from him changed the game completely. He clean bowled Gosling with a deceptive slow ball, and Challenor and Cayley with two fast break-backs. Challenor's 62 was a sterling effort, though not so sound and brilliant as his previous score. Whilst he and Studd were together it looked as if they would win the match for their side. But, after Williams had cleared the way, Simpson-Hayward and Hollins finished off the innings, the Authentics being left the winners of a thoroughly interesting match by 109 runs, with a little over an hour to spare. Scores and analysis :—

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
H. B. Chinnery, c. Richards, b. Tweedie	6	c. Caplen, b. Tweedie	8
A. H. Hornby, c. Gosling, b. Tweedie	37	b. Barstow	46
F. H. Hollins, c. Caplen, b. Tweedie	2	not out	185
R. H. Raphael, c. Stephenson, b. Tweedie	7	c. Stephenson, b. Richards	44
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Cayley, b. Richards	4	c. Richmond, b. Studd	22
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Stephenson, b. Tweedie	4	c. Barstow, b. Jayaram	27
C. Headlam, c. Cayley, b. Jayaram	3	c. Stephenson, b. Jayaram	4
F. Kershaw, c. Stephenson, b. Tweedie	21	b. Jayaram	3
J. N. Ridley, b. Tweedie	0	c. Studd, b. Tweedie	2
H. J. Powys-Keck, c. Barstow, b. Tweedie	0	b. Tweedie	3
R. A. Williams, not out	0	c. Cayley, b. Richards	10
Bye	1	Byes 14, l.-b. 5	19
Total	85	Total	373

Bowling Analysis

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Caplen	1	0	14	0	...	...	...	...
Tweedie	12	2	30	8	34-2	3	114	3
Richards	9	1	23	1	28	2	102	2
Jayaram	2	0	15	1	14	1	55	3
Challenor	...	...	...	...	2	0	13	0
Studd	...	...	...	...	18	3	32	1
Richmond	...	...	...	...	4	1	7	0
Barstow	...	...	...	...	6	0	16	1
Gosling	...	...	...	...	2	0	13	0

MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Capt. J. B. Barstow, c. and b. Williams	3	b. Williams	4
Capt. E. L. Challenor, b. Simpson-Hayward	58	b. Williams	62
B. Jayaram, c. Hornby, b. Williams	6	c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Powys-Keck	5
F. H. A. Stephenson, b. Simpson-Hayward	19	b. Simpson-Hayward	6
Capt. S. F. Gosling, b. Powys-Keck	8	b. Williams	0
C. T. Studd, not out	14	c. Chinnery, b. Williams	56
R. D. Richmond, b. Simpson-Hayward	2	b. Powys-Keck	1
A. F. Tweedie, b. Powys-Keck	3	c. Hornby, b. Simpson-Hayward	3
B. Cayley, b. Williams	23	b. Williams	2
C. H. Richards, b. Simpson-Hayward	3	l.b.w., b. Hollins	30
T. Caplen, c. and b. Williams	1	not out	9
Byes 3, l.-b. 3, n.-b. 3	9	Byes 9, l.-b. 11, n.-b.-2	22
Total	149	Total	200

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck	13	3	42	2	15	4	29	2
Williams	13	4	29	4	17	1	59	5
Hornby	4	1	11	0	6	0	17	0
Chinnery	3	0	15	0	...	...	...	...
Ridley	4	1	14	0	...	...	...	...
Simpson-Hayward	10	1	29	4	19	3	48	2
Hollins	...	...	...	...	6-3	2	25	1

SEVENTH MATCH—*V.* SOUTHERN INDIA.

(Played at Trichinopoly on December 12 and 13, and won by an innings and 95 runs.)

After being entertained at the Madras Club the Authentics went to Trichinopoly, the southernmost point of their tour, where we were to play a team representing Southern India. The outward aspect of the city of cheroots is somewhat shabby and dilapidated, but there is much of interest to see there, especially the historic fort on the rock and the great Hindu Temple of Sri Rangam, and, thanks to the kind hospitality of H.H. the Raja of Pudukotai and of Colonel Boulderson and the officers of the 1st Moplah Rifles, besides the Collector, R. H. Shipley, and other kind friends, the Authentics found there much to enjoy.

There were dinners at the Club, open-air concerts and expeditions, in spare hours, to see the jewels of the temple. Jewels, like architecture, are disappointing in India. Even the finest stones, whether worn by a Rajah or Ranee, or preserved amongst the treasures of a temple, are as a rule uncut, dirty, and badly set. A piece of coloured glass would give a more brilliant effect than most of the huge diamonds, vast emeralds, and clusters of rubies that one saw at Delhi and elsewhere. More disappointing still is the architecture. Little that is old remains in India, and what there is is ugly. Huge monoliths and unnatural grotesques carved out of the live rock you may see, but I saw no native building that was a thing of beauty or a joy even for a short time. The Hindu temples lack form, proportion, and design ; they look like a conglomeration of beehives, misshapen, uncouth piles, disfigured by the grotesque shapes and colouring of eccentric gods. They are pic-

turesque enough, like toddy-palms, when seen against the evening sky, but nothing more. The beautiful buildings that you see in India are comparatively modern ; they smack of Europe and the Italian Renaissance, of Persia and the art of the Arabs. In the noble domes of the Jumma Musjid and the Tomb of Mahmud at Bijapur, and the exquisite proportions of the Mogul Taj Mahal at Agra the Indo-Moslem architects have achieved forms of beauty and monumental grandeur in artistic settings which gives to Mohammedan India a place beside and apart from Cairo, Ispahan, Granada, and Constantinople. But these buildings are comparatively modern and exotic. The indigenous styles, previous to the Moslem Conquest, are, whether Buddhist or Brahman, structurally unpleasing, and given over to the formless multiplication of rich ornamentation. Minutely broken surfaces, realistic and grotesque sculpture of great richness and minuteness, and endless repetition of ornament or columns are the features aimed at rather than any structural propriety of design. The result is that, broadly speaking, Indian temples and monuments are extraordinary rather than beautiful. This is true of the Brahman monuments of Southern India in the Dravidian style as it is called. At Tanjore, Madura, and Trichinopoly you get temples which are not simple structures but an agglomeration of buildings of various shapes and sizes, covering extensive areas indeed, and distinguished by extraordinary features, but, regarded as a whole, lacking altogether the emphasis of dominant masses, and the dignity of symmetrical and logical arrangement. I understand them as little as I understand Hinduism, and, therefore, perhaps, I find as little in them to admire. Understanding it so little, I refrained from criticising the signs of gross superstition and unabashed lewdness which the festivals and the archi-

tecture of that religion revealed. I was content to envy the sleek Brahmans who live in luxurious ease, and in the odour of sanctity, within the trim precincts of the Temple of Sri Rangam.

Great efforts had been made to gather together a team thoroughly representative of Southern India, but in the result the match proved something of a fiasco. The weather was beautiful after much heavy rain, which could not, however, affect the pitch, for that was made of coir matting, and played fast and true.

Hollins won the toss, and sent in Hornby and Chinnery to face the bowling of Narayanrao and Shipley. Chinnery, after surviving an appeal for a catch at the wicket, soon fell to a mis-hit, which went to Studd at point, and Hollins quickly followed him back to the pavilion. But Hornby, who was hitting about him freely, found a partner to stay with him in Raphael, who compiled a hard-hit 26 before he was secured at fine-leg. Hornby was the next to go, caught at the wicket for a dashing 67, made in a style which showed that he had at last recovered from the weakness left by his attack of fever. The rest, with the exception of Tomkinson (who made 24 before being caught in the deep-field), did not do much. The innings closed for 215, not a great score, but larger than it looks on paper, for the outfield was rough and heavy, and it was difficult to make the ball reach the boundary. Narayanrao, who had played against the Authentics for the Hindus at Bombay, came out with the best analysis—seven for 66.

The home side started fairly well, and then collapsed. First, Richmond and Studd, then Studd and Narayanrao looked like making a big stand after two wickets had fallen

for a few runs. But when Simpson-Hayward was put on he clean bowled Studd with his first ball, and Richmond immediately afterwards. Narayanrao, who had shown the best form of all, was smartly stumped off a fast low ball from Powys-Keck. Wickets fell rapidly, and only 60 had been scored when Shipley, the last man, came in and joined Lushington. These two refused to be separated, and put on some 20 runs before stumps were drawn for the day.

Only 30 runs were required to save the follow on, but the overnight not outs did not succeed in making them. Shipley first appeared to be run out, then survived an appeal for a catch at the wicket, only to be caught in the slips in the following over from Williams. The South Indians were expected to make a better show in their next innings, but such expectations were doomed not to be realised. Instead, the match resolved itself into a bowling triumph for Williams and Simpson-Hayward. Two very clever catches at point got rid of Shoobridge and Studd, and with the latter's departure the batting went to pieces. Richards hit about well, but, with this exception, no one could look at Williams, whose bowling was completely deceptive in pace and pitch. His analysis speaks for itself, and was a fine performance on fast, true matting. As Powys-Keck and Hornby were not getting wickets quickly enough, Simpson-Hayward was put on and soon finished off the innings for the paltry total of 31. The "Lobster" secured in his third over the three last batsmen in four balls. The Oxonians won handsomely by an innings and 95 runs. In the first innings Powys-Keck took three wickets for 35 runs, Williams two for 17, Hornby one for 12, and Simpson-Hayward four for 23.

In the follow on Williams actually obtained six wickets for 12 runs. Full score :—

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AUTHENTICS.

H. B. Chinnery, c. Studd, b. Rao	4
A. H. Hornby, c. Gadsden, b. Rao	67
F. H. Hollins, l.b.w., b. Rao	10
R. H. Raphael, c. Shoobridge, b. Shipley	26
G. Simpson-Hayward, c. Rao, b. Lushington	12
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Shoobridge, b. Rao	24
F. Kershaw, b. Lushington	12
C. Headlam, st. Gadsden, b. Rao	7
R. A. Williams, b. Rao	6
J. N. Ridley, not out	7
H. J. Powys-Keck, c. Davson, b. Rao	12
Extras	28
Total	215

SOUTH OF INDIA.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
R. D. Richmond, b. Simpson-Hayward	17	c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Williams	0
R. H. Shoobridge, c. Hornby, b. Williams	1	c. Tomkinson, b. Williams	1
C. H. Richards, c. Williams, b. Powys-Keck	0	c. Hollins, b. Williams	16
C. T. Studd, b. Simpson-Hayward	20	c. Tomkinson, b. Williams	0
T. N. Rao, st. Headlam, b. Powys-Keck	15	not out	8
A. B. Jackson, b. Hornby	0	c. Raphael, b. Williams	2
H. Davson, c. Williams, b. Simpson-Hayward	3	b. Williams	1
P. M. Lushington, not out	10	b. Hornby	0
E. M. Gadsden, b. Powys-Keck	0	b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Capt. Hubbard, b. Simpson-Hayward	5	b. Simpson-Hayward	0
R. H. Shipley, c. Simpson-Hayward	16	b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Extras	2	Extras	3
Total	89	Total	31

IV

INDIAN RAILS AND THE BABU

LEAVING "Trichy" on Sunday night, the Authentics started for Calcutta, where they were due to arrive on Tuesday morning, but they soon found themselves in one of those *aventures de voyage* which even modern science cannot wholly eliminate from the romance of life. The north-east monsoon, by all the rules, should have been over. But, still, it was not. There had been 10 inches of rain three weeks before, 8 or 10 the following week, and on this Sunday night there fell 8 inches more. At the end of the rains, when all the soil is waterlogged, and the tanks are full, this must mean bursting tanks and floods. The whole country for hundreds of miles round was fathoms deep in water. On leaving Madras it soon became evident that the condition of the road, which is laid on black cotton soil that never binds, would give rise to serious anxiety. Several shaky bridges were passed; then another and another was tested by the engine and safely negotiated. It was a strange scene. Every kind of quadruped, insect, and reptile from the surrounding country seemed to have taken refuge on the Ararat of the railway embankment. The road was alive with snakes and locusts, goats, and cattle. And everywhere was rain, rain, and the waters of the flood. Enormous quantities of duck and snipe were visible from time to time, stirring the passions of the shooters. At last the train arrived at one

bridge worse than the rest. It looked as if it might yield to the torrent at any moment, and it was very doubtful if it would bear the weight of the train. But, seeing that we were by this time cut off from any food supplies in the rear, and that we should certainly soon be cut off ahead, it was decided to take the risk. The bridge held—it was carried away immediately afterwards—and a few minutes later the train steamed into the small, flooded station of Bitragunta. Here it was decided to wait the night, and see what the day brought forth. The local astronomers came forward to encourage us. It would go on raining, they said, for three days yet, and every bridge in the country would be swept away, and the line be irretrievably breached. The small refreshment room at Bitragunta was immediately raided by hungry Authentics. Boxes of sardines and tins of peculiarly rancid biscuits were brought up with a view to emergencies. Foraging parties were sent out to whip up a sheep from the neighbouring village, and by ten o'clock in the evening a very fair attempt at a dinner was served. Then we turned in and slept peacefully to the sound of the tropical rain. Next morning at daybreak a move forward was made to see whether the train could get across a bridge five miles off. The main bridge had been carried away earlier in the rains, and the temporary diversion, it was now found, had also been swept away. It was decided to detrain the baggage and send it round by coolies and bullock carts, for news was brought that a train, luckily enough, was held up on the section intervening between this bridge and the next, which had also been breached. Fortunately, the astronomers of the East, though quite as pessimistic, are also quite as incorrect as their scientific brethren of Victoria Street. No more rain fell, and whilst the *bundo-*

bust was being made for the luggage, several Authentics got out their guns and, preceding the train back to Bitragunta, collected some snipe, pigeon, and partridges, which formed a welcome addition to our tiffin there. After tiffin a fresh start was made. The train was left, and, preceded by a vast army of coolies carrying their effects on their heads, the Authentics struck into the country, across the paddy fields on to the Grand Trunk Road, escorting Mrs. Powys-Keck, who was cheerfully ensconced in a bullock wagon. They picked up the second train, which ran them down to the next breach, where a line had been slung across the river, and a passage was made on a trolly. Twenty-six hours late, it was hoped to catch the mail a day late at Waltair. But the train into which we had transhipped had come from the north, and had been held up, too. The result was that the engine had to go back (there being no turning-table) tender first, without a cow-catcher, and at night speed could not exceed ten miles an hour. Waltair—half-way between Madras and Calcutta—was reached thirty-one hours late. After that some time was made up, and the Authentics arrived at last in Calcutta, where the warmth of their welcome soon dissipated the recollection of a somewhat jungly journey.

I was much distressed to find that my first telegram from Bitragunta, "Held up by floods. Will wire from Ararat," never reached Stewart, so that not only was the significance of dating my next wire from that classical mount wholly lost, but also our long-suffering hosts all turned out and waited to receive us in the dingy and distant precincts of Howrah at 5 A.M.—more than a day too soon! And yet, as I say, their welcome was none the less warm when we did turn up. Here, then, kind friends that you all were to me, then and since, you have my humble apology and

explanation in cold print. Who shall say that it is not needed, if he has ever had to wait at that hour in the morning for guests who do not arrive?

The recollection of this experience entices me to write here some impressions of those railway journeys which formed so large a feature of our tour. The great distances of India soon compel you to grow resigned to long days and nights of railway travelling, even if you have not already learned the lesson in America or on the Continent. You do not expect, in India, a permanent way like that of the London and North-Western, nor trains which run at the speed of the French *trains-de-luxe.* What you expect and get, however, are trains which run at a very fair speed, and carriages, which in their roominess and arrangement enable you to pass the day and night in comparative comfort. A sofa bed to lie down on, a lavatory, and even a bath where you can store ice; these things and a bridge table should satisfy the ordinary man. And if it is hot, all you need do is to follow that strange instruction—"Press for Tatties." Then a douche of water descends upon the sides of the carriage, and the hot, dry wind blows cold and moist within. The dust and heat are, of course, trying, and the cold, too, in the cold weather. But the worst drawbacks to travelling in India are, I think, the continual stops and the noise—not only that noise which must arise from a composite train running over light rails, but the noise also of the natives.

It has long been customary to write about the calm of the East, the enviable placid repose of the inheritors of the ages. And the East is still, in places, comparatively calm. Compare life here, for instance, with the rush and worry of London, where you used indeed to be able to live and die in the same house on a fixed income, but now if you invest in consols or railways they reduce your income and your

capital disappears, and the County Council pulls down your house, or else shameless speculators run an electric tube underneath it, and shake you out of house and home like an earwig out of a nut.

And it has long been customary also to talk and write of the silence of the East. The East *is* silent in spots, but the low-caste native of India does not contribute to its silence. He seems, indeed, to have but two pleasures in life, and one of them is to squat in the bazaar, in your compound, or at the railway station, and there to jabber and chatter and "bukh." Chiefly he seems, up country, to store up his conversational powers till the midnight mail comes in. He congregates at the railway station to await the arrival of the train, and sits on the platform smoking a hookah, or perhaps sleeps peacefully wrapped up in his blanket on the ground. But as the train approaches, the still white figures rise up from the platform. A hubbub of conversation begins, "the aimless babble that every low-caste native must raise on every occasion." Every man whose most distant relative may possibly be travelling is full of delightful anxiety; the sweetmeat seller and the water seller get ready their wares and begin to yell at the top of their voices, and persistently hawk them at the windows of the first-class carriages, though probably never in the course of history have they sold any of their messes even to the most inquisitive of Europeans. But they shout all the same, and everybody talks, and the hum and buzz of their own babble delights them. But the unfortunate traveller, roused from his sleep, gives them at last to understand that they are making an unnecessary noise.

The fact is that the railway is a new joy and toy to the native, who is gradually becoming a confirmed traveller. Yet when you look into a third-class compartment and see

the way they are packed there like herrings, you marvel for a moment, till you remember the similar tastes of the Bank Holiday makers at home, who, like the Oriental, are indifferent to mere noise. The more the merrier is literally their motto, and their curious practice is in sharp contrast to the habits of the upper classes who, when travelling, aim at nothing so much as being silent and alone.

What the daily arrival of a train means to a village in which there is no other event it is hard to realise till you have experienced the sensation of receiving a weekly mail from Europe when you are otherwise cut off from all news of home and all society with white men. I have known what it is to ride forty miles across country to the nearest railway station, not to meet a friend or in the hope of news, but merely to see a train go by. And so, forty miles on horseback across the jungle, home——. But when you are travelling in luxury you forget these things. You only remember that you have had a hard day's cricket, and have another hard day before you and that you desire sleep. Therefore you explain to the native the enormities of his ways, and the disgusting character of his nearest relatives. For a moment the hubbub ceases—when you have shouted yourself awake and all your companions.

You soon, however, get accustomed to these things, and take them as a matter of course, whilst reserving your right to protest. It is the same with the native villages and the bazaars of India. The eye soon gets accustomed to the details which strike it at first as strange if not picturesque. You soon cease to notice the man who sits in front of his house, a stick in his hand, a brass bowl of water before him, washing his teeth languidly by the hour. You cease to notice the loving care with which a woman will stoop to pick up cow-dung from the road, knead her treasure into

little round flat cakes, and bake them in the sun till they are dried and ready to use as the only fuel procurable. You cease to be surprised at the resemblance of human beings to monkeys, when you see them altruistically picking at each other's heads, and otherwise behaving like their cousins in the Zoo. The smell of an alien race, of burning cow-dung and burning Hindu no longer offends your nostrils.

You see now without astonishment bullocks with humps, crows that are blue performing the functions of the London cab-horse and the London sparrow respectively, and you hardly exclaim when huge kites swoop down and snatch the bread and butter from your fingers at a garden-party. Your brain does not respond to the stimulus that the sight of the Mahommedans praying, motionless and in public wherever sundown has found them, gave at first.

And your stomach ceases to resent the new dishes and the new meal-times, though it happily continues to appreciate the curries of Madras and the new fish; the pomfret of Bombay, and the seer, the topsi-muchli of Calcutta.

Your ear is no longer puzzled and irritated by the many new languages, the Babel of dialects and accents, from Urdu to Tamil, from the chee-chee of the Eurasian to the new slang of the Anglo-Indian.

These and other such points when they have grown familiar fail to strike the eye (or nose); they come to be accepted as a matter of course and slip from the memory. But as to the natives themselves, the impression remains of a very weakly and very patient people living in a poverty-stricken squalor which they seem to enjoy as much as they enjoy anything. Patiently they will labour at their fields, patiently, enduringly work their bullocks up and down the incline of the wells, patiently pay taxes and the exorbitant

demands of the money-lenders, occasionally going out into the towns to earn a few rupees at the mills, but returning always to work and to die on the ancestral land.

The frugality, the patience, and the endurance of the poorer native are wholly admirable. He has other ways less admirable, which are highly irritating to the more vigorous and straightforward Englishman. When he lurches leisurely along in front of your tum-tum, refusing to get out of the way of the sahib, almost in the hope that you will run over him and be condemned to pay a fine which will keep him and his family in idleness for years; when he pretends to understand you and does not, or when he does and pretends that he does not understand you, it is then that you are tempted to treat him roughly. But you learn that you must be very careful how you hit a man in India. Nearly every native suffers from an enlarged spleen, and any blow on the body is very likely to prove fatal. Knowing this, I always went about in deadly fear of killing somebody. It is best to carry a cane and administer rebuke therewith upon the calves or shins, which are tender and not usually mortal.

The fact is that India is in a state of transition. Government is endeavouring to educate the native to a higher sense of self-respect and self-reliance—an admirable ideal—and is endeavouring to compass this aim by the worst system of so-called education ever devised by the wit of man. The mistake—inexcusable in men who hail from a country which has developed the Public School system—has been made of supposing that examination in lessons learnt by rote is the instigator and the test of that moral and intellectual training which should be the meaning of the word Education. The result is that a vain and shifty class of Babus have invaded the offices of Government and

of business men ; a race of clerks devoid of resource but full of cunning; without moral sense or fibre, but amazingly skilful in keeping and cooking accounts; men who carry to the N[th] red-tapeism and petty defalcation.

The moral and intellectual damage produced by this education, which consists wholly of unintelligent cramming of set subjects, is sufficiently illustrated by the low cunning of the following letter—an appeal in a fine case. Hundreds of a like nature are written every day.

"Your Honor," wrote the appellant, "may be right, I may be wrong: I may be right, your Honor may be wrong. Let your Honor give me back the fine, and then, at day of Resurrection, when all hearts will be opened, if I am wrong, I will most gladly, Sir, return your Honor the money——"

The gaiety of nations, of course, is increased by this monstrous system of education. Priceless gems of Babu-English occur daily in the examination tents that line the Maidan at Bombay or in the Calcutta Native Press. The style is now well known. It reached its highest perfection some years ago in that immortal biography of Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee—"In his last illness, he remained *sotto voce* for a few hours and then went to God. . . . When his death became known the tears and lamentations of the family were loud and sincere. The House presented a second Babel, or a pretty kettle of fish." And apart from the joys of this deliciously exuberant and exotic style in which Mr. Anstey has recently been luxuriating, you get of course crops of howlers as fine as those which our own School Board can supply.

"A horse is a good animal, only sometimes he does

not do so. He has two legs before and two legs afterwards."

"Cardinal Wolsey was a bachelor, but he afterwards rose to be Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Sea-room is space likely to be wasted," and so forth. But I like best of all a fragment of a Babu-English poem in the style of Pope on the glories of *Literature*. It is a stream, exclaims the poet :—

> "A stream so precious, pure and sweet,
> So well prepared—and bloody neat."

When told that this latter phrase would hardly do, the puzzled poet remonstrated. He knew it was good English, he said, for he had often heard the soldiers use it!

This is the result of our disinterested endeavours to educate the native. But matters are in a state of transition. The native is emerging, in spite of this so-called education, from a state of suppression, and the advance he has made in the right direction gives hope, the optimists say, of his salvation in the future. Think not of what he is, but of what he was, and hope that he may prove something much better. Slowly but surely India is developing a conscience and a political sense. That is the gospel of the sanguine.

To the sahib nowadays, however, the ways of these half-emancipated, mis-educated Babus are trying.

Placed in authority—and it is part of our system now to give him authority if he can pass his examinations—the native loves to exercise his power in any way which he considers impressive—a way that is usually irritating. Unless you assert yourself, he will be as petty and offensive as the German police. I remember being in Berlin some fifteen years ago, when it was necessary to have a passport

and show it to the police on arrival. I went meekly to the office and presented my credentials. The Prussian bullies evidently made up their minds to bully me. "What is your name?" they asked. I told them, and pointed to my pass-book. "Oh yes," they replied. "But what is your real name?" I repeated my reply. "Headlam?" they said. "Oh no! that cannot be. It is not a name!" Then I lost my temper, and explained to them their position in the universe, and told them that I did not propose to alter my name for all the *polizei* in Germany. And things ended amicably. Most European nations are as bad. When I was writing a history of Chartres a year or two ago, I had a delightful example of the politeness of the Frenchmen who find themselves in authority. All the grounds of the old monastery of St. Père have been appropriated by Government and turned into cavalry barracks. The south side of the old abbey forms part of the barrack wall, and as I was studying the architecture of the place I came one day to the entrance of the barracks, under the east end of the church, and standing in the public road looked to see what could be seen of the south door. Within the entrance was a plain parade-ground, which is open to view from the walks on the surrounding boulevards, so that there was no question of secret fortifications to be spied out. A gallant cuirassier was doing sentry-go. Presently half-a-dozen officers came out to the guard-room just within the gate. Perceiving a solitary Englishman without, they saw their chance. The sentry was called and sent out with a message to me. I was told to clear out. Swallowing my annoyance, I pretended to misunderstand. "Thank messieurs les officiers," I replied, "for their politeness, but I do not wish to come in. I can see quite well from here." "But," stammered the sentry, "they said you were to *fouter le camp*." "Impos-

sible," I said; "you must have made a mistake. French gentlemen could not be so rude. Go and ascertain your mistake." The sentry, looking considerably foolish, returned, and presently came back. He had been right, he said, and I was to go. "Tell messieurs," I retorted, "that I always thought the French were a polite nation. Now I know they are not. But ask how far I am to go. Ten mètres, or twenty, or a mile, or out of the town altogether?" The message came back, "Twenty mètres." "Give my compliments to your officers, and tell them that I always thought the French were a logical nation, and now I know they are not even that. I can see quite as well from twenty mètres off as from here. And, as a matter of fact, I have come here as a stranger and an artist, not to look at their barracks—*je les trouve trop vilains*—but to admire this beautiful abbey which they desecrate." And the sentry, who was on my side, seemed pleased to deliver the message.

All Jacks-in-office, in fact, are alike; the thing to do is to treat them according to their breed. The Babu requires to be dealt with in a tone of authority. The lower class, though excellent in doing his absolutely ordinary routine of clerical work, is frightened out of his wits at the idea of doing anything outside it. To think for himself or act on his own responsibility is completely beyond him. As I, in a weak moment, undertook to do the secretarial work of our tour, to act as the *Bundobast-wallah* of the team, I had frequent opportunities of observing the workings of the Babu's mind. At each place where we stopped I had to pay at least two visits of an hour or two, and sometimes a good deal more, in order to arrive at the simple result of having two first-class carriages reserved on a particular train and of purchasing some two dozen tickets. The railway

companies—to Mr. Huddlestone of the E.I.R. and Mr. Rumboll of the G.I.P. we owe a special debt of gratitude for their kindness and courtesy throughout—had been good enough to grant our party a concession by which we were enabled to travel at reduced rates; a concession which, when you come to journey some seven thousand miles by rail, amounts to a very welcome sum of money saved. The method employed was that I was given at each starting point a concession-letter, by which the stationmaster or clerk was authorised to grant me first-class tickets, up to a certain number, at second-class fares. The letter was explicit, but there was something unusual in the concession to the mind of a Babu. It was thus that the game used to be played. As I was busy playing cricket all day, my only chance of getting the job done was to ride down to the station before breakfast. On arriving there I usually found no Babu. He was away, at home or at a funeral, and would not be down till ten o'clock. I used to say sweetly that I thought he would come before that, and Babu used to be pulled out of bed and brought. When he came he would read the letter aloud, in an unintelligent manner, and then ask what I wanted. Internally he had already shied at the responsibility of doing this strange thing, and he was gaining time whilst he searched about for an excuse to put me off. Then I would explain to him the purport of the letter and my desires. He would then say, "Come and get the tickets just before the train starts; they will be issued then." This, of course, was absolutely out of the question, and he knew it. Apart from the hubbub and flurry of an Indian railway station just before a train goes, it was absolutely necessary for me to have the tickets a day beforehand in order to distribute them, so that our servants might get our luggage registered, our beds ready, and that we might come

down to our carriages when we liked. So I used to say, "No. The tickets will be issued now." Babu would plead piteously, "But the accounts will get mixed. How can I take money to-day for to-morrow's tickets?" Then I used to explain to him, what he knew already, how to work the ticket-stamp. "But the accounts!" he used to cry, "the accounts! What can do?" Then I would speak sharply, and he would begin to get out the tickets. But we had only just begun. His next move would be to make out the fare. This would sometimes take twenty minutes. I never yet struck a single booking-clerk in India who knew the price of a ticket from any one station to any other. Each time he must consult his book. Next came the great question of the concession. All he had to do, as bidden in the general manager's letter, was to charge second-class fares. But he did not like the look of it. His first gambit would be to look doubtfully at me, and remark in his staccato monotone, "There-is-no-re-duc-tion-on-re-turn-tick-ets." As I did not ask for return tickets or a reduction on them, I would explain the irrelevancy of his remarks. Then he would take the concession-letter and begin to read it again, unintelligently, aloud. I would stamp suddenly, jingle my spurs, and bang my fist on the desk. He would jump off his stool like a scared rabbit and seize a printed book of directions. There was one paragraph in this book of instructions to railway officials which became a positive nightmare to me. It was to the effect that there was no reduction allowed on return tickets! Babu would now solemnly turn up this paragraph and read it out to his brother Babu who was sitting behind him. (No Babu ever seems to trust himself alone. He always has a supernumerary idiot sitting in the background to whom he can appeal.) The assistant would nod approvingly. Then would my Babu

turn to me triumphantly. He had said so. There *was* no reduction on return tickets!

Remember that this was all happening before breakfast—a time when, in a hot country, you are inclined to be rather peppery. Can you wonder if I fell back occasionally on the limited resources of my Hindi? It was like falling back on a bed of roses! For, however limited be your resources, if you have any Hindi at all, you will know some terms of abuse so powerful, resonant, and searching—searching as a small-tooth comb, resonant almost as Spanish, and almost if not quite as complete—that they are an actual, intellectual relief. "'Our soldiers swore terribly in Flanders'—cried my Uncle Toby"; but the poor fellows could not swear either in Hindi or Spanish. Can you wonder, too, if I used to seize that hateful book of instructions and throw it away, and bring the reluctant Babu back to the point?

The point, by this time, was to multiply, say, 65 rupees, 12 annas, and three pie by 15. Babu would take a piece of paper, a dirty scrap of yellow paper, and begin. I would take another piece of paper and begin also. Later on—a good deal later on—we would announce our various results. For the results always varied. This did not mean that I was always right. Far from it. Years ago I went to a phrenologist. He felt my head and looked serious—wise almost. "You can scarcely count," he said gravely, "much less calculate." And ever since I have had a sneaking inclination to believe in phrenology.

Babu would now hand his account to brother Babu to be checked, and I would go over my sum. I do not think he usually tried to swindle me, as an Italian booking-clerk nearly always does, and an English one often. On the contrary he occasionally nearly succeeded in rushing himself, and, in

one case, having rushed me to the extent of several rupees, ran after me and gave me back the excess. So, at last, the tickets safe in my pocket, I would hurry off to breakfast and the cricket field. But do not suppose that Babu was content. He would think the matter out, this way and that turning his swift mind all day. And the more he thought of it, the less would he like it. In the peaceful solitude of his office he would begin to finger again, very lovingly, the leaves of his printed instructions. He would come across a paragraph therein which stated distinctly that there was no reduction allowed on return tickets. And he would remember—cunningly would he thus put two and two together—that the sahib, when shown this rule, had called him a Sua and a Bahnshut, and thrown the book on the floor. Now Babu would begin to lose his nerve. He would begin to imagine vain things—the docking of his monthly pay, the loss of his billet. For had he not issued tickets at a reduction contrary to the printed law? Therefore, in the early hours of the morning, when, after a dinner and a dance, I would come down to the station to turn into my bunk in our carriages which would be placed on a siding waiting to be attached to the mail, on the platform I would find a very piteous Babu, shivering with cold and fear. He was a poor man, he would inform me, and there was a Printed Rule. I was his father and his mother, he would add, and I would not willingly see him starve. I used to deny both statements. Then he would hand me a much-thumbed copy of Instructions to Railway Officials, and he would begin to read aloud, "There-is-no-re-duc-tion-all-owed-on——"!

The upper class of Babu, on the other hand, is more offensive. He is swollen with good living, and a sense of his own importance. His one great aim is to exhibit his

authority, and to show off before his subordinates. He must be treated accordingly. At one railway station, where the crush and confusion of Durbar visitors had produced a perfect pandemonium, I went down three hours before the train was due to get the tickets for our team. I was duly armed with a concession-letter, authorising the booking-clerk to give me sixteen first-class tickets at second-class fares. No business could have been simpler, but I was put through the usual ceremonies. One Babu passed me on to another, until I finally reached the station-master, who was being worked off his head. He sent me with my letter back to the head booking-clerk, who, he said, would authorise the under booking-clerk to do what I wanted. I was led into a long, narrow, dark and dirty office, where sat the Babu surrounded by his underlings. He was seated on a high three-legged stool with his back to me, his clerks facing me, and he was engaged in counting piles of rupees. As I had now been trotting about the station for over an hour to get done what it would take a minute and a half to do at Euston, I was growing hungry and fretful. After a pause of studied indifference the Babu took my concession-letter, read it out in a loud, unintelligent voice; put it down, and said that I must see the station-master. He went on counting his rupees. I repeated what I had already told him, that the station-master had sent me to him, and taking up the letter put it in front of his nose, and told him to do his job. He read the letter a second time, put it aside, and went on counting his piles of rupees, still sitting on his high stool, with his back to me. This was too much. I put the toe of my riding-boot round the near leg of the three-legged stool and gave it a sharp jerk. In a second it capsized, and my Aryan brother capsized with it. Never shall I forget the look of mingled astonishment and awe upon the faces of

his gaping underlings, never the look of fear and injured pride upon the countenance of that sprawling and obese black gentleman. Without saying a word he got up and bowed, and deferentially led the way to the ticket office. In two minutes I had got my tickets and paid for them.

"That's all very well," was the comment in a mess when I told that story, "but if you had been in the service, under the present régime, you would have lost your commission, and all leave in the regiment would have been stopped for a year!" And then I was told of the experience of that late military secretary, who, after being treated by a similar Babu in similar fashion, suddenly rapped out, "Do you know that I am Lord —— ?" And Babu clapped his hands to his stomach and bolted, crying out, "Send the under-clerk to the Lord Sahib! for I am unwell; I have pains; I am off!"

These stories may seem trivial, but multiply up the result of them and you begin to see why the Indian railway system is so inelastic, why it was that it broke down altogether in its attempt to do the business of the Durbar. Station-masters have and are given no discretion at all: they must merely obey the European Traffic Superintendent or D.T.S., and he the men at headquarters: the Babus will not and dare not stir a finger to do anything outside their ordinary mechanical routine. The whole railway is run by the head office at Calcutta, Bombay, or wherever it be, and every detail is referred back there. When you had seen Eurasian station-masters wring their hands and cry aloud for the hot weather to come and relieve them of "this terrible over-pressure," "this dreadful influx of travellers," because as many as sixteen first-class passengers wished, at a week's notice, to be given places on one train, then you were prepared for the appalling con-

fusion that occurred at Delhi. "Sir," said a Babu to me there, "it is all a muddle! It is all mixed!" And so it was. The difficulties here were, of course, enormous, and the more you looked into them the greater they were. The passenger traffic, for those who were wise enough to make definite arrangements sufficiently long in advance were better than could have been hoped. But the goods traffic!

It is said that Delhi is the jewel mart of the world, and a walk down Chandi Chauk seems to confirm the saying that every great stone the world knows has passed at one time or another through Delhi. The same geographical causes which made Delhi the capital of the Moghuls, which made it the scene of the Coronation Durbar, now and before, have made it the natural centre of the railway system of the north. And as with the jewels so with the luggage. I am sure that every parcel and package entrusted to any railway in the north of India last year was dumped down higgledy-piggledy at Delhi station in January 1903. As the Babu wisely observed, it *was* all a muddle; it *was* all mixed!

V

CALCUTTA

> Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,
> Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.
> Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,
> Death in my hands, but Gold."
>
> —RUDYARD KIPLING.

A CITY of palaces, and a city of crowded and reeking slums, the headquarters of the British Government, a municipality misgoverned by Babus, the most commercially prosperous town in India, with almost the highest death-rate; the gayest and most delightful city east of Suez in the cold weather; in the hot weather and in the rains the City of Dreadful Night—that is Calcutta.

A city of contrasts, she rejoices in an excellent system of electric tramways, and the worst set of *ghari-wallahs* in the world—and this I say though I have lived in Paris, visited Naples, and stayed in Rangoon. In Rangoon, seeing that the Burman loves not work, the work is done by Chinamen and Madrassis, and your *cocher* is a Madrassi. Being a Madrassi he talks Telagu or Tamil; Hindustani, English, and Burmese are equally unintelligible to him. Therefore when you hire a *ghari-wallah* and give him an address, he whips up his little rabbit of a Burman pony, and drives off gaily in any direction, describing vast circles, till you grow tired. Then after a brief interval of altercation he again pretends to understand. He starts off afresh, and

lands you either at the Shwe Dagon or the Pegu Club. It is always a matter for speculation, unless you know the road, which of those two places you will finally be driven to. It is annoying, but you understand the driver's difficulty, and you deduct when paying him the time he has wasted, but feel little resentment against your Aryan brother. In Calcutta it is different. This is the metropolis of the largest white population in the country, and thousands of travellers, commercial and other, must pass through it yearly. Yet not only do the *ghari-wallahs* understand not a word of the language of the ruling race, but they do not even know the names of the principal streets. They call every house or shop by some pet name of their own, a pidgin-English appellation of their own, or after the name of the man who lived there fifty years ago. If you wish to drive from Chowringhi to Clive Street, they will try to take you to Howrah, even though you call it Cliv-y Street, and as for Hare-y Street or Eden Gardens, these places are unknown to them. And the European residents meekly learn to call all the shops and streets by the names their *jat* chooses to give them, and they bow before the impudent inertia of the native. If you must educate anybody in India why not begin with the *ghari-wallahs?* They are the only class who really need it!

Changing in her conditions, vivid in the contrasts she affords, exasperating in many ways Calcutta is, but she always remains busy, and always beautiful. How busy a city this is you may guess at once, as you arrive at the terminus of the E.I.R., from the smoking chimneys, and the crowded work-sheds which form the suburb of Howrah on the far side of the river, or from a sight of the animated groups of bankers, jute brokers, indigo brokers, tea brokers, rice merchants, and shipping agents who flock

about the Exchange or dash about the business parts of the town in their office *gharis*. But most eloquent of her far-reaching trade are the miles of wharfs and docks and ghâts that fringe the river, and the vast traffic of that crowded waterway, "where Ganges rolls his widest wave." On its treacherous flood the Hugli bears innumerable barges and bean-boats, liners and tramps of every kind and nationality and from every part, to and from the great city which has sprung up on the jungly swamps under the protection of the old Fort William. The fleets of the P. and O., the Clan, and the City lines, the Bibby and the Hanser, the Austrian-Lloyd, the Messageries, and the British India —the B.I. with its hundred boats—Dutch and German, French, Norwegian and British tramps by the score, all thread their way in an unceasing procession through the shifting sand-banks of that immense and sacred river. Steam up the Thames, and the commerce of London, as revealed by the shipping and the docks, must surely strike you as the most impressive thing in the world—of course if it is wet and cold, and you are returning home on sick leave with a hobnailed liver and no friend to meet you at the docks, it strikes you differently—but to the unprejudiced mind and unjaundiced eye so, I think, it must always seem. Drive, when the sun is setting behind the smoke-clouds of Howrah in a glow of fiery splendour, along the strand of Calcutta, and below you lies in a like atmosphere a mass of shipping that recalls London to your mind. A few years since, when huge, full-rigged four-masted sailing ships were ranged there three and four deep, this was one of the most beautiful sights a man could see. But now not more than two or three sail ever lie beneath the shadow of Fort William. The Suez Canal, and economy in coal resulting from the improvements made in marine engines, have revolutionised

the shipping trade of the East. The old sailing ships carried on an average 1000 or 2000 tons to and fro, and they made about one voyage out and home a year. The huge iron, steam-driven bottoms of modern trade carry on an average not less than 6000 tons of cargo, and they make four voyages a year. Therefore the stately and picturesque vessels that once made the Hugli beautiful with their white sails and webs of spars and rigging have disappeared. Where is now that noble fleet of fast sailing frigates, the Blackwall lines, Green's, Wigram's, Smith's, Allan's, and Blythe's pea-soup coloured ships, Brocklebank's flush-decked ships, American clippers? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

But it is not only in the region of the docks and the wharfs that the river is impressive. Take a launch and steam for two or three hours thereon and you will find that landmarks of history and the lessons of to-day succeed each other incessantly.

From the Ghât you can reckon the splendid public buildings of the City of Palaces—Government House which Dalhousie built on the model of Keddlestone, and Belvedere, the seat of the Lieutenant-Governor near those Trees of Destruction beneath which Warren Hastings and Sir Philip Francis fought their memorable duel; and the High Court, a score of monuments, and the grass-grown bastions of the fort built by Clive in 1757 to supersede the old one, whereof the Black Hole was part, on the site of the present Post Office. Below, on the river, are the docks and the Garden Reach, with, on the one side, the palace of the dethroned King of Oudh, and on the other the magnificent Botanical Gardens, wherein is that monster banyan tree under which, it is said, a whole regiment might encamp. Beyond is the suburb of Budge-Budge, where was the fort that guarded the approach to Calcutta, and which Clive was about to

storm when it was taken over-night, single-handed, by one Strahan, a drunken sailor. When reprimanded by Admiral Watson for his breach of discipline the fellow said he meant no harm; and he promised never to take a fort again without orders.

The river is alive with launches and sampans, steamers, jute-boats, and lighters. You pass up stream under the Howrah bridge laden with its endless procession of bullock carts, which never pauses save when the bridge is opened to let one more big ship pass down to the sea. Soon the river widens, and the thoroughfare grows less crowded. The houses and mills are less thick on the banks, patches of jungle open up from the shores, Babus' bungalows fringe them, and old houses, parks, and palaces aping English homesteads, as the aim was of the great eighteenth-century merchants. So English are they that some of them even have iron boot-scrapers in their porticos.

Flights of steps leading down to the water are crowded with chocolate-coloured Bengalis bathing in the sacred, muddy Ganges. Tom-toms beat, men and women half-immersed in water pray and wash their clothes, boys sport and swim, whilst close at hand ashore the body of a dead Hindu is consumed, forgotten already and unattended, in the thin blue smoke of the wooden pyre that has been lit for him on the edge of the sacred stream. For funerals are common enough in these days of plague, and they excite less interest, there is less *tamasha* over them, now that Suttee is illegal, and no widow is at hand to leap into the flames.

For miles on either bow the series of jungle, bungalows, and factories continues; palms and richly timbered parks, green swards and brick kilns, or powder manufactories, clustering beehives of Hindu Temples, and the foully-



RIVER SCENE, CALCUTTA

From a Photo by Mr. K. J. Key

smoking chimneys of cotton mills, jute presses busy maintaining the marvellous monopoly of Bengal, jetties, ghâts, and government houses, churches and historic sites succeed each other in fascinating alternation. You pass the old Dutch settlement at Chinsura, and run into France at Chandernagore; you pass Serampore and the Baptist Mission College, where is a portrait of the famous Madame Grand, mistress of Sir Philip Francis, and afterwards wife of the great Talleyrand; you pass the golf-links and old viceregal residence at Barrackpur, which the natives still call Chanuk after old Job Charnock, the patriarch of Bengal; you pass the ferry which used to connect the Grand Trunk Road, built by Wellington's great brother, and protected here by a fort against the raids of the Mahrattas; presently you reach the great ugly cantilever Hugli bridge, which represents the last word of modern science and locomotion.

A little beyond this bridge is the old Moghul town of Hugli, the site of the early Portuguese settlement destroyed by Shah Jehan in 1632. It is the Torcello of Calcutta, for here a few years after the Portuguese had been expelled the first English factory was set up and placed under the direction of Job Charnock, who was destined to be the founder of Calcutta. How Job Charnock was forced by quarrels and conflicts with the Moghul authorities to quit Bengal and sail away to Madras with all the Company's establishment; how with a few factors, writers, and soldiers he returned after two years at the invitation of Aurungzebe's Viceroy of Bengal; how he chose the Pool of Calcutta for his trading station, perceiving with the true eye of genius the strength of it with its high eastern bank alike for commerce and for war; and how gradually he built up the beginnings of the future capital is a tale of true romance, but this is not the place to tell it, nor this the place to

speculate on his feelings of pride and astonishment if he could now revisit this terrestrial globe and endeavour to trace in this splendid city of palaces the tiny villages of Sutanutti, Calcutta, and Govindpur which then formed the only breaks in the fever-stricken swamps and unpenetrated jungle that fringed the oft-flooded banks of Ganges.

The delightful jungle-rides you take on your way to or from the paper-chase course at Ballygunge, or the race-course and golf-links of that excellent club at Tollygunge, reveal to you by their sharp contrast with this fine European town and the squalid overcrowded native quarters something of the past history of Calcutta, should you let your fancy roam. Something of the present also. For as, after crossing the gheels and paddy-fields that swelter in the sunlight, you plunge into the grateful shade of the forest and make your way along the narrow tracks which run through it, rejoicing in the roof of foliage, bamboo, palm, and cassiurena that spreads above you, ducking your head to avoid the low-growing branches, or plucking at the ripening mangoes, the green leechees, and marking the gross Jack fruit or Baal fruit, or the reddening tops of the luscious pine-apple, inhaling the heavy scent of the luxuriant flowering trees and shrubs, and happy in the silence and the solitude, suddenly your pony pricks his ears. You meet a band of natives dressed up in the most fantastic style, smeared with grease, wearing masks and carrying palm-branches, leaping, dancing, and shouting, "doing *poojah*," for it is some high day of Hindu festival. Again, you turn a corner and there before you, squatting on the raised platform of his bamboo hut, a few brass pots blinking in the sunlight about him, a few naked children playing near him, sits on his haunches the jungle denizen, the ineffable Bengalee. Your pony fidgets at the sight and at the acrid smell of the dung-fire; the

native, recovering from his astonishment at your appearance, turns again to his interrupted work, and your pony starts off in alarm at the screech of a sewing machine. Singer's Sewing Machines! The jungle is full of them! as full of them as is a small Continental town, alive with them as with the chirrup of grasshoppers, loud with them as Delhi, the ancient capital of the Moghuls, was loud at Durbar-time with the click of cameras. This is the mingling of East and West, of which you have heard and seen so much, exemplified and epitomised—the Bengal jungle and the Sewing Machine!

But it is the Maidan which is the chief pride of the Calcutta folk—that grand open reach of grass which stretches from the river to Chowringhi and from the race-course to Eden Gardens. The salvation of Calcutta in the hot weather is that blessed one or two square miles of burnt-up grass, for almost always in the evening when you drive out "to eat the air" and watch the stars, diamond-bright, come out through the suffused glow of pink and amethyst or daffodil which tints the sky after sun-set, there is a little breeze stirring here. Or in the early morning you ride here as our forebears rode in Hastings' day. Then the streets are ablaze with the hot flaming red of the gold mohurs, scarlet with *hybiscus* and *poinsetti*, and yellow with *cassia fistula* and *krishn churun*, pink with *quisqualis* or the delicate blossom of the rain-tree, purple with *lagerströmia*, morning glory, and *gloriosa superba*. So gorgeous is the colouring, and withal so hot in effect that the long stretches of grass green are doubly welcome, and the delicate feathery foliage of the Cassiurena Avenue seems cool as the darker greens of the jungle shade, the soft tones of the plantain and the palm. And in the cold weather you drive again along the Strand on the river front, past

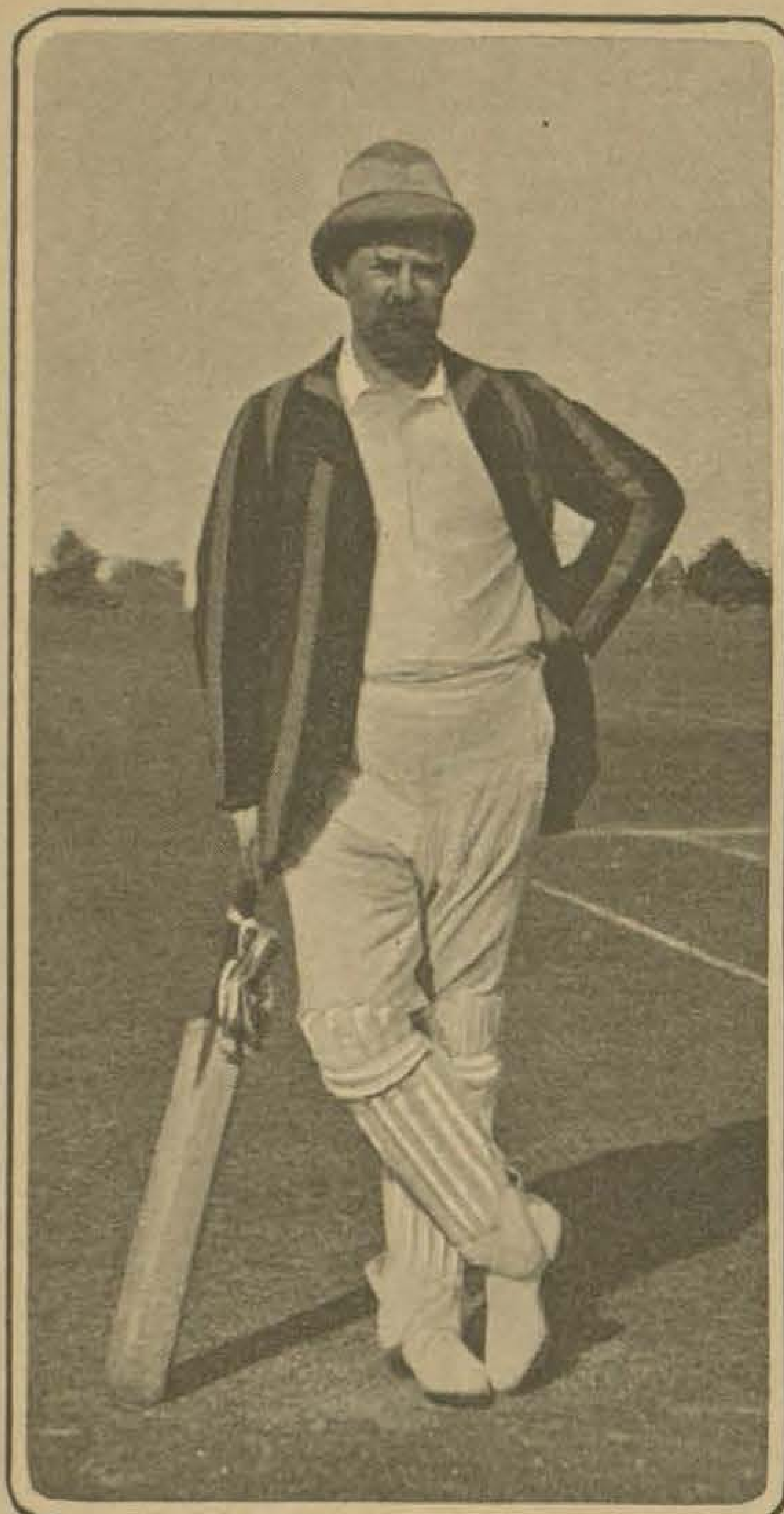
the Fort, and the beauty of the shipping and the sunset are enhanced for you by the recollection of the grateful breeze which was to be found here and here only in the hot weather and the rains. You pass on to listen to the band that is playing in Eden Gardens and to promenade slowly 'mid a stream of carriages down the broad, balustraded Red Road, which is the Rotten Row of Calcutta.

There are golf-links and hockey-grounds and tennis-courts on the Maidan, but the cricket-ground of the Calcutta Cricket Club lies within the trees of Eden Gardens.

EIGHTH MATCH—*V.* BENGAL PRESIDENCY

The Authentics had been entertained to dinner at the Saturday Club on the evening of their arrival in Calcutta by the Calcutta Cricket Club, under whose auspices their tour had been undertaken. The Acting Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the Hon. Mr. J. A. Bourdillon, C.S.I., an old Marlburian and ardent cricketer, was in the chair. A very festive evening was spent, and among the most popular toasts was that drunk to the health of F. H. Stewart, the hon. secretary of the Calcutta Cricket Club, proposed by F. G. Clayton. Clayton and Aspinall rejoined us here, convalescent from the illnesses which had detained them at Secunderabad, and here, too, our rightful skipper, K. J. Key, was waiting to welcome us.

In the intervals of the speech-making there was some excellent singing by Messrs. A. C. Paterson, J. H. Hechle, H. J. Powys-Keck, T. B. Peterkin, and A. G. H. Macpherson ; and Mr. W. S. Burke, the genial editor of the



MR. K. J. KEY

From a Photo by Mr. J. B. Aspinall

Indian Field, amused us immensely with his clever imitations of the verbosities of the Bengali Babu.

Among those present there were, besides those already mentioned, H.H. the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, the Hon. Mr. A. A. Apcar, the Hon. Mr. J. G. Apcar, Sir Allan Arthur, Messrs. J. G. Dickson, R. Bignell, J. O'B. Saunders (the *Englishman*), A. Pedler, F.R.S., J. S. Slater, H. Wicks, H. J. Stevenson, I.C.S., J. B. Wood, I.C.S., M. R. Quin, C. T. Allen, L. W. Ogilby, R. G. D. Thomas, A. S. Barrow (*Indian Planters' Gazette*), J. H. Allen, S. E. A. Whiteway, H. J. Hilary, J. T. Robertson, E. Ezra, E. S. Ezekiel, G. D. Deakin, C. D. Bartholomew, E. H. Elles, W. C. Johnston, E. C. Cowdrey, G. Pickford, H. V. Low, E. H. Bray, J. D. Guise, S. R. Hignell, I.C.S., A. Preston, F. G. Tomkinson, E. Murdoch, P. H. Browne, N. Cayley, Guy Smallwood, Norman McLeod, M. A. McLeod, F. W. Eicke, W. R. Fink, L. H. Whelan, W. C. Denniss, L. V. Moinet, D. Duncan, Maurice Turner, E. S. Smallwood, G. F. Martin, W. A. Miles, Gourlay Harvey, H. P. M. Rae, H. Collingridge, and Lieut.-Colonel Ranking, I.M.S., Major Prain, I.M.S., Captain Wilson, R.E., Major Cookson, R.A., Captain Bowen, R.A., Captain Allanson, and others.

Dances, races, dinners, early morning paper-chases, and delightful expeditions up the river to Barrackpore and Tollygunge, varied by golf and racquets, were now the order of the day, and it may be taken for certain that all of us had as enjoyable a time as Calcutta, in its gay, cold weather, can give, and that, making the most of it, we appreciated it to the full. Not the least enjoyable of the entertainments provided for us was a dinner, followed by a small dance, given by the Chief Justice, Sir Francis and Lady Maclean, whose son, it will be remembered, was

one of the most successful members of Lord Hawke's team in India.

After a few days of such holiday the serious work of cricket recommenced with a match *v.* the Bengal Presidency. Key won the toss and decided to bat first. But play could not start till after tiffin. It had rained very heavily in the early morning, and the day was cold and wet, and foggy and dark. It might almost have been a summer's day in England. When play began the wicket proved very difficult after the first few overs, and the light remained extremely bad all day. The result was that, though the Authentics were for the first time on tour at their full strength, with the exception of Clayton, whose hand still kept him out of the field, they were dismissed for their smallest score hitherto. But it was felt that, in the circumstances, 106 was not a bad score. Thirty-six of these runs were made by Kershaw and Headlam for the ninth wicket, Kershaw hitting out gallantly. He was missed twice, and Chinnery, who made top score with 27, was missed four times. It will be gathered that the conditions were very much in favour of the bowlers, who took full advantage of their opportunities, Guise and Healing both coming out with good analyses. This fact was emphasised when the Presidency began their venture. Before the bowling of Powys-Keck, who was sending down fast swerving yorkers and hitting the leg stump continually, they lost seven wickets for 38 before close of play, Powys-Keck having secured five of these for 9 runs.

No more rain fell, and the wicket next morning had greatly improved. Though still slow and enabling the bowlers to get a good deal of work on, it was of an easy pace, and gave the batsmen lots of time to watch the ball. The last three Presidency wickets added nearly 50 runs

before Simpson-Hayward, who should have been utilised earlier, secured two of them for 5 runs. The rest of the day was taken up by the Authentics till they declared their innings closed with 275 for five wickets. Of these, Chinnery and Hornby put on 106 for the first wicket. Hollins followed up with a good 62 and Key with a delightful 24 (not out), which contained three of the best strokes in the match. Run-getting ruled slow throughout the day, the ball hanging considerably and being, therefore, difficult to force, and, when it was hit, travelling very slowly. The Presidency lost one wicket for 21 before time was called.

This was the Ladies' Day of the match, and the pretty ground in Eden Gardens looked very gay and charming, the game being watched and applauded by a large and brilliant crowd of spectators. There were only two hours and a half in which to get nine wickets on Wednesday morning, for it had been arranged to draw stumps at 1.30 in order to allow the players to get down to the racecourse and back their fancy in the Viceroy's Cup. As the wicket had improved still further this task proved too heavy, thanks to a useful stand by Hignell and Guise. This pair for the second time made the top scores for their side, and they deserve the greatest credit for saving the game. Next to Key, Hignell played the best cricket of the match. Guise was out to a brilliant one-handed catch by Hornby at mid-off, and, the partnership thus dissolved, Hignell soon followed. But they had saved the match, and the Authentics were left with the barren reward of a moral victory, for which they consoled themselves by spending a delightful afternoon under the kind auspices of the Calcutta Turf Club.

It is difficult to imagine a more charming racecourse than

that which is the scene of the annual contest for the Viceroy's Cup. It is so well managed, and the paddock is so tastefully arranged and so bright with flowers and the beauty and fashion of the Capital that you are reminded by it rather of the best meetings on the Continent than of the sordid surroundings amid which so many of our big events at home are run. But there is an element of picturesqueness added to it which is quite peculiar to the country; for from the grand stand you look across on to a crowd of natives who throng the Maidan, and whose varied costumes light up the centre of the course with details of fascinating colour and movement.

Before the conclusion of the match with the Bengal Presidency the final tie for a cup—open to all India—presented by the Calcutta Racquet Club was played off between H. B. Chinnery and R. A. Williams. Colonel F. S. Peck, H. Collingridge, C. T. Allen, H. P. Rae, and Captain H. K. Umfreville had fought and lost the preliminary ties. It was a great pity that Raphael (who won the Public School Racquets with G. J. Mordaunt when at Wellington), Clayton, and Tomkinson, among the Authentics, and Captain Wigram and Captain Akers-Douglas, the best of the Calcutta players, were prevented, for one reason or another, from competing. Of the players in the final, Williams' chance of winning was most fancied, but after a most interesting and exciting match the cup went to Chinnery. Chinnery won the first two games with great ease, chiefly through service. Then Williams warmed up, and, catching his opponent in the middle of the third game, which was productive of very good racquets, won anyhow. He also secured the next game, in which Chinnery seemed to throw away his chance of victory. It was evident that want of practice and the slowness of the court combined to

prevent either player from showing his true form, both repeatedly failing to kill the ball. The fifth game was a ding-dong struggle, and it was only after setting for five and then scoring 4—4 that Chinnery won it by an ace. He had run his opponent to a standstill, and won more by endurance than skill, for though Williams appeared the cleverer, Chinnery played a much stronger game.

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
A. H. Hornby, c. Stewart, b. Guise	2	c. and b. Gould	52
H. B. Chinnery, b. Healing	27	b. Gould	57
F. H. Hollins, c. Bray, b. Guise	17	c. and b. Gould	62
R. A. Williams, c. and b. Healing	0	c. Macpherson, b. Quin	26
R. H. Raphael, b. Guise	1	c. Guise, b. Stewart	22
K. J. Key (capt.), c. Guise, b. Healing	2	not out	24
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Quin, b. Guise	4	not out	15
J. E. Tomkinson, b. Healing	3		
C. Headlam, b. Gould	13		
F. Kershaw, not out	25		
H. Powys-Keck, c. Stewart, b. Gould	3		
Byes 6, l.-b. 3	9	Byes 15, l.-b. 2	17
Total	106	Total (5 wkts.)*	275

* Innings declared closed.

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Guise	13	4	33	4	11	1	48	0
Stewart	4	0	20	0	10	3	39	1
Healing	11	3	35	4	13	2	55	0
Gould	3	0	9	2	13	1	50	3
Quin	...	...	...	...	9	0	56	1
Bentinck	...	...	...	...	2	0	10	0

BENGAL PRESIDENCY.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
S. R. Hignell, c. Powys-Keck, b. Hornby	27	b. Williams	51
A. H. W. Bentinck, b. Powys-Keck	0	l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	4
F. M. Luce, b. Powys-Keck	0	b. Simpson-Hayward	0
E. H. Bray, b. Powys-Keck	0	not out	19
M. Quiterio, c. Headlam, b. Powys-Keck	1	not out	18
M. R. Quin, b. Powys-Keck	1		
F. Gould, c. Chinnery, b. Hornby	0		
J. Guise, l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	33	c. Hornby, b. Williams	27
Capt. Healing, c. Powys-Keck, b. Simpson-Hayward	10	b. Simpson-Hayward	8
F. H. Stewart (capt.), b. Hornby	8		
A. G. H. Macpherson, not out	0		
Byes	5	Byes 5, n.-b. 2, w. 5	12
Total	85	Total (5 wkts.)	139

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	9	2	31	0	10	2	41	2
Powys-Keck	14-1	3	33	5	14	4	31	0
Hornby	5	1	11	3	12	4	21	0
Simpson-Hayward	2-1	0	5	2	14	5	29	3
Hollins	...	...	...	...	2	0	5	0
Key	...	...	...	...	1	1	0	0

NINTH MATCH—*V.* CALCUTTA C.C.

The ninth match of the tour was played at Calcutta in ideal weather, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the visitors. Two changes were made in their team, Headlam and Kershaw being given a rest in place of Aspinall and Ridley. The Calcutta side was almost identical with that which represented Bengal, but owing to

the absence of several good men at the manœuvres at Delhi and from accident, they were far from being at their strongest. On a fast, true wicket the Authentics set out to run up a big score. Chinnery and Hornby for the second time in the week sent up a century for the first wicket, and their good example was well followed. It was evident, however, that Hechle's bowling required watching, and though Chinnery played brilliant cricket, Hornby was very slow and frequently beaten before tiffin. Afterwards he livened up considerably, and in company with Hollins doubled the score for the second wicket. When he was out at last for 111 to a fine catch on the boundary by Bray, the old Cantab, the total stood at 234. His century was marred by two chances early in the game, and his off play was distinctly weak, but his hooking and forcing shots past mid-on were magnificent. The bowling was now completely collared, and Hollins, in partnership with Key, appeared safe for yet another century, but when he had totalled 90 was deceived by a yorker on the leg stump. He had given only one hard chance to short leg in the course of a safe and attractive innings. With Simpson-Hayward in, the score mounted merrily, both he and Key laying about them with evident enjoyment. When stumps were drawn the Authentics had scored 354 runs for five wickets, made at the average rate of 85 per hour.

Next morning Key set about improving that average. Runs were wanted quickly, and Key showed how to do it. Taking every risk, he hit with immense gusto and brilliancy. His drives were superb, and included one terrific quilt out of the ground. He might have been stumped once and caught off big hits once or twice, but nothing disturbed his intention to hit till he placed one into third man's hands,

having made just four short of his hundred. Tomkinson made a fine effort to send up the 500, but was out to another splendid catch in the deep by Bray, and the innings closed for the good total of 494.

The Calcutta batsmen, tired with their long outing, made a very disappointing show before the bowling of Powys-Keck and Williams. They lost five wickets for 21 before tiffin, and were all out for the paltry total of 66. Following on, they did little better, and only an hour's play was required on Saturday to finish off the match. Williams, with ten wickets for 67 in the match, added yet another to his fine bowling performances, and Powys-Keck, with four wickets for 11 runs, had a record to be proud of on a fast, true wicket. Full score:—

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

H. B. Chinnery, l.b.w., b. Hechle	74
A. H. Hornby, c. Bray, b. Stewart	111
F. H. Hollins, b. Guise	90
R. A. Williams, b. Quin	0
R. H. Raphael, c. Macpherson, b. Quin	6
K. J. Key (capt.), c. Whiteway, b. Hechle	96
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b. Hechle	35
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Bray, b. Stewart	37
J. A. Ridley, b. Guise	24
H. Powys-Keck, b. Guise	0
J. B. Aspinall, not out	4
Byes 12, l.-b. 1, w. 4	17
Total	494

Bowling Analysis.

	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Hechle	186	3	134	3
Healing	108	2	87	0
Stewart	78	1	67	2
Quin	90	1	72	2
Guise	150	7	77	3
Bray	42	0	40	0



AUTHENTICS *v.* CALCUTTA CRICKET CLUB

From a Photo by Messrs. Bourne & Shepherd

CALCUTTA C.C.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
J. D. Guise, c. Hollins, b. Williams	10	c. Hornby, b. Williams .	21
A. H. W. Bentinck, b. Powys-Keck	0	not out	26
Capt. Healing, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Powys-Keck	3	b. Powys-Keck	13
S. E. A. Whiteway, c. Aspinall, b. Williams	0	b. Williams	0
C. P. Bartholomew, b. Powys-Keck	0	c. Chinnery, b. Williams .	6
J. H. Hechle, c. Raphael, b. Williams	16	c. Hornby, b. Williams .	1
A. C. Patterson, c. Chinnery, b. Williams	15	l.b.w., b. Hornby . . .	8
M. R. Quin, c. Chinnery, b. Williams	5	b. Ridley	7
E. H. Bray, c. Tomkinson, b. Powys-Keck	5	c. Tomkinson, b. Hornby .	7
F. H. Stewart, not out	0	b. Hornby	1
A. G. H. Macpherson, b. Williams .	0	b. Hornby	0
Byes 10, n.-b. 2	12	Byes	5
Total	66	Total	95

Bowling Analysis.

	B.	M.	R.	W.	B.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	85	5	34	6	79	3	33	4
Powys-Keck	60	5	11	4	60	1	26	1
Simpson-Hayward .	21	0	9	0	...	...	...	...
Ridley	...	...	...	...	30	0	18	1
Hornby	...	...	...	...	47	3	13	4

Williams bowled two no-balls in the first innings.

Our Calcutta friends had done all in their power to give us a good time, and right well had they succeeded. "What a pity we couldn't have another fortnight there" was the universal exclamation as our special steamed out from Howrah, Delhi-wards. We all carried with us from Calcutta the happiest of recollections, of good sport and

good fellowship, of most hospitable hosts and many old friends found again, and new ones made in those "Chummeries" which are so excellent a feature of Calcutta life. For here, as in Bombay, it is the custom for single men to club together and take a house, instead of each fending for himself in chambers or lodgings. The advantage of this system for a young man starting life in a big town and not overburdened with cash must be obvious to all. One wonders that in London the experiment is not more often tried by men coming down from the 'Varsity and going to the Bar or into business. There is every advantage in it over single lodgings, so far as cash, society, and comfort are concerned. One of the pleasantest features in these Calcutta Chummeries is that many of them run, for their recreation and amusement, camps in the Mofussil—up country—to which those who are free go forth from Saturday to Monday to shoot or pig-stick. What is there more delightful, after a week of hot, hard work in a town, than to go out into the jungle, picking up your pony when you get out of the train, and riding across the country to the spot where your camp is pitched? Whilst dinner is being prepared you listen to the report of your shikari as to snipe, pig, or black-buck, and retire early to your camp to dream of the morrow's sport. The shrill howls of the jackal, the maddening cry of the brain-fever bird break the silence of night; it is too hot or it is too cold; snakes rustle on the floor of your tent; mosquitoes sing without your curtains; there is everything to cause you discomfort, but you enjoy it always as an ever-fresh delight. And after a long day's sport and travel you return a new man, strong for the business of the week—or perhaps with a touch of jungle-fever.

A NIGHT IN CAMP

I

The red glow fades, the night is still,
The night is hot beneath the hill.
Deep, deep blue is th' infinite sky,
And across its vault a firefly
Flashes, like to some shooting star,
Silent, mysterious, afar.

II

Shrill travels now the jackals' din
From Cabul to Cape Comorin;
For, ere the mid of night, 'twill reach
From highest peak to furthest beach,
And, ere the dawn, return in full
From Comorin to far Cabul.

III

As though 'twere but the current stirred
By the wings of a passing bird,
Across my cheek a cool breath steals,
And by its soft caress reveals
How hot the night must be and still,
By the river, beneath the hill.

IV

Within my tent, about my bed
The silence of the night is spread,
Till the brain-fever bird doth raise
His oft-repeated, maddening phrase,
And when he ceases, thousands strong,
Mosquitoes shrill their tiny song.

V

The heavy scents of flow'ring trees
The hunger of the soul appease,
And lull the senses. The hours pass,
Till a snake rustles in the grass.
You spring to life, alert to kill,
By the river, beneath the hill.

VI

Alert, awake, without demur
You lie and listen till the stir
Of dawn is rustling through the trees;
Moisten your lips to catch the breeze
That comes before the dawn, until
The river speaks unto the hill.

VII

Speaks and recalls the world to life,
To feast and struggle, song and strife.
The birds begin their morning song,
The jungle stirs, and all along
The girdle of the vault of heaven
Light shines, and earth from sky is riven.

VI

DELHI AND THE CORONATION DURBAR

Delhi is a great city and a rich; it has been so in the past, and in the future it will be greater and richer still. Conquering king after conquering king took it in the old days, destroyed it and built it anew for his own capital, so that for forty-five miles around you will find the land littered with the débris of seven former Delhis, of which the mosque and tower of Kutb remain, eleven miles south of the present city, as the most splendid and curious monument. And within the court of that ruined mosque stands the solid wrought-iron pillar, unique, fifteen hundred years old, memorial of "Raja Dhava, who conquered all the earth," but of whom history knows no more! The same causes, geographical, strategical, which led kings to destroy and to rebuild, have determined the railway men to make Delhi the great junction of Northern India; the same causes will make her a great manufacturing centre. Already there are mill chimneys blackening the sky, and Delhi cotton might already, but for the closing of the mints—but that leads me on to speak of the rupee, the unfortunate, the fallen rupee, and I have promised not to do that.

The attention of the civilised world flits nowadays rapidly about the globe. Railways and telegraph wires, annihilating time and distance, enable the newspaper men, when they are not being misled by diplomatists, to concentrate

the interest of the public upon the spot that is the chief scene of events at the moment. And the centre of active or diplomatic interest changes rapidly. It is South Africa one moment, the Persian Gulf the next; now it is Cuba or the Soudan, now China or Morocco. For a few days at the beginning of 1903 it was upon Delhi, that ancient capital of the Moghul emperors, that all interest was focussed. For there, it had been decreed, the native princes of India subject to their British emperor should pay homage to him in the person of his royal brother and his Viceroy, on the occasion of a solemn Durbar held for the purpose of proclaiming and celebrating his coronation. It was an occasion which Lord Curzon, gifted as he is not only with superb powers of work and all the qualities of statesmanship, but also with a fine imagination, following in the footsteps of one gifted as himself, Lord Lytton, determined to celebrate with a pomp and majesty befitting it.

For this purpose there had sprung up in the course of the last few months yet one more new Delhi, a city of tents, a canvas city outside the walls of the historic town. For miles and miles in every direction outside the town stretched the camps of the various provinces and contingents. There had been crops two months before where the polo-ground and many of these camps then were; there would, one knew, be crops there again two months hence. But for the nonce, the drab, flat cornfields that surround Delhi had been converted into what seemed at a first glance a wilderness of dust and distance; a jumble and confusion of tents, and carriages, and ticca-garris, and camels, and elephants, and men on horseback; for the empire was gathered together to acknowledge the Coronation of her King-Emperor. The empire and the whole world of

globe-trotters! For not only was there drawn together at Delhi in January 1903 an unprecedented number and variety of the peoples, so widely different and by nature at enmity, who are united under the Imperial rule of Great Britain; not only were there Pathans and Panthays, Bengalis and Beluchis, Madrassis and Manipuris, men from Gilgit and the far Himalayas, Shans and Burmans, Rajputs, Turks, Somali boys, Hubshis, Arabs from the Gulf, Siamese, Chinese, Japs and Malays, to be seen in endless succession and variety shouldering each other on that wonderful Alipur Road, passing under the walls of the Cashmir Gate, gazing at the fireworks within the walls, or watching the historic pageants without in peace and wonder; not only were there these, but an infinite variety of Europeans and Americans also; so that one seemed to meet on the polo ground or at the State ball half the people one had just left behind in London, and half the men and women one had ever met abroad.

The first scene of the gorgeous drama that was now to be played at Delhi was the brilliant pageant of the State entry, which in its oriental magnificence and varied splendour was a fitting preliminary to the final ceremony to be held on January 1.

We arrived from Calcutta an hour or so before H.E. the Viceroy. It was bitterly cold. We were turned out with our luggage heaped about us on a siding, and forbidden to make our way out of the station by any of the ordinary exits. For the station authorities were in a bewilderment of flurry and overwork; the ways of the Babu, his utter inertia, his complete incompetence and unwillingness to do anything outside his own little groove, were being made very plain to the world; and the few Europeans or Eurasians in authority were face to face

with enormously difficult problems, and had no one, Babus or coolies, who were willing to help them. Their task had not been lightened by the touchiness of the native princes. One of these, for instance, on arriving at Delhi Station early on Sunday morning, was not received with the salute of guns to which he was entitled, but which is of course never given on a Sunday. The line was blocked by his special train, but he refused to move from it. He sat there for seventeen hours, till Monday came and the boom of guns rewarded his patience. But imagine the exasperation caused thereby to a traffic manager of a single line!

It seemed for a while as if we should be kept penned up in the station till the Viceroy had arrived and departed and the State entry was over. But we presently took the matter into our own hands, and getting out of the station, plunged *in medias res* with a vengeance.

Through the closely packed rows of silent and respectful natives and past the crowds of European spectators on the steps of the Jumma Musjid came the representatives of the King-Emperor, and the hundreds of native princes who do him homage. The docile elephants—there were no less than 130 of them—bearing their gaily-caparisoned howdahs, padded unprotestingly through the throngs, and gave the lie to those who had prophesied disaster from the angry or terrified beasts. They were covered with silver, and their heads were painted with all sorts of fantastic designs, tigers, flowers, and so forth. Their masters, laden with jewels and gold, sat proudly above, clad in robes of the most gorgeous colours. The dust of Delhi was laid for once, so that it was possible to see and appreciate to the full the richness and colour of that astonishing procession. Most striking of all the participants were the Shan Princes of Burmah, with their tall, conical hats of gold, miniature

pagodas, and H.H. the Nizam, premier of all the Indian native princes, whilst the young Maharajah of Mysore, ablaze with diamonds, and the young Rajas of the Imperial Cadet Corps, with their blue turbans and blue Cashmere kamarbunds, and their white frock coats faced with the Star of India and blue and gold Hindustani embroidery, attracted universal attention. No barbaric pageant of the past which wended its way through the ancient streets of Delhi in the days of the Moguls can ever have equalled in splendour this typical display of the new union of East and West.

The procession of elephants, brilliant and gay beyond description in their gorgeously caparisoned howdahs, was amazing enough; the costumes and the jewels of the maharajahs were wonderful; the blaze of colour, of uniforms, turbans, gold and silver cloths, was incredibly grand against the drab background of Delhi dust and the heavy red sandstone walls of the Fort and Jumma Musjid. But more wonderful than these things was the crowd; wonderful in its silence and in its orderliness. The silence was the silence of respect and awe, a thoroughly Eastern expression of feeling; the order was the order of military discipline, of British method and British policing, a thoroughly Western form of celebration. This prevalence of order was the most impressive thing in the whole business of the Coronation ceremonies. It was the fact which emerged gradually and which finally dominated your impressions. And it was the exact opposite of the fact which you had been led to expect, and of the first impression of chaotic disorder and dust which you received on your first desperate visit to the City of Camps without the walls.

The orderly sequence, the majestic progress of events at

the Durbar; the quiet orderly rows of natives who witnessed the fireworks within the walls; the arrangements for the state ball, the state service, the marshalling of the troops for the Great Review, all bore witness to the gift of the ruling race, the power and respect of law, the calling forth of order out of chaos. Such lessons of order, so learnt and so impressed, are the justification of our rule in India.

The Jumma Musjid, to which I have referred, the great mosque built by Shah Jehan, was the scene a few nights later of a grand display of fireworks—of those rockets and falling rain and set pieces which are the sheerest delight of the oriental. The scene was one of extraordinary beauty and impressiveness. The lofty basement of this the largest mosque in the world, and the splendid flights of red sandstone steps that lead up to it, were crowded with spectators; crowded, too, were the galleries and all the space about the white domes. By a graceful and somewhat astonishing concession this the principal place of Mohammedan worship had been placed at the disposal of the Christians, and all the Burra Sahibs watched the fireworks thence. But some ignorant or ill-advised visitors provided themselves with sandwiches; the word got about among the crowd that the mosque was being defiled by Christians who were eating the flesh of pig within the sacred precincts, and there was very nearly a dangerous riot. As it was nothing happened, and the huge crowd without settled down on the road and in the open spaces to watch the works of Messrs. Brock. In the open space between the Jumma Musjid and the Fort, which lies on the banks of the river Jumna, endless rockets were flung up and burst in showers of golden rain and bombs of every brilliant hue, lighting up for brief moments with extraordinary effectiveness the massive red walls of Shah Jehan's historic fort, and the low, straggling stretches of red

sandstone, white marble, and gold of his mosque, with its noble portals, its cupolas and pinnacles, its slender, flanking minarets. And below were revealed in their myriads, the densely packed, silent natives, watching in awe-struck delight, revealed in full colours for a moment and then hidden again in the darkness of sombre, moonless night.

After the procession was past we made our way to our camp. We had been provided officially with tents which were pitched in the Viceroy's Escort Camp, and we were fortunate enough to be made hon. members of the messes of the various regiments—the 4th D.G.s, H. Battery, R.H.A., XIth B.L., 1st Battalion, Northamptonshire Regiment, and the XVth Sikhs, who had been selected for that honourable and onerous duty. The camp was splendidly placed in the middle of things, being on one side but a stone's throw from the great gathering-place of Durbarians, the polo ground, and on the other abutting on the Alipur Road. The Alipur Road ran from the Kashmir Gate in Delhi right through the various camps. The road and the crowds upon it were to me almost the most fascinating sights of all the sights in those days. To ride for miles along this road any time of day, passing on either side of you camp after camp of the different provinces or native princes, each different in scheme, arrangement, and decoration, was in itself a liberal education in the kinds of man, an experience unique and extraordinarily interesting. There were men of every nationality and every station in life trudging in the dust or hurrying along in every sort of strange vehicle. Maharajahs with a dashing, clattering escort of lancers, who tried vainly to "buy the road," rumbled by in the most shabby and ancient or new and gaudy barouches, Burra sahibs in gorgeous uniforms rattled along in the most broken-down, up-country ticca-garris or

galloped past on splendid chargers, bullock-carts twisted across the road and dismounted a bicyclist, elephants swung along, contemptuously swinging their trunks and frightened out of their wits half-broken ponies in smart little tum-tums, camels lurched towards you, and your pony could not control his disgust. Soldiers and dhobies, sweepers and sahibs, officials and sight-seers all jostled and thronged together along that straight and dusty road which ran between the drab cornfields, and all, whatever their hurry, whatever their station, were held up by the upraised arm of the Street-God, the British Policeman at the Cross-ways!

It is not my intention to attempt to chronicle all the numerous incidents of those ten days at Delhi. Of the innumerable dinners and reunions that took place; of the splendid exhibition of native art and jewellery, which was one of the Viceroy's most excellent pet ideas; of the luxury of the Press Camp, and of the cold, ruin, and starvation of other globe-trotters who fell among hotel-thieves; of all the camp gossip, and of the countless Parisian frocks that were ruined by Delhi dust; of the ladies whose trunks were lost on the railway and who retired to bed for days seeing that they had none of their beautiful gowns to wear; of the smart assemblies at the Polo Club, of the hearts that were broken—and mended; of the bargains driven in Chandni Chauk; of the stones that were sold at what the native merchant technically terms "dam fool traveller prices"; of the garden parties and entertainments of the native princes; of the gorgeous if tedious ceremony of the Investiture; of the regimental football and the military tournament; of the massed bands that played with so fine an effect from the crescent-shaped stand opposite the Polo Club, of the State services, and the megaphonic choir and preacher, of none of these things, and not even of the polo, that marvellous

polo, polo such as surely was never seen outside India, and never in its pace and brilliancy excelled even there, is it mine to write. Newspapers have chronicled these things brilliantly and often enough already; books not too few will have told the tale often enough by the time this book of mine appears.

These incidents formed the lively and picturesque setting for the great and crowning ceremony of the Delhi celebration—the Coronation Durbar.

THE DURBAR

On a field of dust and gold, at one o'clock on the first of January 1903, one hour later, that is, than the appointed time, owing to the incidence of the Id festival, the crowning solemnity of the Delhi Celebration was held. Let it be acknowledged at once that, even apart from its personal or political import, it was a gigantic success from a spectacular point of view. "An unparalleled gathering," said the Viceroy; "the greatest show on airth," remarked an American sincerely. The amphitheatre which was the scene of this imposing ceremonial had been constructed some three miles outside of Delhi, beyond the Ridge, upon the self-same site as the Imperial Assemblage which signalised the assumption of the title of Kaiser-i-Hind by the first Queen-Empress of India on January 1, 1877, was held.

From early dawn, when a cold white mist hung over the camps, till the sun was high in the heavens and the classic Ridge was bathed in the golden sunlight of an Indian winter, the roads leading from Delhi and from the various camps were crowded with every sort of conveyance, moving, mid clouds of white dust, to the vast amphitheatre.

Magnificent barouches, containing still more magnificent rajahs, brakes drawn by teams of four camels, soldiers on horseback, smart ladies in tum-tums, victorias, or tikka up-country garris, and native princes on elephants or in the queerest of old family carriages were making for the scene of the great event.

In the centre of the great yellow plain stood the huge amphitheatre, dazzling white, its cupolas tipped with gold. This huge arena in the shape of a horse-shoe, with the viceregal canopy projecting inside the toe, was capable of holding at least 15,000 people, and it was soon filled to the uttermost. And without, troops of every arm were unceasingly arriving and falling into position on the vast plain which stretches out beyond the heel of the amphitheatre. The scenic effect was magnificent, and, compared with the Imperial pageants at home, gained enormously by the concentration of effect. Brilliant sunshine, modified by the haze of dust, shone upon an infinite variety of colours. You were reminded of the colour and movement of a Spanish bull-fight, but in colour and movement a bull-fight, even at Seville, was eclipsed. The red and yellow turbans of the 15th Sikhs, the dark blue and red uniforms of the Bengal Lancers, the golden tunics of the heralds, the bright blue of the Imperial Cadet Corps, the green of the Gurkhas and the Gordon Highlanders all combined to make with the British red a kaleidoscope of colour, marvellous in itself and brilliant beyond conception as a background to the central scene. Here, before the arrival of the Duke of Connaught and the Viceroy, there was the air of a delightful garden party, as all descended from their seats, once secured, and walked round the massed band and Royal Standard on the grass plot in the centre, greeting friends from all quarters of the globe and gazing at the rest. The click of the camera

was loud in the land as Rajas and Maharajahs passed in their splendid robes, each different and each more gorgeous than the last in colour and gold brocade and sparkling jewels.

Before the pipes, band, and guard of honour of the Gordons had marched in and taken up their stand opposite the daïs, or the Duke of Connaught and the Viceroy, to the sound of saluting guns, had taken their seats, a touching scene occurred and roused the emotion and enthusiasm which were up to that moment perhaps a little wanting. The veterans of the Mutiny had been gathered together from all parts of India, and to them alone was accorded the honour of entering the arena by the same way as the representatives of their Emperor. Aged, tottering, scarred with war and years, bemedalled, white-bearded, spectacled, and some of them scarce able to hobble round, even with the aid of a helping hand, the old soldiers marched round the arena amid tumultuous cheering, and received a welcome of waving handkerchiefs and applause such as is seldom accorded in India, the quiet and reserved. The note of pathos and the note of martial ardour resounded in every heart, and when the veterans reached their seats, and a section of the band, rushing from the centre, came across to them and played the moving strains of "Auld lang syne," every eye was bright and every eye in the huge crowd was glistening.

A great reception was also accorded to the young Rajas of the Imperial Cadet Corps, who looked the picture of military smartness and agility, as, clad in their light blue turbans and white and gold uniforms, they took their seats behind the Viceroy.

After their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had arrived, heralded by a royal salute, and

taken their seats on the daïs, and the Viceroy (accompanied by Lady Curzon, who was charmingly attired in pale blue silk, trimmed with silver Delhi embroidery) had followed a quarter of an hour later, the Foreign Secretary opened the Durbar, and the massed bands sounded the summons to the herald. The herald was Captain Maxwell, who was attired in a most gorgeous costume of gold and red. He rode into the arena accompanied by his trumpeters wearing tabards of crimson velvet, covered with gold lace and embroidered with the royal cipher. They were all mounted on black horses, and their saddles were covered with white leopard skins. In riding up to the daïs they halted three times, each time sounding a flourish of trumpets.

The herald then, at the command of the Viceroy, read, in tones which rendered every syllable audible in every part, the Proclamation announcing the Coronation of His Majesty the King-Emperor of India. More flourishes of trumpets followed, and blue-jackets hoisted the Royal Standard on the flagstaff in the centre of the arena. The strains of "God save the King" burst forth from the splendid band, and three cheers for his Majesty were given, first by the whole vast audience, and then by the thousands of troops outside. The guard of honour presented arms, an Imperial salute of 101 guns was fired, punctuated by the crackling *feu-de-joie* from the troops without. This Durbar was being held, you realised now almost for the first time, not for its mere scenic effect, but to announce the Coronation of King Edward VII. to the princes, chiefs, and nobles under his protection, and to the representatives of all subjects of the Emperor of India. And that, and the expression of their allegiance to their sovereign by over one hundred rulers of separate states, was the business of the rest of the Durbar. The Viceroy's speech, worthy

of the occasion in eloquence and sentiment, emphasised that point and its significance in an empire now not less and still more united than it had been when the first Empress was proclaimed. One point in his speech stirred the interest of the thousands of soldiers in his audience. The army had not been forgotten. He announced that henceforth they were to be called the United Indian Army. That means the abolition of the Indian Staff Corps convention, that you may write U.I.A. after your name, in fact, instead of I.S.C.—which is, at any rate, better than writing I.O.U.

The presentation of the native chiefs now took place. Robed in the most gorgeous silks, covered with marvellous jewels, they advanced to the front of the daïs in their due order of precedence, and offered their congratulations to His Majesty through His Excellency, who, with his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, received them standing. The Nizam, as premier potentate, was the first to do obeisance, and took the opportunity of reading a speech. Then came the great Maharajahs of Baroda, Travancore, Mysore, and Kashmir, and after them a wondrous series of great and little chiefs, arrayed in every sort and kind of dress, and magnificently profuse in their display of jewels. For each one of them the Viceroy and the Duke had a suitable word and a cordial handshake. The enthusiasm of the assembly was roused to the highest pitch as the Begum of Bhopal came forward to render her fealty: a veiled figure with a gold crown surmounting her blue draperies. She deposited at the viceregal feet a gold casket, which was graciously accepted, Lord Curzon doffing his cocked hat in token of thanks. It was a ceremony unique in its interest and splendour—but tiring! At last it was over. More guns boomed out their monotonous salute. Once again the National Anthem resounded over

the plains of Delhi. The great ceremony was at an end. From the spectators' point of view it had been an enormous success, unforgettable, unparalleled, and performed without a hitch.

But if the Durbar at Delhi was nothing but a panorama and procession, if it was only the finest show on earth, it would have been an extravagance, an unjustifiable waste. Then the criticism passed on the State entry would indeed have been justified: "A splendid circus—but where is the clown?" But it was more, both in its significance and its effect. What the promoter of it intended it to be and to mean he has told us in his own eloquent words in the speech he delivered at the Budget Debate in Calcutta (March 25, 1903):—

"I hope I am not a rhapsodist or a dreamer. But to me, and I hope to the majority of us, the Durbar meant not a panorama or a procession. It was a landmark in the history of the people, and a chapter in the ritual of the State. What was it intended for? It was meant to remind all the princes and peoples of the Asiatic Empire of the British Crown that they had passed under the dominion of a new and single sovereign, to enable them to solemnise that great and momentous event, and to receive the Royal assurance and greeting. And what was its effect? They learned that under that benign influence they were one, that they were not scattered atoms in a heterogeneous and cumbersome mass, but co-ordinate units in a harmonious and majestic whole. The scales of isolation and prejudice and distrust fell from their eyes, and from the Arab Sheikhs of Aden on the west to the Shan Chiefs of the Mekong on the borders of China, they felt the thrill of a common loyalty and the inspiration of a single aim. Was there nothing in this? Is it nothing that the Sovereign at his Coronation should

exchange pledges with his assembled lieges, of protection and respect on the one side, of spontaneous allegiance on the other? Is it nothing that the citizens of the Empire should learn what that empire means? Even if we take the rest of India, which could not be present at Delhi, but held its own rejoicings in its own place, is it nothing to lift an entire people for a little space out of the rut of their narrow and parochial lives, and to let them catch a glimpse of a higher ideal, an appreciation of the hidden laws that regulate the march of nations and the destinies of men? I believe that the Durbar, more than any event in modern history, showed to the Indian people the path which, under the guidance of Providence, they are treading, taught the Indian Empire its unity, and impressed the world with its moral as well as material force. It will not be forgotten. The sound of the trumpets has already died away. The Captains and the Kings have departed. But the effect produced by this overwhelming display of unity and patriotism is still alive and will not perish. Everywhere it is known that upon the throne of the East is seated a power that has made of the sentiments, the aspirations, and the interests of three hundred millions of Asiatics a living thing, and the units in that great aggregation have learned that in their incorporation lies their strength. As a disinterested spectator of the Durbar remarked: "Not until to-day did I realise that the destinies of the East still lie, as they always have done, in the hollow of India's hand. I think, too, that the Durbar taught the lesson not only of power but of duty. There was not an officer of Government there present, there was not a Ruling Prince, nor a thoughtful spectator, who must not at one moment or other have felt that participation in so great a conception carried with it responsibility as well as pride, and that he owed something in return

for whatever of dignity or security or opportunity the Empire had given to him."

And apart from those broader lessons and effects, the political and social influence of the Durbar upon India itself were great. The native is like a child, impressionable as a child, gullible as a child, with a child's short memory. Politically, the spectacle of the Durbar was for him an assertion and a reminder, a revelation almost, of the might of the British Raj. Socially, this great gathering of petty princes was productive of strange and beneficial results. The small up-country rajahs met, and met on friendly terms, those neighbouring rajahs whom in their own district no political officer, however influential, could ever have persuaded them to meet. That may sound a small matter, but it was a large step and in the right direction.

Cricket, unfortunately, had prevented those of us who were playing from being present at what was perhaps the most unique and interesting spectacle to be seen at Delhi in those days, the march past of the retinues and retainers of the native chiefs. The review of these strange and motley contingents, which seemed to personify with their antique arms and accoutrements the existence of all that is left of mediæval customs and equipments in modern, changing India, took place in the Durbar amphitheatre, before H.E. the Viceroy and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who, with H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught and Lady Curzon took their seats on the advanced daïs. Three thousand Imperial Service troops had been detailed by Brigadier-General Stuart Beatson to keep the line of route, and marshalled by Major Dunlop Smith, the retinues of forty ruling chiefs wound round and out of the arena, to the sound of the weird discords of strange native instruments. Strange, mixed, and deafening was the noise; stranger still,

more mixed and yet more astonishing was the procession of camels and led horses, elephants and spearmen, cavalry and fore-runners, infantry and mace-bearers. There were elephants galore, gorgeous with their rich trappings and howdahs, amazing by reason of their painted heads and trunks. There were falconers with hawks and greyhounds from Nabha, and a double-storeyed pavilion on wheels drawn by four elephants; there were the gold and silver guns of Baroda, drawn by bullocks; there were men in spiked armour riding on armoured elephants from Datia, which salaamed as they passed the daïs. One mahout, amid a roar of cheers, made his elephant rise on his hind-legs; four horses, with their riders on their backs, danced for sixty yards on their hind-legs as they passed the Viceroy's seat. There were horsemen standing on their saddles and infantry marching in long quilted coats that reached to their heels; there were smart irregulars from Patiala, and devil-dancers in their hideous masks from far Ladakh.

There were retainers with the hats and umbrellas of Burma and the Shan States, and ochre-stained warriors from Kota clashing each other's swords and bucklers as they danced by; there were men in chain armour from the Rajputana States, and from Cutch came two men clad in ancient armour marching past on stilts twelve feet high, so equipped that they might be able to kill the drivers of elephants. Such were some of the items in this unique and astonishing procession; a feast of varied and brilliant colour, a carnival of old-world types, a Babel of barbaric noises, mingling with the tunes of "Annie Laurie" and "John Peel," a Babel which culminated in the cheers that greeted the appearance of a diminutive grey-bearded dwarf from Nabha who was followed by two tremendous giants from Cashmere, whose height was nearer eight feet than seven.

They were typical, these retainers, armed with battle-axe, firelock, and sword, of the forces of old India and of the warfare that was. There was to be, a day or two later, an exhibition of the forces or resources of modern India, a review of that magnificent army on a war-footing, that *pukka* army which guards the great dependency and trains itself unceasingly by means of such severe manœuvres as those which had preceded the Durbar. For the soldiers who had to take part in the ceremonies the Durbar was no holiday. "What with these —— manœuvres, these —— reviews, and these —— rajahs I'm fed up with the Durbar" was the verdict of a Tommy doing sentry-go near the Alipur Road! The epithets varied.

TENTH MATCH—*V.* GENTLEMEN OF INDIA

After a game which up to the last hour appeared remarkably even, the Authentics succeeded in winning the principal match of their tour by six wickets. It had been originally intended that the match should take place in the Queen's Park Gardens, within Delhi, and much trouble had been taken by those in authority to provide a wicket there. But it was found that the wicket was so bad, the ground so small, and—from the point of view of those who wished to see the cricket—so far off from the various camps that at the eleventh hour a change was made. One of the polo grounds fell vacant, a matting wicket was hastily prepared—thanks to the kind co-operation of Captain Pinney and the polo authorities—and the game was played out under much more pleasant and convenient conditions than at one time seemed probable. The players were also thus enabled to watch between their innings the semi-finals of the International Polo Cup and the Indian Army Cup.

The marvellous galloping games played by the Alwar, Jodhpore, and Patiala teams—not to mention the performances of the 4th D.G.'s and Poona Horse—afforded a pleasing distraction from cricket, whilst the final tie of the football match between the Gordons and the Royal Irish was fought out on the adjoining ground. Cricket, of course, in these circumstances was something of a raree show, and, though the game was well won, the fact that the Gentlemen of India were not fully represented detracted somewhat from the satisfaction of winning. Captain Greig had left India to join his regiment in Somaliland, Captain Wigram and Captain Champain were prevented from playing by their A.D.C. duties, whilst Captain Neale, Captain Mathew Lannowe, Captain Challenor, and A. J. Tweedie, who had performed so well at Madras, did not for one reason or another figure on a side which they would materially have strengthened. But, as it stood, the home eleven was a strong one, especially in batting. For it was captained by the Gloucestershire cricketer, W. Troup, and C. T. Studd, B. N. Bosworth-Smith, and K. O. Goldie are names that need no introduction to English cricket. Marsham, who proved most successful in the event, is a cousin of the Oxford skipper, Hignell is another useful Oxford cricketer, and Hoare and Guise two bowlers much above the average of amateur trundlers.

Troup won the toss, and sent in Cheetham and Goldie to face the bowling of Williams and Powys-Keck. After Cheetham had fallen to Williams, Goldie and Hignell put on runs quickly till Simpson-Hayward took the ball and soon dismissed Hignell and Bosworth Smith. Another disaster befell the home team when Troup, who was preserving an imperturbable defence, was obliged to retire owing to an old gunshot wound in his hand breaking open.

This was a stroke of bad fortune which may have made much difference. On the third day, when Marsham and Bosworth-Smith made a prolonged stand, the presence of Troup would have been invaluable. The wicket, after the effect of the roller wore off and the soil worked loose and soft under the coir matting, played very queerly, the ball never coming off at a true pace and continually bumping or shooting. The rest of the side after Goldie's dismissal were soon accounted for, Studd being last out to a fine catch at the wicket off Powys-Keck. Williams added one more to his previous bowling performances. At Bangalore he had taken nine wickets for 58 runs, at Madras four for 20 and five for 50, at "Trichi" two for 17 and six for 12, at Calcutta none for 31, two for 41, six for 34 and four for 33. He followed up these really fine performances by taking in the first innings at Delhi, five wickets for 38. A much better bowler than he looks from the pavilion, Williams has the great merit of always trying to get the batsman out, and his slow ball, which causes the batsman to get out with what looks like a palsied shot, is a very deceptive one. He has also a very good fast ball which whips back, but that he does not bowl often enough. The Authentics scored 2 runs for no wickets before stumps were drawn for the day. It rained heavily during the night, and when the match was resumed, after an hour's delay, the wicket was slow, the outfield heavy, the weather cold, and the light bad. Chinnery hit his wicket down early next morning, being one of three batsmen who executed that unusual shot during the match. Hollins and Hornby then, with their usual consistency, added 50 runs for the second wicket, and the Authentics looked like making a big score. But the ball began to bite again as the effect of the roller passed off, and they were left with an advantage at the close of the

innings of only 17. Hoare bowled extremely well, making the ball go away quickly, and Guise, too, did well when the wicket worked loose. Key alone, besides Hornby, looked like making runs. He started hitting 4's in all directions, and probably never felt more at home at the beginning of an innings; but his career was brought to a close by French, who stumped him smartly when he ran out to hit and missed.

The light had been bad all day, and it was certainly no better when the home team began their second innings. They began it with a disastrous collapse. Hignell was snapped at the wicket in Powys-Keck's first over; Williams clean bowled French and then deceived Goldie with his slow ball, and then Cheetham's wicket was shattered by the left-hander. Four wickets had fallen for 18 runs when Marsham joined Bosworth-Smith. The score would have read five for 20 if Headlam, who had just previously been knocked out of time in collision with the batsman, had not missed Bosworth-Smith at the wicket off Williams. As it was, no more wickets fell that night, Marsham being left not out 36, and Bosworth-Smith not out 12.

The cricketers were present that night at the State ball, a ball unique in its brilliancy and in its setting. It took place within the Fort, in the Palace of the Mogul emperors, which, as at Agra, lies within their ancient stronghold. For those beautiful halls, built by an emperor for occasions of splendour such as this, delicate halls of wonderful work, miracles of rare device embroidered with a mosaic of precious stones, are enclosed, together with that architectural gem, the Moti Musjid, the Pearl Mosque, within the massive red sandstone walls and battlements of the Fort, and you approach them through the great Lahore or Delhi gates. The scene in the Diwan-i-Am (Hall of Audience) is unforgettable. It can never be surpassed for splendour, never

equalled in its brilliant variety of costume. The dark sandstone arches and ceiling of the vast room were softened in tone by the blaze of well-placed electric lights above. Beneath the great pillars passed and repassed the uniforms of every branch of the Service. From the Commander-in-Chief to the Volunteer, from the Horse Gunner to the Highlander, from the Dragoon to the Catch-'em-alive-oh, all were there, adding each their touch of colour to the prevailing white of the ladies' dresses, the darker tones of the civilian uniforms, and the magnificent full dress of the leading native chiefs, with their treasuries of precious stones upon them. Nothing, you thought, could be more superb, till you entered the supper-room and saw the dazzling white marble walls of the Diwan-i-Khas (Hall of Private Audience) with their delicate tracery of golden lines, a tracery which does but outline, on walls and ceilings, pillars and many-pointed arches alike, the birds and flowers, the fruits and beasts of Hindustan, painted in jewels by the mosaic-workers. It is impossible to conceive a ball more successful or to imagine a spectacle more radiant. But after the ball, cricket — and it must be confessed that the Authentics next morning were a long way after the ball. Their fielding for the first hour or so was slack, and their bowling wretched. The result was that the overnight batsmen added 102 for the fifth wicket before being separated. Marsham played brilliantly, whilst Bosworth-Smith showed that his powers of defence and scoring are as great as ever. He totalled an invaluable 30 before being clean bowled by a good one from Williams. He had been missed at the wicket overnight, as stated, but the Fortunes of Nigel began and ended there. Marsham, whose 68 was made by really good and vigorous cricket, might have been stumped off Simpson-Hayward, and gave an easy chance to

Williams at mid-wicket off Ridley before Powys-Keck got him l.b.w. in attempting to hook. Powys-Keck then quickly finished off the innings, and came out with the fine analysis of five for 27.

The Authentics were left with 127 to get to win, and they lost two wickets for 17 before tiffin. Considering the condition of the wicket, there seemed every probability of a close finish, but after tiffin Hornby and Simpson-Hayward soon put the matter out of doubt. Both hit out merrily in all directions, and before they were separated the match was morally won. Hornby carried out his bat for an excellent 70, the best and most vigorous innings of all the good scores he had made out here. He only gave one chance—a hard one to the wicket-keeper. But that detracts but little from the merits of his display, and does not reflect upon the skill of French, who kept wicket admirably throughout. Full score and analysis :—

GENTLEMEN OF INDIA.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
K. O. Goldie, b. Powys-Keck	37	c. Hornby, b. Williams	6
H. C. Cheetham, c. Hollins, b. Williams	11	b. Powys-Keck	3
S. K. R. Hignell, b. Simpson-Hayward	18	c. Headlam, b. Powys-Keck	0
B. N. Bosworth-Smith, ht. wkt., b. Simpson-Hayward	2	b. Williams	30
W. Troup, retired hurt	5	absent, hurt	0
W. F. Marsham, b. Williams	7	l.b.w., b. Powys-Keck	68
C. T. Studd, c. Headlam, b. Powys-Keck	11	b. Powys-Keck	4
D. O. French, c. Hornby, b. Williams	11	b. Williams	1
J. W. Guise, b. Williams	0	b. Powys-Keck	6
E. Foulkes, b. Williams	0	c. and b. Simpson-Hayward	5
H. F. Hoare, not out	3	not out	0
Byes 7, l.-b. 6	13	Byes 12, l.-b. 5, w. 2, n.-b. 1	20
Total	118	Total	143

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	15	2	38	5	18	3	30	3
Powys-Keck	13	6	30	2	17	8	27	5
Simpson-Hayward	5	0	18	2	8	1	29	1
Hornby	6	0	19	0	2	0	8	0
Ridley	...	...	...	...	3	0	27	0

Hornby delivered two no-balls in the first innings.

AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
H. B. Chinnery, ht. wkt., b. Hoare	9	b. Hoare	5
A. H. Hornby, b. Guise	54	not out	70
F. H. Hollins, b. Guise	22	b. Hoare	7
R. A. Williams, b. Studd	0		
R. H. Raphael, run out	10	b. Guise	11
K. J. Key, st. French, b. Hoare	17	not out	1
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b. Hoare	7	b. Hoare	31
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Goldie, b. Hoare	12		
J. N. Ridley, c. and b. Hoare	0		
C. Headlam, ht. wkt., b. Guise	1		
H. J. Powys-Keck, not out	0		
Byes	3	Byes	3
Total	135	Total (4 wkts.)	128

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Hoare	19	1	51	5	14	1	45	3
Foulkes	6	0	22	0	4	0	27	0
Cheetham	5	1	5	0	4	0	16	0
Studd	5	0	26	1	3	0	12	0
Guise	12	1	26	3	8	2	25	1
Goldie	1	0	2	0	...	...	...	...

Hoare delivered one no-ball in the first innings.

VII

THE FRONTIER: PESHAWAR AND RAWAL PINDI—LAHORE

ELEVENTH MATCH—*v.* PESHAWAR

(Played January 12, 13, and 14, and won by the visitors.)

THE Authentics remained in Delhi one day after winning their match with the Gentlemen of India, and were present at the great review, when 30,000 troops, representing every arm of the Service, and a record number of squadrons of cavalry, marched past the Duke of Connaught, the Viceroy, and the Commander-in-Chief.

Then, after some hard work at Delhi Railway Station, we got away in the direction of Peshawar—a very long and a very cold trip. It was on this journey that at a dinner which was meagre and unappetising Hornby suddenly produced to our immense gratification a plum-pudding. It is entirely to this tinned, belated, Christmas viand, a present, by-the-bye, from that keen cricketer, Mr. Campbell Hulton, that I attribute the colossal score which we compiled at Peshawar.

No view of India would be complete without a visit to a frontier station, and there is no frontier station more typical or interesting than Peshawar. A vast plain runs up into a horse-shoe of hills, and on the tongue of this

plain stands Peshawar, facing the Khyber Pass, the advance post that guards India from the north, the mart wherein half Asia bargains, the British cantonment wherein, if you go out after dark without a lantern, you are likely to be shot first and challenged afterwards by a picket lurking in a ditch. It is a new India for you again here, and it gives you a new sensation. The rest of India is so astonishingly orderly and safe; here on the frontier you are on the confines of barbarism and unconquered lands, in the home of blood-feuds, rifle-thieves; face to face, if you are caught outside cantonments after sundown, with almost certain death. You are but eight miles or so of dusty, arid plain from the great range of mountains through which runs the back door of India—the Khyber Pass. Only two days a week is the pass open, when it is picketed by the Khyber Rifles,—Afridis whose business it is to guard the pass and see that the caravans, from Afghanistan or Central Asia, pass safely through. Some of us rode out to Jumrood Fort, which lies before the entrance of the pass, and had a look at the two Afridi villages which, situated only a few hundred yards apart, are at open and continual feud. Sniping and knifing is the rule of the road here, and, unless you are tired of life, you do not venture outside the cantonment after sundown. "Is it safe here?" asked a distinguished visitor the other day. "Quite," was the reply, "unless you are shot at." There may be no resentment in such shooting; it is not a question of rebellion, but undoubtedly it is a fine thing to kill a white man—especially a Burra sahib! Such are the surroundings, but within cantonments are racquet courts, cricket and polo grounds, and hedges of roses. This is the cantonment. A mile or two away is the native city—another contrast;

for here you have trade and manufacture in all their primitive conditions of insecurity and unrest. The close-packed bazaars and the crowded streets, which constitute all there is of Peshawar City, bear witness to the great transit trade of this ancient, oft-sacked mart; trade from Bokhara, Kabul, and Central Asia, persistent, profitable, insecure. The armed merchants in their heavy pushtins, the laden camels, the mingling nationalities, the waxcloth-workers, and the working silversmiths, you linger to watch them all, for the primitive conditions of business are nothing if not picturesque.

Lord Hawke's team found at Peshawar the best wicket of all those they played on in India, and with a regiment which has so fine a cricketing record as the Queen's quartered here, it was not surprising to us to find the wicket had not been allowed to deteriorate. Yet when one looked at the arid, friable, stone-strewn soil as one rode hence to the Khyber Pass, one was inclined to wonder whether Apted and all his appliances could produce a plum wicket here. Yet thanks to long and careful watering and rolling, the Peshawar dust had bound into a sort of concrete which Apted might envy. It will serve to indicate the climatic conditions of the place when it is added that, in order to keep the hard nightly frosts from breaking up the ground, the wicket had each night to be covered up. The nights, in fact, in these parts are intensely cold, and the huge wood fires burning in the mess seem very home-like, but in the middle of the day you begin to thaw under the bright sun shining in a clear sky. At five o'clock again you are in your thickest greatcoat.

The military ceremonies attendant upon the arrival of T.R.H. Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were paying

a visit to the station, and were present at the cricket match in the afternoon, called several of the home team away, so that a start could not be made till one o'clock. But, Key having again been skilful enough to win the toss, the forty-five minutes before tiffin were turned to such good advantage that 110 runs were scored for the loss of Williams' wicket. Chinnery was beautifully caught by Neale at cover just when he appeared well set, but Hornby, who had been missed at mid-off, and Hollins both scored brilliantly, Hornby lashing out with a will and driving with refreshing vehemence, whilst Hollins was hitting to leg and cutting in superb fashion. Hollins added yet another century to his list before he was clean bowled in trying to cut the longest hop in Asia. His runs were obtained by the most stylish cricket, the fast true wicket showing off his brilliant strokes behind the wicket to perfection. Raphael being left not out with 64, the score was 350 for five wickets when time was called. Key had knocked up a characteristic 36. It was the game to get runs quickly next morning, and between 11.15 and 2.0 almost another 350 runs were added. Of these Simpson-Hayward contributed just over 200—the largest score of the tour with the exception of Captain Greig's completed 204. In collecting these runs he took every possible opportunity and made more, but, in spite of running every risk, he only gave one chance—in the deep after he had reached his century. Lancaster beat him several times without hitting the wicket, but otherwise there was no blemish in a really fine display of hitting, in which straight drives and hooking were the favourite strokes. In spite of the heavy scoring against them, the home side never grew slack in the field. Their fielding was, in fact, remarkably

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck . . .	8-5	3	16	2	22-3	12	21	9
Williams	9	1	25	7	15	3	49	0
Hornby	1	1	0	1	13	5	26	1

Williams delivered one no-ball in the second innings.

An off-day was passed very pleasantly with the aid of racquets, tennis, garden parties, and a dance at the club, where the Oxonians had been most hospitably entertained during their stay, under the good care of the S.S.O., Captain Johnstone. Thereafter we caught the early morning train to Lahore, where we were due to play a strong side representing the full strength of the Punjab.

On arriving at Lahore, the civilian centre of the Punjab, where the Honourable F. Robertson and V. H. Wilson had got together a very strong side against us, those of us who were the guests of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Charles and Lady Rivaz, found on emerging from the railway station some old friends awaiting us. They were the camels in the camel-carriage which had attracted so much attention at Delhi. Varied are the scenery and flora with which you meet in different parts of India, varied the character and physique of the different breeds who inhabit the land, and almost as varied are the types of vehicle. The ramshackle four-wheeler which is known as a *tikka-ghari* is an almost universal conveyance in the big towns, but in addition there are the low class *ekkas*, which are a bad type of Irish car ; there are tongas, covered carts drawn by mules or by pairs of swiftly-trotting little bullocks, there are tum-tums and elephants, there are rickshaws, and in Madras the clumsy bath-chair in which the opulent Box-wallah loves slowly to peregrinate. It is called a push-push. But of all the strange types I saw none had struck me at Delhi as so strange as the high-swung Government carriage of the Punjab, drawn by its eight lanky camels, steered by



STREET SCENE, LAHORE

From a Photo by Mr. H. B. Chinnery

postilions. And now I discovered that though it might look strange it was deliciously comfortable, and speedy withal. For the eight camels are capable of swinging along over the ground at a steady fifteen miles an hour. As a variation in the means of locomotion Sir Charles sent us out, in the afternoon, on an elephant to see the sights of Lahore. This emphatically is the right way to see them. On the back of an elephant you are raised high above the squalor and the smell of the bazaar, and thus wending your way in stately fashion through the narrow streets, you appreciate all the colours and the animation of the crowded scene, and you admire at a proper level the beautifully carved balconies of the houses, undisturbed by more terrestrial considerations.

There was much that interested me in Lahore. First there was the great bronze cannon, the famous gun made by Shah Wali Khan in 1762, the Zamzamah, as it is called, or Bhangianwali Top,—Kim's gun. There was also the beautiful mosque of Vazir Khan, where the magnificent mosaic and tiles with which the brick walls are covered were the first things I had seen in India that recalled to my mind the effects of the Alhambra. And there was the fort, embracing the Palace of Akbar, with its curious façade, and those works of Shah Jehan, the exquisite palace of mirrors, and the Nau Lakha which take you straight back to Delhi and to Agra. I tried to look at the Diwan-i-Khas, but it is now used as an English church, and was closed. A friendly Tommy who helped me to explore comforted me—"But there's nothing to see, sir," he said; "it is quite small." This naïve revelation of a new standard of art criticism conjured up in my mind a vision of the Sistine Madonna. Many years ago I was sitting in the little room in the Dresden Gallery where Raphael's masterpiece is enshrined, when an American looked in. He seemed impressed by the

picture, and beckoned to a friend with whom he was rushing round the gallery. The friend looked in and hastily passed on. "I'm not going in there," he said, "there's only one!" Of a different sort was the pathetic exclamation of the tired tourist who had been religiously "doing" the Accademia at Florence. The guide brought him up to the statue of David, and, to my surprise, merely said, "David, by Michael Angelo," supposing that the work of art would speak for itself. But to the exhausted sight-seer the name only suggested other names and other works. "Oh!" he said intelligently, "did he too go in for carving?" Points of view do, of course, vary enormously, and they are not always easy to imagine. Who, for instance, could have invented the reply of an American who had just been visiting the Louvre, and who, in answer to an inquiry as to what had most pleased him there, said, "Well, I guess what struck me most was that piece of sculpture representing Romeo and Juliet taking nourishment from a wolf"!

Government House, at Lahore, is a building of some interest, for it is the tomb of Mohammed Kasim Khan, cousin of the Emperor Akbar. He was a great patron of wrestlers, and the handsome room in which we dined was part of Wrestler's Dome, the last resting-place of that great patron of the ring.

THIRTEENTH MATCH—*V*. THE PUNJAB

(Played on January 19, 20, and 21, and won by the Authentics.)

The cricket ground at Lahore is one of the most charming in India, but owing to the climatic conditions the wicket was not a good one. Heavy dew, several degrees of frost, and a warm sun in the middle of the day combined to make it play very queerly throughout this match. Low

scoring was the order of the day, and what was to have been a three-day match was over by four o'clock on the second afternoon. The game, however, was close and interesting, and full of incident. The team which had been chosen to represent the Punjab was decidedly a strong one, especially in batting. It was skippered by Captain H. B. Champain, who will be remembered as a Gloucestershire player. He had the misfortune to be run out in both innings, but he kept wicket brilliantly throughout the match on a trying pitch.

Simpson-Hayward, who had been unable to play at Pindi owing to a bruised hand—an injury received in the last over of the match from a very hard return—had sufficiently recovered to take his place on the side. He had a curious match, for after his previous innings of 203 (not out) at Peshawar, he took a pair of spectacles at Lahore. But he had his revenge with the ball, for he bowled extremely well in both innings, and took altogether nine wickets for 46 runs.

Key won the toss, and, after some deliberation, decided to bat first. It was one of the occasions on which winning the toss is not a good stroke of fortune, and it was soon evident from the way the ball kicked and hung that runs would be difficult to get. Robinson, a well-tried bowler of Lahore, made the most of his opportunities, and with the aid of Portman and Cairnes carried all before him. With the exception of Hollins, who scored a useful 31, chiefly from loose balls to leg, no one survived for long, most of the batsmen succumbing to balls that kicked up as they were endeavouring to hit. Seven wickets had fallen for 74 when Headlam joined Key, and these two put on 30 runs before the former was caught. Key was playing magnificent cricket all this time. The balls were popping about in dangerous fashion, and Champain behind the wicket was taking them above his topi or brushing them off his nose like flies. But whilst other batsmen were scratching for

runs, failing to hit, or succeeding only in being hit, Key cared for none of these things. He seemed really to be enjoying himself. He got out of the way of the dangerous balls, and hit every other one safely in any direction. It was a stirring exhibition of brilliant cricket under those difficult conditions which have so often in the past revealed him at his best. Luckily Powys-Keck stayed with him when nine wickets had fallen and kept up his end with great determination, so that when Key was out at last for a wholly admirable 52—a score worth many easier centuries—the total amounted to 150. Robinson had taken seven wickets for 65.

The first innings of the Punjab was not marked by any striking feature till Champain came in late. It was a bowlers' day, and, though both Williams and Powys-Keck failed to get a length and both seemed somewhat stale after their performances at Peshawar and Pindi, wickets fell regularly. Simpson-Hayward, going on when 50 was on the board, bowled with great effect till Champain arrived, who played him with great confidence and hit up 19 before being foolishly run out. The Authentics held a lead of 49, but they had a bad half-hour that evening, and, in a failing light, lost three of their best wickets for 10 runs. Next day Chinnery and Raphael adopted forcing tactics with considerable success, and between them contributed 62 out of the 90 that were made for nine wickets. It remained for the last wicket once more to add nearly 50 runs. Powys-Keck again proved very difficult to dislodge, after Key had shared the fate of the rival skipper and been badly run out. Kershaw, however, amply atoned for this error of his by a very plucky exhibition of hitting. His 31 (not out) included two huge drives for 6 and two 4's, besides other minor items. He had several times on the tour come to the rescue of his side on a bad wicket, but this was perhaps his best performance.



AUTHENTICS *v.* THE PUNJAB

The Punjab was thus left with 190 to get to win, and, considering the state of the wicket—which was still inclined to bump—this was a large score for fourth innings. Forty-nine, however, were scored for one wicket, and a close finish seemed possible. At this point, however, Stockley was bowled by Simpson-Hayward for a valuable, if somewhat lucky, 26, and Cookson found no one else to stay with him. The old Harrovian played very sound cricket till he was well caught at deep-square-leg by Key. From this moment everything went in favour of the visitors. A magnificent one-handed catch by Hornby at "silly" point got rid of Portman; Ahsan-al-Hak was bowled by a clinker from Simpson-Hayward; Fink caught at the wicket off the same bowler; and Champain, for the second time, run out by his partner calling for a short run to Hollins. Simpson-Hayward clean bowled the last two men, and an interesting game thus ended in favour of the Authentics by 100 runs.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
H. B. Chinnery, b. Robinson . .	4	c. Lumsden, b. Cairnes .	25
A. H. Hornby, c. and b. Robinson .	9	c. Champain, b. Robinson	2
F. H. Hollins, c. Stockley, b. Cairnes	31	c. and b. Lumsden . . .	0
R. A. Williams, c. Cairnes, b. Portman	11	b. Lumsden	4
R. H. Raphael, c. Portman, b. Robinson	11	c. Cairnes, b. Portman . .	37
K. J. Key, c. Lumsden, b. Portman	52	run out	15
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Ahsan-al-Hak, b. Robinson	0	c. Cairnes, b. Portman . .	0
J. E. Tomkinson, b. Robinson . .	0	c. Fink, b. Portman . . .	5
C. Headlam, c. Stockley, b. Robinson	11	b. Lumsden	0
F. Kershaw, c. Champain, b. Robinson	0	not out	31
H. J. Powys-Keck, not out . . .	15	c. Cookson, b. Robinson .	16
Byes 8, l.-b. 2	10	Byes 7, l.-b. 3	10
Total	150	Total	145

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Robinson	15	2	65	7	13	0	67	2
Ahsan-al-Hak	3	0	11	0	...	...	...	...
Portman	10-4	3	34	2	9	1	31	3
Cairnes	5	1	15	1	4	1	11	1
Stockley	5	1	11	0	2	1	1	0
Lumsden	...	...	...	...	10	3	25	3

PUNJAB.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Capt. H. R. Stockley, c. Chinnery, b. Williams	10	b. Simpson-Hayward	26
L. P. Collins, c. William, b. Powys-Keck	9	l.b.w., b. Hornby	5
G. Cookson, b. Simpson-Hayward	14	c. Key, b. Williams	28
G. H. S. Fowke, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Hornby	7	l.b.w., b. Williams	3
Ahsan-al-Hak, c. Hornby, b. Simpson-Hayward	10	b. Simpson-Hayward	5
C. C. Fink, b. Powys-Keck	3	c. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	6
F. J. Portman, c. Hornby, b. Simpson-Hayward	10	c. Hornby, b. Williams	2
Capt. Cairnes, b. Powys-Keck	0	not out	9
Capt. H. B. Champain, run out	19	run out	3
S. M. Robinson, b. Simpson-Hayward	2	b. Simpson-Hayward	1
O. F. Lumsden, not out	1	b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Byes 13, l.-b. 2, n.-b. 1	16	Byes 4, l.-b. 1, n.-b. 1	6
Total	101	Total	94

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck	14	2	21	3	5	0	11	0
Williams	7	0	24	1	8	2	23	1
Simpson-Hayward	15	8	26	4	10-2	3	20	5
Hornby	7	3	14	1	8	1	34	3

VIII

NATIVE CRICKET AND THE ANGLO-MOHAMMEDAN COLLEGE AT ALIGARH

INDIA is a far larger country than people who have never visited it can readily imagine.

Its inhabitants are composed of races as widely separated by prejudice and tradition, breed and creed, as it is possible for human beings to be. Variety and contrast are the key-notes of India, and the variety extends to climate. Our cricket tour gave us a taste of the game under all sorts of conditions.

At Bombay, in November, there was a blinding, baking sun, and exhausting heat ; at Bangalore the cold comfort of an English summer's day ; at Madras and Trichinopoly the moist, enervating heat of their cold weather, which soaks your tobacco, so that you despair of ever keeping your pipe alight ; at Calcutta and Delhi, in December, cold nights and beautiful warm days ; at Peshawar and Rawal Pindi 14 degs. of frost at night, and bright, dry days that remind you—with the snow-clad hills in the distance—of the bracing atmosphere of Davos Platz.

With such a variety of climatic conditions it is natural to find that the times and seasons at which cricket is usually played vary too.

At Bombay, as a rule, cricket is only played in the monsoon (May–July), when the rains make a grass wicket possible, and the hot sun on the soaking soil makes a

bowler's life worth living, and the batsman's lot not too happy a one.

At Calcutta, on the other hand, Christmas is the time for cricket. Calcutta in December and January—those months when the Riviera is a fraud and England impossible—rejoices in an absolutely ideal climate. As to the rest of the year, silence perhaps is best. Though ice and aerated water and electric punkahs, and the possible escape to a hill-station have ameliorated life there incalculably, it still remains true of the inhabitants that they "are annually baked four months, boiled four more, and allowed the remaining four to become cool if we can" (Sir Philip Francis).

In the northern stations, on the contrary, such as Peshawar, cricket is played all the year round.

But the striking fact is that all over India, from Peshawar to Tuticorin, from Bombay to Calcutta, cricket at one season or another is played, and played not by Europeans only, but by natives.

The growing interest of the native in sport of all kinds is one of those striking and significant facts which are never recorded in Blue-books. Polo and shikar (*i.e.* hunting, shooting big game, small game, &c., &c.), are, of course, the national sports of India, but owing to the increasing prices of ponies and the rapid development of the country, these are becoming every day more and more the recreations of the comparatively rich man—of the rajah and the sahib. But the meanest schoolboy can play a sort of cricket.

First the hunter, the missionary, and the merchant, next the soldier and the politician, and then the cricketer—that is the history of British colonisation. And of these civilising influences the last may, perhaps, be said to do least harm.

The hunter may exterminate deserving species, the missionary may cause quarrels, the soldier may hector, the politician blunder—but cricket unites, as in India, the rulers and the ruled. It also provides a moral training, an education in pluck, and nerve, and self-restraint, far more valuable to the character of the ordinary native than the mere learning by heart of a play of Shakespeare or an essay of Macaulay, which is reckoned education in India, and which has unfortunately acquired so high a market value there that "Failed B.A." has come to be reckoned as an asset in the fortune of a Babu.

These are truisms, but they are none the less true. That they are recognised by men of light and leading in India is evident from the calculated encouragement which they give to their young "flannelled fools" to excel in the game.

The Parsees are perhaps the most intelligent and progressive; they are certainly the most Europeanised race in Asia. They can also claim to be the leading native cricket community of India, for their first club was founded as early as 1848.

It is interesting to note that the ancient Persians, from whom the Parsees are descended—for, being persecuted as Zoroastrians, they fled to Hindustan in the year A.D. 650—used to play a game called chowgangui, which is supposed to have been closely allied to cricket.

The leading Parsees do all in their power to foster the love of the game in their sons, and players like Mistri, Billimoria, and Mehta have been quick to take advantage of the opportunities such cricket-loving native princes as the Thakore Sahib of Wadwhan and the Gaekwar of Baroda have afforded them. Above all, that keen sportsman, the late Maharajah of Patiala, who used to engage the services

of J. T. Hearne and Brockwell out here every winter, did much to improve the standard of native cricket.

The moment you begin to play a bowler like Mehta you are aware of his cricket history. He bowls intelligently and tries as hard to get you out as Jack Hearne himself, and by almost as many methods as Walter Mead.

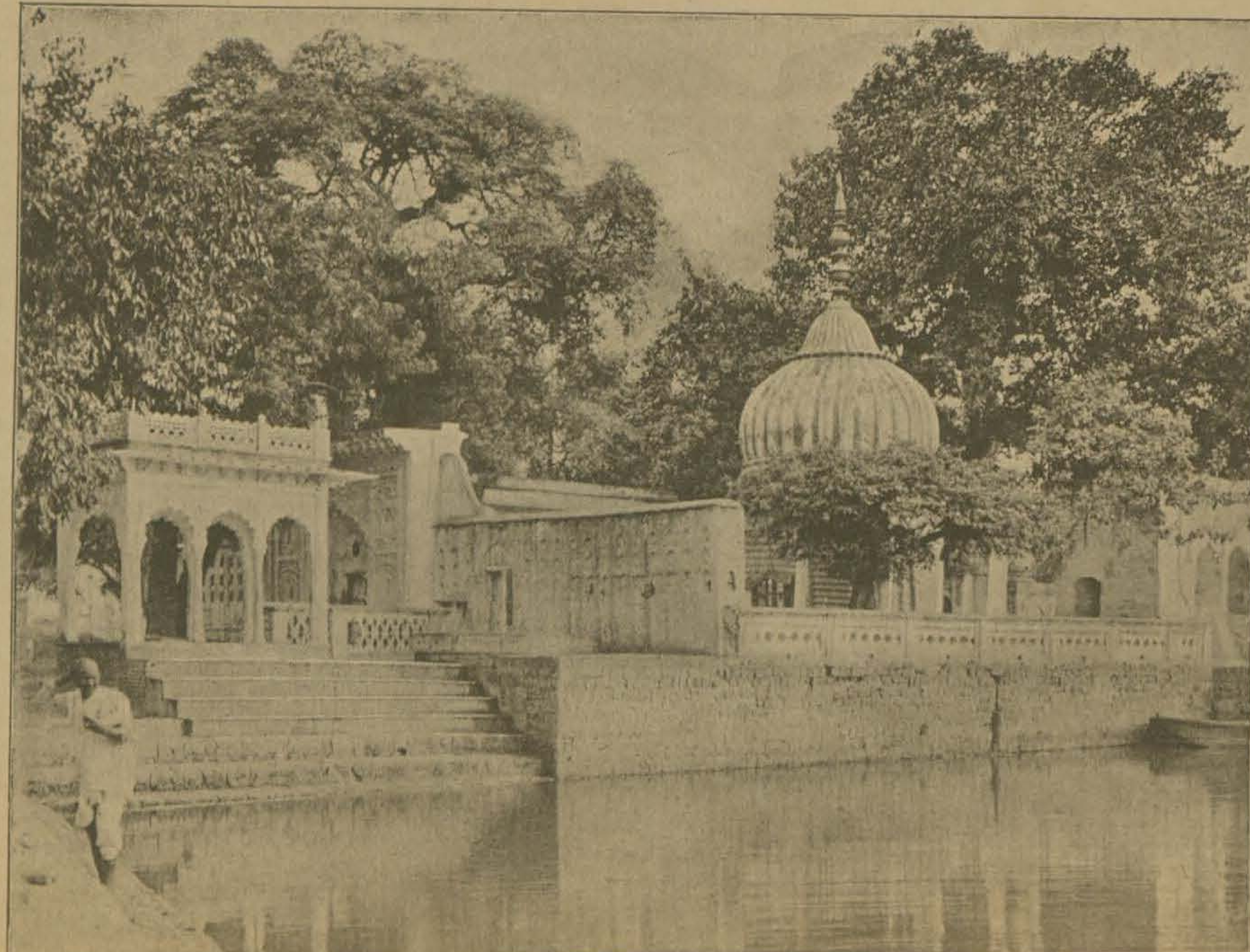
Deliberately encouraged, then, for whatever motive—whether from love of sport or desire for moral improvement—cricket has undoubtedly caught on with the native, especially in Bombay.

His enthusiasm is astonishing, and the standard of play is far higher than the English cricketer would readily believe. You are accustomed to seeing street-arabs in London playing with bat and ball, a lamp-post for a wicket, but in Bombay it strikes you with surprise when at every street corner and in every open space you behold the young Hindu or youthful Parsee batting and bowling with the utmost keenness.

Hindu cricket is a plant of later growth, and its development may be said to date from the days when Lord Harris was Governor of Bombay. The Hindus have not yet acquired the experience which is of such importance in playing a big match, but in Jaya Ram and Banda they have two fine batsmen; in Balu and Narayan Rao two unusually good bowlers; and in Sheshachari a remarkably smart wicket-keeper. It will not be long before they are on even terms with the Parsees.

Not that the Parsees are a first-class side. They would take rank, but not at the very top, with the second-class counties at home. But on their own ground they are a hard side to beat, for their fielding is very good, they bowl from No. 1 to No. 8, and they all bat.

In this department they have improved greatly of late



MONKEY TANK, ALIGARH

From a Photo by Mr. K. J. Key

years, and in Mehromjee they have a batsman who looked to be quite first-class.

But of late another star has risen in the Indian cricketing world.

There are few more interesting movements in modern India than that which has resulted in giving an eleven composed of the past and present members of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh a claim to be considered one of the best elevens in India.

Though they were morally beaten by our team the Mohammedans can point with pride to the record of having beaten Patiala's team in its day of great strength, and of having lowered the colours of a weak team of Parsees as well. One of their side—Ahsan-al-Hak—has been seen on English cricket grounds, and in Ali Hasan they possess a bowler whom many good judges have declared to be one of the best bowlers in the world.

It is only twenty-seven years ago that the college was started; but it had the germ of its being in the days of the Mutiny.

Its founder—the late Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, K.C.S.I., a descendant of the old Imperial family of Delhi—was a scholar, but a scholar who combined with liberal views extraordinary foresight and practical wisdom.

Staunch in his loyalty to the British cause, he showed great personal bravery in saving the lives of several British officers in those dark days. He seems to have arrived at the conclusion then that the inculcation of European ideals and the lessons of modern science were the only method of saving his Mussulman co-religionists from political inanition.

At a time when the mere learning of the rudiments ot English was regarded as equivalent to renouncing Islam, he began as a religious reformer to plead for a more liberal attitude.

He started an institution for the translation of leading European scientific works. He came to England, and studied the educational methods of our Universities; and, returning to India, proceeded to collect subscriptions with a view to founding a Mussulman college at Aligarh, which should be a centre of enlightenment and progress.

The usual fate of a reformer awaited him. An outcry was raised that he would destroy religion and undo Mohammedanism. He was declared a heretic at Mecca, and a price put upon his head. But he disregarded such opposition just as he disregarded the opposition of those who scoffed at the scale on which he began to lay out his college, with its huge "quads," like in size to those of Trinity or Christ Church.

For the men who could see that he was right in thinking that education is a necessary thing nowadays for a nation or a creed rallied round him, and supplied the funds he needed for his project.

The college, which began in 1875 with sixty-six students and an annual income of £500, has now over six hundred students, and an income of nearly £6000 a year. And the buildings, which were regarded as extravagant, are not sufficient to contain all the would-be scholars.

They come from all quarters of the globe and from every centre of Islam; from all parts of India, that land of many countries, and from beyond the borders of India, from Baluchistan, for instance, and Burma, from Hunza, Somaliland, Arabia, and Uganda.

Sir Syed's ideal was to inform his college with something of the tone and *esprit-de-corps* of an English public school. The man whom he chose and persuaded to come out from Cambridge, the man who gave his life to the realisation of this ideal, was the late principal, Mr. Theodore Beck. His

work is being carried on by other Cambridge men, with Mr. Morison at their head.

The encouragement of manly sports of all kinds in combination with secular and religious instruction is the peculiar note of our public school life ; and this note, which some Anglicising Frenchmen are endeavouring to introduce into France, is being echoed here in India at Aligarh. Cricket, football, and hockey are all played by the students, cricket especially with extraordinary enthusiasm and remarkable success.

Whither so strange a movement as this may lead it is impossible to say. The grain of mustard seed sown by Sir Syed has grown already beyond expectation and beyond belief.

If a new Islam, united and inspired by modern education and new ideals, is to arise hence, there is no limit to the possibilities which the imagination can picture, not altogether with equanimity. But in the path of the progressive Mussulman there are many thorns strewn. It was my good fortune, when playing cricket at Aligarh, to attend a debate at the "Union" there. The question whether it was desirable for Mohammedans to adopt European customs was earnestly and hotly discussed. The adoption of European ideals, education, and games means—it does not occur to you at once, but so it is—the adoption of European dress. And that is no small thing, in its significance. It means also a domestic revolution.

If the Mohammedans are to be modern, if they are to meet on equal terms the Europeans who are, like them, subjects of the King-Emperor, many of them perceive that they must alter their home lives and marriage customs. Their women must be educated and no longer secluded.

To such a step you can hardly imagine the opposition not only on the part of the ordinary Mohammedan man, but also on the part of the uneducated woman. Women, wrote George Meredith, will be the last thing civilised by man.

I began to write on cricket in India, and have been led away to discuss many apparently distant topics. But cricket and purdah ladies, education and Mohammedanism—do not these suggest somehow that eternal contrast and communion of East and West which is the very flavour of modern India?

To return, then, to my subject. Our match with the Past and Present Students of Aligarh College had, in the light of the performance of both teams, been looked forward to with great interest, but it ended in a disappointment. The first day's cricket was played out on a very nasty wicket, which had been spoiled by too many *mussacks* of water earlier in the week, and on the second day heavy rain rendered all play impossible. So far as the game went, it was a bowler's match, and the strength of the Aligarh team lies in its bowling. Ali Hasan has a high and well-deserved reputation, and he bowled in a manner worthy of it. Jack Hearne and others had often warned me of his prowess, and prophesied that he would shatter our wickets. Well, Ali Hasan came down like a wolf on the fold. He breaks both ways with remarkable rapidity, and to a remarkable extent, and, moreover, conceals his change of break, as also his change of pace, with great success. Like Shafkat, who is also a fine bowler with a very dangerous fast ball, he bowls, perhaps, too much at the wicket, and it was noticeable that the field was placed to save runs rather than to make catches. As a matter of fact, not a single catch was made in either of the Authentics' innings.

Key won the toss, and, though there was a drying wind and sun, and the wicket was clearly over-wet, decided to take first innings, as the pitch seemed likely to wear. The bowlers did not find their length at once, and Chinnery and Hornby both hit out brilliantly, Chinnery in particular making some very splendid drives. But after a few overs both Ali Hasan and Shafkat got on the spot, and carried all before them. The Authentics made runs quickly, and went out quickly. In an hour and twenty minutes, in spite of a three-er boundary and falling wickets, they totalled 97, and were then all out, the two bowlers sharing the honours, though Shafkat had the advantage of bowling on the end which was most untrue. The College lost one wicket for 20 runs before tiffin, Syed, their captain, who had shaped very well, being clean bowled by Simpson-Hayward. Afterwards, Williams, who was bowling very well, got rid of Ahsan-al-Hak with a swerver, and got Masud smartly stumped in playing forward. The former, who, it will be remembered, was tried for Middlesex once or twice last year, got his runs well, and looked the most dangerous batsman on the side. After his departure the Aligarh batsmen failed to make any stand against the bowling of Simpson-Hayward. He was not bowling at his best, the wind behind preventing him from getting his length with any certainty, but he flurried the Collegians with his strange offbreak. Lack of experience in playing important matches tells on these occasions, and the batsmen were no doubt too easily *gabrowed*. Simpson-Hayward took seven wickets for 34 runs, and three of these with consecutive balls. He was presented by the last batsman of the trio with a fez, in token of the hat-trick, which will doubtless become an heirloom in the Hayward family.

The Authentics in their second innings fared a little better than in their previous effort. The wicket had dried a little, but the light failed in the latter part of their innings. Again only three batsmen reached double figures, Chinnery alone making a good score. His 40 was another very brilliant and useful innings, and contained some splendid off-drives, for which, however, only three runs were registered. Two of the boundaries were only marked as worth three—a plan which, besides being a handicap both to batsman and bowler, has the further disadvantage of making the score somewhat deceptive.

The Collegians, as the result of the day's play, were left with 182 to get in the fourth innings, and—though cricket is not a game of certainties—it is safe to say that under anything like equal conditions they had no more chance of getting them than a snowball has in Gehenna. As it turned out, they had no chance of trying. Heavy rain and thunderstorms came up in the night. The ground was under water by midday, and, though every chance was given it to recover, and both sides were most anxious to finish, there was nothing for it at last but to abandon cricket and take to football. A very close game under the Association rules was fought out between the rival representatives of Oxford and Aligarh. At half-time Aligarh had scored one goal to nil. Then Williams equalised for the Oxonians, and Simpson-Hayward soon scored again. But just before time the Mohammedans, playing up gamely against their heavier but less practised opponents, scored again, and honours were easy as the result of a good match. Score of the match :—



AUTHENTICS *v.* M. A. O. COLLEGE, ALIGARH

AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
H. B. Chinnery, b. Ali Hasan	33	b. Masud	40
A. H. Hornby, l.b.w., b. Ali Hasan	14	st. Hamid, b. Shafkat	8
F. H. Hollins, b. Shafkat	9	ht. wkt., b. Abul	20
R. A. Williams, l.b.w., b. Shafkat	2	l.b.w., b. Ali Hasan	17
R. H. Raphael, b. Ali Hasan	1	b. Masud	1
K. J. Key, b. Shafkat	4	b. Ali Hasan	16
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b. Shafkat	8	b. Ali Hasan	5
F. Kershaw, b. Ali Hasan	16	not out	8
C. Headlam, b. Ali Hasan	3	b. Shafkat	0
J. E. Tomkinson, b. Shafkat	1	b. Abul	5
H. J. Powys-Keck, not out	1	b. Abul	0
Byes 1, l.-b. 4	5	Byes 15, l.-b. 6	21
Total	97	Total	141

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Ali Hasan	11	2	43	5	12	0	47	3
Shafkat	10-4	0	49	5	11	0	40	2
Abul	...	...	...	...	5-2	0	19	3
Masud	...	...	...	...	6	0	13	2

ALIGARH.

Ahsan-al-Hak, b. Williams	16
Syed, b. Simpson-Hayward	3
Abid, b. Williams	6
Ali Hasan, b. Simpson-Hayward	3
Razzak, st. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	12
Masud, st. Headlam, b. Williams	1
Hamid, st. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	5
Moghni, b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Shafkat, l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Abul Hasan, not out	8
Shafkat, b. Simpson-Hayward	0
Byes	3
Total	57

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Williams	12	4	20	3
Simpson-Hayward	11-2	1	34	7

IX

AGRA AND JHANSI

On leaving Aligarh some of us went out after black-buck, others straight on to Jhansi and got some good bags of duck and snipe, and the rest of us went to Agra, where Ralph Duckworth of the South Staffords had been good enough to make arrangements to put us up and to make us honorary members of the mess—a kindness we all very highly appreciated. We had been very hard at work, playing and travelling, since we left Delhi, and our few days off at Agra came as an oasis of sight-seeing in a desert of cricket. The Durbar, as a show, apart from its political and Imperial significance, was worth going all the way to India to see; the Taj Mahal remains at Agra artistically the perennial attraction of India.

I rode up in the afternoon to the Fort, a magnificent red sandstone piece of military architecture redolent of the Italian Renaissance; magnificent it is, and within is the Palace, the Pearl Mosque and the Gem Mosque, the Diwan-i-Khas and the Diwan-i-Am, jewelled masterpieces as exquisite in their inlaid loveliness as the castle without is grand and imposing. Beautiful beyond words is the marble lattice-work, beautiful the flowers inlaid on the white marble, beautiful the marble pavilion, and the marble colonnade through which you gaze down on the river below and the opposite shore; beautiful in themselves, and

still more beautiful in contrast with the copper plating of the Golden Pavilion and the cool tones of the stern red sandstone, where they repose like the delicate lace-work of a woman's mantilla resting on a soldier's breast. As I looked across the river in the dazzling sunlight I seemed to be once more in the Alhambra, and my eye wandered vaguely up and down looking for the hills across the gorge, the Sierra Nevada and the Generalife. And as I so gazed there burst upon my view, in the distance, up the river, the white glories of the Taj Mahal. White, and yet soft in its pearly whiteness, the Crown Lady's Tomb nestled beneath on the right bank of the Jumna. The clear waters reflect the ethereal loveliness of that last resting-place of Shah Jehan's favourite queen. At each corner of the mausoleum four slender white minarets stand like sentinels guarding her, or like acolytes attending.

From that moment Agra had nothing for me but the Taj. The grandeur of the Fort, the beauty of the Moguls' palace faded before my eyes. Most picturesque is the bazaar at Agra, and the old native town with its curious monoliths; interesting is the Jumma Musjid and the vast red sandstone tomb of Akbar, with its beautiful cloister of white marble above and the cenotaph near which was found the Koh-i-nur. I saw these and was impressed by the grand solitude of the Conqueror's Tomb. I saw the Tomb of I'timada-daulah (father of Arjmand Banu) and found it beautiful exceedingly; and full of interest too is Fatehpur-Sikri, the deserted city twenty-two miles off, which Akbar built, and which stands as he built it, splendid, intact, uninhabited as ever. The stalking of black-buck on the way home added to the excitement of that day's expedition. And yet I saw all these things as in a dream. There was one thought predominant, one build-

ing persistent in my imagination every moment that I spent at Agra. It was the vision of the Taj.

You know the story.

Shah Jehan was the grandson of Akbar, the first Mogul Emperor of Hindustan, the son of Jehangir, and the father of Aurungzebe. And whilst he was yet young, still busy campaigning and conquering India for the Moguls, he married (1615) a beautiful Persian, Arjmand Banu, whom men called Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the Chosen of the Palace. Her above all wives and women he loved, and when in bearing him her eighth child she died, he swore, seeing how much he had loved her, that the Crown Lady should be crowned by the most beautiful tomb in the world. For seventeen years the Persian artists in his service laboured to fulfil his vow. They built for him the Taj Mahal as they built the palace, the pearl and cathedral mosques at Agra, the fort and palace at Delhi. They fulfilled his vow ; the artists from Shiraz, Bagdad, and Samarkand performed the bidding of the Mogul Emperor, but the whole scheme of that warrior-artist they were destined not to complete. For after he had reigned thirty full years, his son, Aurungzebe, rose up against him and dethroned him, keeping him prisoner in his own mosque at Agra. There, till 1645, he was tended by his daughter, Jehanara, until at last, when he was old and very feeble, he begged to be laid in a chamber in the palace, whence he could gaze down the green waters of the river and behold the beautiful resting-place of his beloved queen. It was destined to be his own resting-place too, but that he had not intended. The gorgeous scheme which the emperor's active brain had devised was interrupted by the movement of his rebellious son. You wonder now at the grandeur of the scheme, and dimly imagine its projected beauty. For Shah Jehan's idea was to build on the bank opposite to the

Taj yet another mosque and tomb for himself, which, in contrast to the pearly whiteness of the Crown Lady's Tomb, should be built of black marble, the male counterpart of this womanly ideal. And a beautiful bridge of marble also, an Eastern Bridge of Sighs, was to connect these two sepulchres. Well, we have at least the Taj, and we can look at it from the window in the Palace whence Shah Jehan when old and fallen on evil days, on evil days when fallen, used to gaze across upon the tomb of his beloved. In that tomb they buried him by her side; his daughter and faithful attendant, Jehanara, dying also, begged that no monument should be built for her, the "humble, transitory Jehanara."

The Taj is not visible from the road by which you approach it. You pass through a gateway into a court-yard, and there dismount opposite a great archway of red sandstone delicately traced with white threads of marble. Confusedly you look about you for the dazzling mosque you have come to see. You go up the few steps of this gateway, and then suddenly before you, framed to an inch by the soft red sandstone arch, is revealed the miracle of beauty, the perfect gem of architecture which is called the Taj Mahal. A channel of clear water flanked by trees and beautiful shrubs carries the eye straight up to the pearly dome, which is raised on a platform exactly four square. At each corner of the platform is a minaret, and these four minarets complete the picture and provide, in combination with the red-domed buildings that flank the Taj, a perfect setting to a perfect gem. Tourist after tourist arrives at this spot and says that these minarets are like lighthouses; you cannot sit and look at the Taj for half-an-hour without hearing that remark many times, but it is made chiefly by those who regard beautiful things as a duty to be done, and are, like one honest man whom I

heard groan after he had looked but a minute upon the Taj, then mutter in sepulchral tones, "I don't think I'm good at sightseeing!" The secret of the beauty of the Taj, like that of all beautiful things, lies in the proportions of it. Here it would seem that the ideal of proportion has been attained; how perfect it is you may gauge by the impossibility of saying whether the Taj is large or small, high or broad, or of comparing it in these respects with other buildings. Unless you have learnt the figures from a guide-book you simply cannot say. You have no idea at the time or afterwards. All you know is that its size and proportions change as you move, even as those of the Parthenon or Salisbury Cathedral change when you walk round the Close, but they remain always perfect in unison and effect.

You draw near as you walk along the avenue that leads to it, and your eye, which has hitherto been absorbed by the perfect beauty of the whole, begins to analyse and take note of the details that compose it, of the full white dome in the centre, and the smaller dome on eight arches which nestles at each side. Again, you cannot tell the proportion of those pearly domes to the rest of the building; you only know that they are superbly beautiful. And that you know also is true of the rest of the building. "The centre of each face is a lofty-headed gateway rising above the line of the roof; within it is again a pointed caving recess, half arch, half dome; within this again a screen of latticed marble. On each flank of these, and on the facets of the cut-off angles, are pairs of smaller, blind recesses of the same design, one above the other. From each junction of facets rises a slim pinnacle."

As you approach, whether in the blinding sunlight or by the lamp of the brilliant Indian moon, you notice how the strong shadows thrown on part of these blind recesses by

the slanting light at once relieves and intensifies the whiteness of the whole. You notice also, if you are accustomed to European buildings, the absence of windows. The Taj is like an Indian box of delicate ivory open-work. In Europe the desire is to admit the light; in India the aim is to keep it out, especially when the material is of the brilliancy of the marble here, lest the glare should be intolerable. It is only, therefore, through double screens of white marble trellis-work, one without and one within, that the light is admitted in chastened rays to the centre of the dome. There lie, side by side, the tombs of Mumtaz-i-Mahal and Shah Jehan. Their bodies rest in a vault below, as is usually the case in Indian sepulchres. These show-tombs themselves, and the later exquisite trellis-work screen that surrounds them, are inlaid with precious stones. That fact alone would be wonderful, but this beautiful style of ornament, exquisite in design, superb in colour, is applied also to all the spandrils of the Taj, to all the angles, and almost all details. Inlaid frets and scrolls of coloured marbles, wreaths of jade and agate and cornelian, the craft of Persian mosaic workers, jewellers working in marble, everywhere adorn the Taj in rich but elegant profusion. You are left speechless in the presence of such splendour and such grace—speechless, till you have examined and delighted in the delicate sculpture and chaste designs of the ornamentation in low relief which abounds in the building, and then passing within the screen approach the tombs themselves. Then you find cause for words; for will it be believed that the tombs of Shah Jehan and Mumtaz-i-Mahal, tombs of white marble inlaid with precious stones, are the seats of some miserable native guides, impertinent to the occasion as a Cicerone at San Marco, who offer to light you to the vault beneath?

And they use these tombs as stands on which to rest their filthy hurricane lamps, which exude foully-smelling, foully-staining petroleum oil upon the pure marble of those priceless cenotaphs, stained already a dirty yellow perhaps beyond redemption. Has the maternal Government of India no means of persuading these ruinous rascals to depart?

And yet some such desecration was almost necessary, some such vulgarisation the just penalty of so public and perfect a tomb. It helps, does it not, in some sort to console you and me, to cure us of our jealousy? For, in despair at the beauty of the Taj, one is tempted to be jealous of the man in whose power it lay to build such a memorial to his love. His fame and deeds are known, *his* mummy has not become merchandise, *his* dust has not served to bung a hole to keep the wind away; his works live, his very love is immortalised, and to his favourite wife he has given lasting life. We may work as worthily, we may love as devotedly, but what mark shall we scratch on the sands of time, or what life beyond the grave can we bestow upon our beloved?

TAJ MAHAL

Shah Jehan, when his Queen was dead,
  Grieving sore for the perfect wife,
Built the Taj, and he laid her head
  Beneath the tomb that gives her life.

Dante wrote, when his dream was past,
  Th' tale of his love, and with his pen
Made Beatrice, his at last,
  Live for aye on the lips of men.

What can I do for my dear love?
Loving not less, but more tenfold,
I cannot rear a Taj above
Her dead corpse, or our tale unfold.

Nay, if I could I would not choose,
Publish you to the world, not I!
Share you with all the crowd, and lose
You, in such immortality!

You shall live in my heart, dear heart,
Our souls shall mingle when we die,
We shall live with no aid from Art,
Each for the other, eternally.

We met again, after our shooting expeditions and sight-seeing, we met again at Jhansi, minus our captain, who was taking a rest at Agra. On our way from Agra we passed the splendid fort of Gwalior, scene of the death of the Rani of Jhansi, who died fighting at the head of her troops against the English; but unfortunately we were not able to stop there, nor, indeed, was it possible for us to visit or to play any of the native States of Rajputana in the course of our tour, since their attention and energies were engrossed by the business of the great Durbar at Delhi, and the invitations we received we could not accept, once our programme had been arranged.

The formation of the country in these parts, with its rough scrub and frequent kopjes, is very like that of the South African veldt; but the pretty little cricket ground, with its groups of palm-trees and the jungle round, reminds one more of the traditional Indian scenery of the oleograph

than any ground in India. After a series of difficult wickets, the Authentics found an excellent pitch at Jhansi. We had got out of the region of frosty nights, and cricket was played in the most delightful weather imaginable. The Bundelkhand District was represented by a fairly strong batting side, and they won the toss. But none of their "fliers," with the exception of Whatford, came off. The wicket was perfect, and its attractions for the batsman were increased by the fact that the popping-crease was marked 6 inches or so too far from the stumps, but Powys-Keck chose the occasion for a very fine bowling performance. He took eight wickets for 53 runs, nearly all of which were made by Whatford. This batsman gave a chance off him to the wicket-keeper when he had scored 20, but, with that exception, scarcely made a bad stroke. His runs were got by cricket as bright as it was stylish. He uses a long reach to the full, and plays with a very straight bat; his forcing strokes past point and extra-cover were especially brilliant. It may be that these were open to the criticism of being rather "blind shots," highly dangerous on any but a very true wicket, but he certainly got over the ball in a wonderful way, and I was told that he was very successful also on wickets less true. Whatford is an old Harrovian, but never got into the Harrow XI., and he was at Cambridge, but never got his "Blue." There is no doubt, however, that he is now—at any rate on a fast wicket—a very good bat indeed. He will be remembered as a prolific scorer at Eastbourne some seasons back.

Having dismissed their opponents thus cheaply, the Authentics went in and scored rapidly. The bowling was weak, and they attacked it in a holiday spirit. Chinnery played sound though brilliant cricket, but Hornby hit

wildly, and had several lucky escapes. Hollins, in compiling his 31, completed his 1000 runs on the tour. He was out to a magnificent one-handed catch at long-leg. Williams, who had been very much out of form with the bat since he left Bombay, made his 54 in good style before being run out, and Raphael notched one less with the aid of one 6 and seven 4's, which he earned by fine, straight drives. Simpson-Hayward was not long in hitting up 43; and at twelve o'clock on the second day, when eight wickets had fallen and 306 was on the board, Hollins declared the innings closed. The closure, as it turned out, was very neatly timed. The home team were 155 behind, and they were all outed for 153. Another fine innings from Whatford, and some plucky hitting by Fateh Muhammad, the ground man (who had taken five of the eight wickets that fell for 110), alone redeemed the visitors from a complete collapse. He displayed a great turn of speed in running out to the lobster, whom he really played extremely well. Simpson-Hayward, Powys-Keck, and Williams divided the wickets, and Tomkinson secured his first wicket in India with a "lob." The match was over by half-past three, the Authentics winning easily by an innings and more.

We employed our spare hours in playing tennis and dancing at the Jhansi Club; and in visiting the magnificent rock fortress which the British Government received in exchange for Gwalior from the Maharajah of Sindia. Next day we took our leave of Jhansi, grateful to Lieut.-Colonel Burne of the 40th Pathans for all his trouble on our behalf, and we set out for Allahabad. Full score:—

BUNDELKHAND DISTRICT.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
G. C. Whatford, b. Powys-Keck . .	82	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	55
R. T. Copeland, c. Tomkinson, b. Powys-Keck	11	c. Raphael, b. Williams .	4
C. T. Allen, b. Powys-Keck . . .	5	l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	10
T. H. Beasley, b. Powys-Keck . .	0	b. Williams	14
Fateh Muhammad, b. Powys-Keck	4	l.b.w., b. Powys-Keck . .	26
R. Lyon, b. Simpson-Hayward . .	0	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	8
G. Thornton, b. Powys-Keck . .	36	l.b.w., b. Powys-Keck . .	5
W. A. Stokes, run out	4	c. Chinnery, b. Powys-Keck	4
E. G. Hill, b. Powys-Keck . . .	3	b. Powys-Keck	2
G. S. Cooper, b. Powys-Keck . .	2	b. Tomkinson	5
R. Duckworth, not out	1	not out	11
Byes 5, l.-b. 1	6	Byes 8, n.-b. 1 . . .	9
Total	154	Total	153

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck . .	19	4	53	8	17	5	48	4
Williams	11	2	45	0	8	1	32	2
Simpson-Hayward	8	0	25	1	11	2	34	3
Hornby	7	0	25	0	4	0	21	0
Tomkinson	...	...	...	...	2	0	9	1

AUTHENTICS.

H. B. Chinnery, b. Fateh Muhammad	41
A. H. Hornby, c. Whatford, b. Cooper	38
F. H. Hollins, c. Fateh Muhammad, b. Cooper . .	31
R. A. Williams, run out	54
R. H. Raphael, b. Fateh Muhammad	53
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Whatford, b. Fateh Muhammad	43
F. Kershaw, c. Cooper, b. Fateh Muhammad	5
J. E. Tomkinson, not out	15
C. Headlam, l.b.w., b. Fateh Muhammad	5
Byes 18, l.-b. 6	24
* Total (8 wkts.)	309

J. N. Ridley and H. Powys-Keck did not bat.

* Innings declared closed.



FAKIR ON NAILS

From a Photo by Mr. K. J. Key

X

ALLAHABAD — MOZUFFERPORE — LUCKNOW — CAWNPORE

Allahabad lies on a tongue of land which is formed by the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges. To this fact it probably owes its very existence, for the confluence of the two sacred rivers makes it a very holy spot with devout Hindus. It is a favourite scene of pilgrimage. Every year in January or February pilgrims flock in enormous numbers from all parts of India to attend the Mela or ancient religious fair which is held on the banks of the vast streams. Here they encamp in straw huts temporarily constructed, and they bathe in the waters of the sacred rivers. Afterwards they have their heads shaved completely, save for a little tuft, which is left in order that, like the Chinamen, they may be pulled up to heaven thereby. The hair thus cut off is piled on a stack, which sometimes measures as much as 15 feet by 5 feet, and this, at the end of the fair, is thrown into the river. We were fortunate enough to find this festival in progress at the time of our visit. Nothing is more interesting to the traveller in India than the great fairs and festivals, the passion-plays and the myriad temples, the endless ceremonial of the bathing-ghâts, the saints and recluses, the ascetics and the gods of Hinduism. They are not always attractive, either in presentation or in suggestion, to the Western mind, but they are always strange. What

could be more weird than the multitude of fakirs and holy men whom we saw here, undergoing their horrible self-imposed penance, "stammering gospels," as *Kim* put it, "in strange tongues, shaken and confused in the fires of their own zeal, dreamers, babblers, and visionaries"? Or what could be more strange than the large recumbent figure of the god Hanuman, which the Ganges every year buries in deep sand and which every year is dug up again at the season of the Mela?

Here, then, as it had been in a microcosm, the Ganges revealed to you a vision of the religious life of the East; a mile or so away the same mighty river provided an example of the practical labours of the Western workers. Early one morning, before cricket, Sir John Stanley drove me down to see the great bridge which is being constructed over the Ganges here by the engineers of a new railway line. We were shown the method by which the huge piers are sunk in the river-bed, and it was explained that only a certain amount of work could be done before the rains. Then, when the river rose and covered with its irresistible volume of water the full mile and a half of sandy bed that stretched out before us, the half-formed piers would have to be left and the stone beginnings abandoned until the river fell, months hence, and the engineers could begin again their interrupted task of bridging the Ganges. How much of their work would have held, how much would have been swept away, was the question that could then be answered. And the question was an anxious one, for it extended not only to the foundations of the bridge proper, but also to the huge wedge-shaped *bund* which was being run out into the river from the far bank. The object of this embankment is to narrow the channel, for the theory of the engineers is that the river-bed is wider than it need be, and if it can be

narrowed many thousands of rupees will be saved the bridge builders. The construction of this enormous dam is being done entirely by hand labour; a countless army of men and women—eight thousand coolies, says the engineer—stream up and down the walls of sand in ceaseless strings of black humanity, and each, as he reaches the top, deposits there his basket-load of sand, adding his tiny contribution to the mountainous mole. They looked like ants, myriads of black ants, on the side of a hill, but it was a hill of their own making. It was literally a case of those

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

which the poet assures us

"Make a mighty ocean
And a pleasant land."

I do not know that the land was particularly pleasant in this case, but the strength of these thousands of puny units will master the might of the giant river. At least next rains will show whether Ganges has been muzzled successfully or not—whether "Mother Gunga" will bear her irons. The whole scene reminded one irresistibly of Kipling,[1] appropriately enough, for is it not at Allahabad that the *Pioneer* is published, the great paper on which that unequal genius came to write after he had done his 'prentice work in journalism on the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore?

[1] The Bridge Builders, in "The Day's Work."

SIXTEENTH MATCH—*V.* UNITED PROVINCES

(Played on January 31, February 2 and 3, at Allahabad)

The Authentics arrived at Allahabad on the morning of the 31st, and expected to find as hot a reception in the cricket field as they did receive a hearty and hospitable welcome on all hands from that keen old cricketer the Chief-Justice, Sir John Stanley, downwards. For though the United Provinces could not be considered to be fully represented in the absence of Goldie and Marsham, yet in bowling at least they had a formidable side. But expectation was disappointed. The match ended in a fizzle, for the batting of the home side collapsed so completely that the game was over in a day and a half, and might have been over earlier if any effort had been made to get the second innings finished off quickly. The Authentics, as it was, won very easily by an innings and 40 runs.

Key, with his usual good fortune, won the toss. His side was fresh out of the train after a long journey, and they made a bad start, losing Hornby and Hollins before either got going. Both wickets fell to Ali Hasan, and on a wicket which was easy in pace but allowed the ball to do a good deal of work, it seemed possible that he would dismiss the side as cheaply as he and Shafkat had done at Aligarh. But Chinnery, who had scored well against these bowlers before, began to hit very brilliantly, and, profiting by a life which he received at the hands of extra-cover, proved very disconcerting to the bowlers. His example was followed by Simpson-Hayward, who played free but sound cricket, and with innumerable fine straight drives soon reached his century. It was a remarkably good innings against really good bowling. Thanks to some



HINDU BATHING FÊTE, ALLAHABAD

From a Photo by Mr. N. J. Key

rapid scoring by Raphael and Key, the score reached 250 for five wickets by tiffin, and these runs had been made in barely two hours. After lunch, however, a change came over the game, and thirteen wickets fell for less than 70 runs—a change that did not appear to arise from any alteration in the condition of the wicket. Hoare, who had not been bowling at his best in the morning, proved very successful now. He caught and bowled Key off a very hard return, and cleaned bowled the next two batsmen with balls which broke tremendously, one from the off and the other from leg. As Williams, who had missed his train from Jhansi, was not able to play till the second day, the Authentics were all out for 265—not a bad score in the circumstances.

The surprise of the match was provided by the batting of the home side. A rot was begun by some very effective bowling on the part of Powys-Keck. Making the ball swerve to an astonishing degree, he got rid of the three most dangerous batsmen with balls that swung feet in the air. The rot thus begun, there was no one to stop. The remaining batsmen fell an easy prey to the two lobsters of the team, for at the end of the innings both Tomkinson and Hayward were bowling. The second innings was almost a repetition of the first. Again three of the best batsmen were slung out by Powys-Keck, and, though the Authentics then took things very easily, the remainder of the side hardly occupied the wickets till lunch time, Captain M'Conaghy, Captain Beasley, Abid Husain, and Hoare alone doing anything to stem the tide of disaster. The first-named hit out pluckily, and did something to redeem the general tameness of the batting. Hill had the misfortune to "bag a brace," and the Authentics treated their old Oxford confrère very badly, for he was run out before

he received a ball, and had been bowled in the first innings by the only one he had. And this was all the reward he received for the *dik* and worry he had taken to organise the match and look after these ungrateful Oxonians! The "off" day they had earned in this manner was very pleasantly spent at a garden party and in the racquet court, and in shooting black buck and crocodiles (*mugger*) on the Ganges. In the evening we were entertained by some excellent "private theatricals," after which "Jumbo" Aspinall contributed some excellent "Authentic Tales," whilst Hoare's performance of "Silly old Punch and Judy" was enough to make the angels—laugh. And so to Mozufferpore, the headquarters of the Behar Wanderers. Score:—

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AUTHENTICS.

H. B. Chinnery, c. Beasley, b. Wace	60
A. H. Hornby, c. and b. Ali Hasan	0
F. H. Hollins, l.b.w., b. Ali Hasan	5
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Ali Hasan, b. Shafkat	100
R. H. Raphael, c. Abid Husain, b. Hoare	22
K. J. Key, c. and b. Hoare	24
J. E. Tomkinson, not out	20
F. Kershaw, b. Hoare	0
C. Headlam, b. Hoare	0
H. J. Powys-Keck, c. Shafkat, b. Ali Hasan	0
R. A. Williams, absent	0
Byes 28, l.-b. 5, w. 1	34
Total	265

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Ali Hasan	13	1	55	3
Shafkat	13	0	75	1
Wace	6	0	54	1
Hoare	10	0	47	4

Wace bowled one wide.

UNITED PROVINCES.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
G. G. Wace, b. Simpson-Hayward	14	b. Powys-Keck	5
T. L. Whatford, b. Powys-Keck	2	c. and b. Powys-Keck	0
E. H. Pruce, b. Powys-Keck	2	c. Hollins, b. Hornby	19
Abid Husain, b. Simpson-Hayward	14	l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	18
Ali Hasan, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	c. Chinnery, b. Williams	1
Capt. M'Conaghy, b. Powys-Keck	2	c. Tomkinson, b. Williams	2
Capt. Beasley, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	b. Hornby	26
Rev. W. Cutting, c. Hornby, b. Tomkinson	14	c. Key, b. Williams	1
H. J. Hoare, l.b.w., b. Tomkinson	4	not out	24
E. G. Hill, b. Tomkinson	0	run out	0
Shafkat Husain, not out	8	b. Powys-Keck	1
Extras	8	Extras	20
Total	68	Total	157

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck	10	5	19	3	8	2	23	3
Simpson-Hayward	14-5	5	25	4	10	0	47	1
Tomkinson	5	0	16	3	...	...	...	...
Williams	...	...	...	...	14	2	45	3
Hornby	...	...	...	...	6-1	0	22	2

Williams bowled a wide in the second innings.

SEVENTEENTH MATCH—*V.* BEHAR WANDERERS

(Played at Mozufferpore, February 5, 6, and 7)

Mozufferpore is the capital of the indigo planters. One of the pleasantest features of a planter's life is the recurrence of a meet. Several times during the cold weather it is the custom to gather together and invite friends from Calcutta or elsewhere, who come and camp out for a few days, determined to enjoy themselves. Then paper-chases and Gymkhana meetings, pig-sticking, and pursuit of the speedy

jackal (no mean substitute for our fox, be it said), and dances and theatricals at the Station Club are the order of the day. The visit of the Oxford University Authentics, who came to give battle to the Behar Wanderers, once victorious over Lord Hawke's team, was made the occasion of such a meet, and mightily enjoyable they found it. Only the sudden death of a well-known sportsman and planter, "Skipper" Wilkinson, on the second day of the match cast a gloom over the meet, and caused the abandonment of prepared festivities.

Bengal is the garden of India, and the Behar district is the garden of Bengal. Here for many years the planters of indigo have lived and flourished exceedingly, and whilst they flourished they earned the reputation of being the most sporting lot of fellows in India. Their cricket team was a fine one, and when some years back they toured through India their progress was triumphal. But the ingenuity of a German chemist has brought hard times on the once prosperous plantations. By a synthetical process they now make indigo out of coal-tar in Germany, and though for the highest quality of dye you still must go to Behar, the bottom has been knocked out of the industry. Men are turning their attention now to other crops—potatoes, tobacco, sugar are all being tried, and, it is hoped, will meet with success. But this transition stage is not good for cricket. The planters have not forgotten their traditional hospitality, but they can no longer afford the leisure to maintain their cricket traditions, and many of their best performers have left the district. Therefore, to that German chemist the Authentics owe the easy victory which they scored at Mozufferpore.

Two changes were made in the Authentics' eleven. Aspinall kept the wicket in place of Headlam, and Clayton,

whose poisoned thumb had kept him out of the team since the first innings of the Parsee match at Bombay in November, was at last, to the delight of everybody, and not least of himself, able to resume his place. Nobody ever had harder luck on a cricket tour, and nobody could possibly have borne his bad luck and disappointment more cheerily than he did. So that everybody was pleased to see him in the second innings lay about him in a fashion that proved that his hand had not forgotten its cunning. Key, as usual, won the toss, and sent in Chinnery and Hornby. Both played good cricket till Hornby's wicket was shattered by Hudson, who bowled very steadily throughout the innings, and secured six wickets for 61. Chinnery, who had been scoring very consistently of late, played with more care than usual, but most attractive cricket for all that. He failed once more to reach his century, and came out with 89 of the best to his account. Hollins was the only other batsman to register many runs, and his 65 (not out) was not so well made as many of his previous fine scores. Indeed, with the exception of the Middlesex amateur, who had just worked into his best form, most of the Authentics seemed to be getting a little stale, which is not to be wondered at, considering the amount of travelling, hard cricket, and easy wins which they had gone through since the beginning of their tour, and especially since the beginning of the year.

The Behar Wanderers lost three wickets for 79 before stumps were drawn, Marsham, who had scored well for the Gentlemen of India at Delhi, being bowled by a clinker from Simpson-Hayward in the last over of the day. He had made 39 in sound, free style.

Next morning Simpson-Hayward clean bowled the next two batsmen with successive balls, and thereby, for the second time, performed the hat-trick—for Ali Simpson, it

will be remembered, did the fez-trick also at Aligarh. He now had a curious record, having scored two centuries, two pairs of spectacles, and done the hat-trick twice. He would seem to be fond of doing things in pairs, but I do not know what double event there is left for him to bring off now—unless indeed it is bigamy! In this innings he continued to carry all before him, and took seven wickets for 22 runs. An excellent 46 by Luce, compiled by sound, stylish cricket, was the only good remaining feature in the innings of the home team. The Wanderers had a tail, but Simpson-Hayward's seven wickets for 22 runs were the result of admirable bowling. Hudson, who bowled with great precision in the first innings, had had the chief share in getting the Authentics out before, but in their second venture, as so often happens, it was not the same bowler who came off. This time Lang was the effective man. His seven wickets would have been more cheaply earned if he had been able to command his slow ball better and to counteract a tendency to bowl to leg, but he bowled a lot of difficult balls, and the success of these two trundlers, and of Robinson at Lahore, reminded one of the fact that we had met hardly any left-handers out here among Europeans. Chinnery made a desperate effort to celebrate his birthday with a century, but without avail. His 69 was not so good a display as his previous one, for he was missed three times —in the deep, at short-slip off a mis-hit, and by the bowler. Hornby, Hollins, and Simpson-Hayward all made useful contributions, and the remaining batsmen, aided by bad catching, took to ballooning and light-hearted punching, till Key declared the innings closed, and gave the home team five minutes' batting. This he did under a misapprehension, thinking that there was half-an-hour instead of a quarter of an hour more when he applied the closure.

Everybody, therefore, was sorry when in the one over that was bowled before stumps were drawn, Judge Chapman, who had been keeping wicket extremely well all day, and who, besides being responsible for the organisation of the match, was a most kindly host to many of us, succumbed to a straight one from Simpson-Hayward.

Next day no one save Bentinck could stem the tide of disaster. Powys-Keck, Williams, Simpson-Hayward carried all before them, and the Authentics were left victorious by 345 runs. After the match the team dispersed in various directions—up country or to Calcutta—to meet again at Lucknow on the 12th. Full scores :—

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
A. H. Hornby, b. Hudson	32	l.b.w., b. Lang	28
H. B. Chinnery, c. Hudson, b. Pratt	89	c. Bentinck, b. Lang . .	69
A. H. Hollins, not out	65	c. Bentinck, b. Lang . .	36
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b. Lang .	10	c. Luce, b. Watson . .	38
R. H. Raphael, b. Lang	4	b. Lang	18
K. J. Key, c. Bentinck, b. Hudson .	21	b. Lang	18
F. G. H. Clayton, c. and b. Hudson	2	b. Hudson	25
R. A. Williams, c. Pratt, b. Lang .	10	c. Garrett, b. Lang . . .	5
J. N. Ridley, l.b.w., b. Hudson . .	6	c. Hudson, b. Lang . . .	5
H. J. Powys-Keck, c. Pratt, b. Hudson	3	not out	15
J. B. Aspinall, c. and b. Hudson .	0	not out	8
Extras	4	Extras	8
Total	246	* Total (9 wkts.) .	273

* Innings declared closed.

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Lang	16	1	74	3	24	2	116	7
Hudson	16-5	1	61	6	15	0	55	1
Watson	10	0	54	0	5	0	19	1
Pratt	11	0	44	1	4	0	21	0
Luce	1	0	9	0	2	0	12	0
Marsham	...	...	...	...	8	0	41	0

BEHAR WANDERERS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
A. H. Bentinck, b. Williams . . .	3	b. Williams	19
R. Warden, b. Powys-Keck . . .	0	c. and b. Powys-Keck . .	9
F. Luce, b. Simpson-Hayward . .	46	c. Hollins, b. Powys-Keck	0
H. Marsham, b. Simpson-Hayward	39	l.b.w., b. Powys-Keck . .	4
G. H. Garrett, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	b. Williams	0
E. P. Chapman, b. Simpson-Hayward	2	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	0
P. B. Hudson, b. Simpson-Hayward	14	run out	0
S. Lang, b. Powys-Keck	8	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	4
R. M. Maddox, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	not out	0
O. A. Pratt, b. Simpson-Hayward .	3	b. Williams	0
A. H. Watson, not out	0	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	5
Extras	13	Extras	5
Total	128	Total	48

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck	10	1	38	2	11	4	17	3
Williams	10	2	37	1	5-3	2	11	3
Simpson-Hayward .	9-2	1	22	7	8	2	14	3
Hornby	3	0	17	0	...	...	...	...

LUCKNOW

India is gradually and very wisely learning to forget that small episode in her long career which we know as "The Mutiny." Less wisely, perhaps, she is beginning to forget some of the lessons taught to natives and Europeans alike by that episode. There are some places, however, and some occasions where the memory of the Mutiny seems to be still a very living and bitter thing. The Black Hole of Calcutta is the one incident of a previous conflict which every schoolboy has heard of and remembers. But the very site of that Black Hole and its surroundings had ceased to be perceptible in Calcutta; triumphant commerce had obliterated it, until the antiquarian enthusiasm of H.E. the

Viceroy retrieved it from what might perhaps have been regarded as a happy oblivion. Whilst we were in Calcutta we had the opportunity of hearing that brilliant, hard-working, and versatile administrator unveil the Holwell Monument which he had himself restored and presented to the capital. At Delhi the history of the later rebellion was recalled to our memories by that heart-stirring entry of the aged Mutiny veterans at the Durbar. It was brought very vividly before me by the remark of an old warrior whom I met the next day, wandering about near the Kashmir Gate. He asked me to direct him to the station. "The place," he explained, "has altered very much since my day." "What *was* your day?" I asked. "I have not been here," he said, "since we marched into Delhi in '57, through this very gate, and there was not a man, woman, or child to be seen in the whole city." Crowded as the streets then were with countless hordes of Durbarians from every quarter of the globe the contrast with the past which my veteran recalled was striking indeed.

There was little more to remind one of the Mutiny—except an occasional discussion as to the likelihood of another, until we came to play the last two matches of our tour, at Lucknow and Cawnpore. I was not well primed as to the history of that horrible affair, but I knew that at Cawnpore there was something to see, for had not one of our team, when first he saw the list of our cricket fixtures, exclaimed with joy, "I'm jolly glad we've got a match at Cawnpore—because then we shall be able to see the Black Hole of Calcutta!"? And at Lucknow, one knew that there had been a splendid defence of the Residency.

The ruins of the Residency stand apart from the city. The houses which once surrounded it and gave cover to the besiegers have been cleared away. Nothing now remains

but roofless houses, bare walls of a room where Sir Henry Lawrence died, crumbling outposts bespattered with bullet-marks, and the great tower of the Residency, marked with cannon-balls, but still proudly erect and still proudly above it the Flag of England waves.

In contrast with the decay of the buildings, which have been deliberately left untouched, is the beautiful condition of the turf and the carefully kept luxuriant garden in which those buildings stand. Most impressive is this place, in its silence, in its ruin and its beauty. You seem to be treading on holy ground, the scene of brave men's successful heroism. You seem here to have reached the end of one short page of history. But you catch sight of two large guns standing alone, beyond the tower of the Residency, and the sight of them transports you to another continent, where that page has but recently repeated itself. For these are the guns of the *Shannon*, brought up by the Naval Brigade from Calcutta under Sir William Peel; those at Ladysmith were the guns of the *Powerful*—emblems, both of them, of the sea-power of England; the power which gave her India and gave her South Africa, the power which enabled her brave garrisons to save India for her and to save South Africa.

"Will there ever be another Mutiny?" is a question I often heard asked and it was answered very differently. Some said "Yes," some said "No," some said "Who can tell? If it comes at all it will come from the quarter of the turbulent Mahrattas;" others, "It will come from the South, for the Madrassis did not mutiny before, and therefore they never got Hell." Others said, "It will not be a big show next time—not like the last. What could they do? They have no artillery now. Besides, if you know the native you know that he would not combine. He has no one to lead

him and no one to keep him together. All you will get is sporadic, spasmodic famine or plague riots." And others retorted, "If you know the native you know that you don't know him. He is childish, superstitious, unaccountable, easily impressed with a false idea, and, once impressed, ready to die for his belief. Once let him get out of hand and who knows where he would end? As to combination, look at the chupatties—look at that tree-smearing game the other day. Who knows? At any rate when there is a riot don't use blank cartridge." They *did* use blank cartridge or fired over the heads of the crowd at Cawnpore, a year or two ago, when the natives started burning a few policemen on account of the plague-regulations, and the result was very nearly extremely serious. As it was a good deal of killing had to be done.

At Cawnpore is the saddest of all records of the Mutiny—that Memorial Well in the gardens, into which Europeans alone may enter. It is a record of butchery of women and children, a reminder of nameless atrocities, which keeps alive resentment against the butchers. As in Calcutta commerce flourishes exceedingly at Cawnpore—Cawnpore leather and saddlery are known throughout the East. But the cloud of that diabolic insurrection hangs over the city. You are conscious here, as nowhere else so vividly in India, save Lucknow, of a dark shadow in the background. It was at Lucknow, or it may have been Cawnpore, that a D.C. came in to dine with my host and told the following curious story.

"Last night," so his tale ran, "as I was dining alone in my bungalow, I was informed that a native asked to see me on urgent business. After some hesitation I decided to see him. An old man was brought in, who after repeated salaams, finally flung himself on his face before me and besought me to fly. 'I have come,' he said, 'to give the

sahib warning. Fly at once. It is the only chance of saving your life.' I asked why. 'The natives have risen,' he replied, 'and they have massacred every white man in the city. You alone survive, and the mutineers are marching out now to your bungalow.'

"'How do you know that I am the sole survivor?' I asked.

"'Sahib,' he answered, 'I have been all over the city and I saw no white man there to-day. Only blood and blood. And I went even to the Court-house. There was a man there administering justice, like a sahib. But I watched him and watched him, and I saw that even he was not white. He had painted his face to look like a sahib, but when he opened his mouth I knew that he was not white. You can always tell a black man by his teeth——!'"

A curious story this, from which you may deduce what moral you please.

EIGHTEENTH MATCH—*V.* OUDH

(Played at Lucknow, February 12, 13, and 14)

Lucknow, the capital of the Province of Oudh, is a city of parks. The well-kept public gardens and lawns give to it an air of trimness and prosperity strange to most Indian towns. Beautiful she is, too, in her garish style whether you see her from the bridge over the river or from the top of the Mambara looking down on the gilt umbrellas of the Chutter Munzil—a palace on the bank of the Goomti now used as the club-house of the United Service Club, where we had a most enjoyable dance. "Kings have adorned her with fantastic buildings, endowed her with charities, crammed her with pensioners, and drenched her with blood. She is the centre of all idleness, intrigue, and luxury." So Kim, than whom who should know

better? But neither the population nor the prosperity of the place is what it was in the old days, when misgoverning kings of Oudh held court there. So it comes about that, as a curious comment upon the beneficial results of British good government and order, the women of Lucknow teach their children nightly to pray for the return of native misrule. The tombs, palaces, and buildings of these former kings, as well as the ruins of the famous Residency with its relics of the Mutiny, the Authentics were able to see at their leisure, as they finished off what should have been a three-day match in a day and a half, scoring yet another single-innings victory. The team which had been chosen to represent Oudh, although it was captained by Major Newnham, the old Gloucestershire skipper, and contained one or two well-known names, was not a strong one. They had the additional disadvantage of losing the toss, for in tossing Key continued invincible.

It was soon evident that the bowling was not over strong, and runs came quickly. Chinnery was not at his best, and Hollins, though he succeeded in notching 70, had at least four innings, but Hornby earned his runs by sterling cricket, and Clayton's 85 was made by fine, clean hits, unmarred by a chance. Simpson-Hayward rattled up 50 in double quick time, and Tomkinson hit well for his runs. The innings closed for a useful total. McPherson, who had a long bowl and had kept up his end well, came out best of the bowlers with six for 120.

At the end of a tour of this kind the last two or three matches gain an additional interest from the efforts of various players to round off their records. Hornby by his innings had brought himself within 36 of his thousand runs, and he bid fair to follow in the footsteps of Hollins, who had earned the distinction of being the first member of an English team

to score a thousand runs in India. At the commencement of the home side's innings Simpson-Hayward and Williams were also racing—and racing level—for a record. Each had taken ninety-one wickets, and out of the forty more wickets that remain to fall, each, it was hoped, would secure at least nine. Simpson-Hayward soon put the match beyond doubt as far as he was concerned. Since he got his hand in he had repeatedly done fine performances, but he now capped all his previous performances by taking eight wickets for 19 runs. Bowling with great spin and a fine length, he seemed quite unplayable, and had taken six wickets for 14 overnight. Next morning he added two more wickets to his account for 4 more runs. By capturing the first wicket which fell when Oudh followed on he achieved the distinction of being the first bowler among English visitors to collect a hundred victims in India. There were those who thought when a lob bowler was first announced, that, as previous lobsters had not been successful out here, he, too, might fail. But he is an original genius among bowlers, not so much a lobster as an under-hand flicker, and it was by really fine bowling that he had earned his century of wickets so cheaply, since he got his hand in. For some reason or other, batsmen are usually immensely disgusted—to judge from what one hears them say at the wicket—when they are defeated by a lob. I do not know why. Even the ordinary leg-break lob is a difficult ball not to get caught off if you go in for hitting it—and that a batsman usually makes it a point of honour to do. But Simpson-Hayward, who makes the ball come off the wicket as fast as most overhand medium-paced bowlers, and makes it break back far more than most of such bowlers can do, and who also, owing to his peculiar trick of delivery, causes the ball frequently to shoot dead

and frequently also to get up, gives the batsman not only something quite new, but also something in itself very difficult to play. And he had his reward in two hat-tricks and a hundred wickets obtained at the cost of astonishingly few runs.

Although, when Oudh followed on, they were dismissed for just over 100, no fewer than eight bowlers had a turn with the ball. Key, with two wickets for 13, brought his record up to four for 38, and, as Tomkinson got none for 18, he thus forced himself up to the head of the bowling averages, for a moment. But it was only for a moment. The turning point in the game was reached when nine wickets had fallen for 106. Chinnery had had his fling in the first innings and, thanks to an unaccepted chance, had failed to secure his solitary wicket in India. It remained for me to have my five overs on the tour. So, at this juncture, the desperate device was tried. As I took off my pads I remembered a similar scene—to compare great things with small—when at the Oval in 1884 Alfred Lyttelton likewise took off his pads in a test match, and with lobs took the last three Australian wickets for 11 runs. He told me afterwards that, as he had been throwing up the ball to the bowlers for a day and a half, he felt he must have got the right length for a lob. But I did not want to compete with Simpson-Hayward or Tomkinson. I merely asked for a deep square-leg and bowled overhand. At my third attempt I succeeded in delivering a straight half volley. If I were "W.G." it would have been said that the batsman fell into my leg trap. But I am not the Old Man; therefore it only remains to be recorded that the batsman hit that straight half volley round to square-leg—hit it very hard and not very high. I saw Chinnery begin to run along the boundary, and he ran, and he ran. He put his hand out at last and

knocked the ball up, then, still running, he played Lacrosse with it for what seemed like two minutes, then he stopped and juggled with it, and then, at last, he held it: *pukkaroed* it! It was a marvellous catch, and with one wicket for one run—average one—it made me appear in my true light at last as a bowler. I might be bottom of the batting averages—anybody could be that—but I was top of the bowling averages then, and there I determined to stay!

Major Newnham carried out his bat for a well-played 34, the best as well as the highest innings on his side. It was evident that most of the other batsmen were sadly out of practice, but Richmond played a long time for his 30. The Authentics fielded with great brilliancy throughout the match. Full score:—

AUTHENTICS.

H. B. Chinnery, c. Mackrodt, b. McPherson	25
A. H. Hornby, c. Richmond, b. Tweedie	70
F. H. Hollins, c. Percy, b. McPherson	74
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, b. Blunt	50
F. G. H. Clayton, c. Percy, b. McPherson	85
K. J. Key, c. Richmond, b. McPherson	12
R. A. Williams, l.b.w., b. Blunt	0
J. E. Tomkinson, c. Hewett, b. Blunt	39
C. Headlam, c. and b. McPherson	1
F. Kershaw, not out	20
H. J. Powys-Keck, c. Newnham, b. McPherson	0
Byes 5, l.-b. 5, n.-b. 4	14
Total	390

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Blunt	25	2	140	3
McPherson	24-5	1	152	6
Newnham	10	0	29	0
Tweedie	6	1	20	1
Mackrodt	4	0	35	0

Blunt bowled four wides.

OUDH.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
O. O'Donnell, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	0
F. Prittie, c. Clayton, b. Powys-Keck	6	c. Powys-Keck, b. Williams	24
McPherson, c. Tomkinson, b. Powys-Keck	3	c. and b. Williams . . .	0
Lieut. Hewitt, b. Simpson-Hayward	8	b. Williams	1
Capt. Fleming, l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	10	st. Headlam, b. Simpson-Hayward	8
Major Newnham, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	not out	34
S. Mackrodt, b. Simpson-Hayward	0	c. Hornby, b. Key . . .	0
J. R. Blunt, c. Kershaw, b. Simpson-Hayward	5	c. and b. Williams . . .	1
C. D. Richmond, not out	9	b. Key	30
Lieut. Tweedie, l.b.w., b. Simpson-Hayward	11	b. Kershaw	0
S. M. Percy, c. and b. Simpson-Hayward	0	c. Chinnery, b. Headlam .	6
Byes 2, l.-b. 1, w. 1 . . .	4	L.-b. 2, n.-b. 1 . . .	3
Total	56	Total	107

Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Powys-Keck	16	1	18	2	...	...	...	...
Simpson-Hayward . .	10	2	19	8	3	0	15	2
Williams	1	1	0	0	12	3	36	4
Chinnery	3	0	15	0	...	...	...	...
Clayton	...	...	...	...	4	1	6	0
Tomkinson	...	...	...	...	4	0	18	0
Kershaw	...	...	...	...	4	0	9	1
Key	...	...	...	...	4	0	13	2
Hollins	...	...	...	...	1	0	6	0
Headlam	...	...	...	...	0-3	0	1	1

Williams bowled one no-ball in the second innings.

This was the last match but one of our tour, and, in the light of subsequent events, it will always have a melancholy

interest for us. For at Lucknow Jack Ridley left us; he was engaged to join a friend at Colombo and go with him to Australia. We said good-bye to him, all of us, with real regret, for none who ever knew him could fail to be won by his simple, quiet, manly nature. We said good-bye, but how little did any of us think that it was the last time we should see him, or that within a few short weeks he would be dead. I saw him some days later in Calcutta, just before he started for Colombo. Thence he sailed to Sydney, and a brief telegram informed us that he died there. Only the day before the news of his death reached Calcutta a chance inquiry after him from one of his hosts in India showed me how highly the sterling English qualities of our friend and comrade were appreciated there. The meaning of a brave young life like his, cut off in the fulness of youth and happiness, on the very threshold of manhood, is the most difficult of all things to understand. It may be that in his quiet way his work for good had already been done in this world; it may be that he was called away that he might be spared the trials and tribulations of later years. Whatever the reason, he has gone, and his friends are the poorer for his loss. It is some consolation to remember that it was after months of light and life and happiness that he came so suddenly into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

NINETEENTH AND CONCLUDING MATCH—*V*. NORTHERN INDIA

(Played February 12 and 13, at Cawnpore.)

At Cawnpore, C. T. Allen, the old Etonian, took great pains to get together a strong side, drawn from the North of India, which was determined to lower the colours of

Key's victorious team in this the concluding match of their tour. And he so far succeeded that the home side was one of the strongest of those against which the Authentics were pitted in India. With Ali Hassan, Hoare, Robinson, and Goldie to bowl, and Goldie, Marsham, Reynolds, Beasley, and Bailey and others to bat, the game promised not to be very one-sided; and though the result was all in favour of the visitors the match yielded some very good and interesting cricket. The Authentics took the opportunity of doing one of the best performances on their tour. They ran up a score which on any wicket would be good, but on one which was full of holes and fire, and against such bowling, was a very fine score indeed. It was a total to which there were many good contributions, but the most brilliant and the most popular was the captain's 116. Key had been within 4 of his century at Calcutta, and it was felt that only three things were wanting to make the tour complete—first, that that most unselfish of cricketers should take his 100 for his team; second, that Williams, who had worked so hard with the ball throughout the tour, should complete his century of wickets; and third, that Hornby should follow in the footsteps of Hollins, and complete his 1000 runs—and all these things were accomplished.

Key won the toss again—he had only lost it once out of eleven attempts, and that was at Delhi, against the Gentlemen of India—and a good start was made.

Chinnery and Hollins made, as usual, very useful contributions, and Hornby, who started 36 short of his 1000, played very carefully till at last he reached the desired end. It was his last chance of doing so, and it would have been hard lines had he fallen short. For not only do these runs represent many good innings and much fine

hitting, but they are also the product of an unusual amount of pluck and determination. In their earlier matches, when the Authentics were short of men through accidents, and had to fight very hard, Hornby, who was then extremely weak from fever, again and again made runs, even though making only a few reduced him to a state of complete exhaustion. But, being his father's son, he played on, and the fine record of 1000 runs is his reward. Meanwhile, Simpson-Hayward was hitting well. Hoare, whose hand had not fully recovered from catching Key at Allahabad, was not so deadly as usual, and Ali Hassan, who was not put on till many runs had been scored, was completely off colour. Simpson-Hayward had been batting with consistent brilliancy for the last month, and a high place on the list, as with so many batsmen, seems to bring out his best cricket. He made his 88 without a mistake, mostly by hard, straight drives. After the first hour or so the wicket crumbled badly, and became increasingly dangerous. But Simpson-Hayward and Key made light of difficulties. The latter was badly missed by Ali Hassan at mid-off when he had scored 30, but after that he made no mistake. Hitting with great power and freedom, he rapidly drew near his century, and as both Tomkinson, with a splendid 46, and Headlam gave him good support, he had ample time to reach it. He had laid about him in the most exhilarating fashion. The fire in the wicket seemed to rouse him to unwonted brilliancy. Most kindly of captains and unselfish of cricketers, it was a great pleasure to us all to see him put the needed notch to his credit. Once or twice on previous occasions he could have taken—in all cricket probability—a century, but then he had preferred to sacrifice his wicket for the benefit of his side. He took the present opportunity and used it well.

Robinson, who had bowled very successfully at Lahore, was the most successful bowler here, and took seven wickets at a comparatively small cost. The innings closed for a fine score, and Northern India lost one wicket for 37, to which Marsham had contributed a very bright 24. He was stumped next morning in jumping out to Williams' slow ball. Goldie was missed by Hornby off Simpson-Hayward's first ball, but after that played a magnificent innings. He hit with tremendous power, his forcing off-drives being especially fine. In one over he made 18 off the lobster. Hornby brought about his downfall and that of Hoare, who had been at the wickets a long while for his runs. Then Williams, with three victims in one over, brought his total of wickets for the tour up to 100. Reynolds proved troublesome, but half-an-hour before tiffin the side was out, and had to follow on.

After the interval Headlam, who had been badly cut in the morning, was unable to turn out, and Chinnery took over the gloves. For a time it seemed as if the Authentics would bring off another single innings victory. Marsham was splendidly thrown out by Clayton in attempting a second run, Reynolds bowled by a shooter, and Goldie well caught on the boundary from a fine off-drive. But a stand was made at the critical time by Beasley and Westcott, and finally by Beasley and Allen. Allen and Westcott were wisely content to play the goose-game for a draw, but Beasley, whilst giving his first thought to keeping up his wicket, hit out well when opportunity offered. His innings was one of the most satisfactory sort a batsman can play, for, without any manner of doubt, he saved his side from defeat, and that on a very nasty wicket. The game was left drawn, and the record of the Authentics on

their tour therefore reads:—Played 19, won 12, lost 2, drawn 5.

A fancy-dress ball that night, separation in the morning after four months of happy comradeship and pleasant cricket, "and so home," as Mr. Pepys used to write, by various routes. The tour, as an experiment in cricket, had been, after a disastrous start, successful beyond all anticipation. For all of us it had been enormously enjoyable. We had covered a large amount of country, and every place we had visited was interesting and strangely different—different in many points but alike always in one. A warm welcome and sporting opponents had awaited us everywhere. Throughout the length and breadth of India—from Bombay to Calcutta, from "Trichi" to Peshawar, the tale had been the same, a tale of unvarying kindness and hospitality. If we had made many runs, we had made many friends too, and, let us hope, no enemies. To all of them, and especially to that most devoted of 'Tics and most admirable of *Bundobast-wallahs*, Mr. F. H. Stewart, it remained to say once more "Good-bye" and once more "Many thanks."

OXFORD AUTHENTICS.

A. H. Hornby, c. Bailey, b. Robinson	44
H. B. Chinnery, b. Robinson	17
A. H. Hollins, b. Goldie	25
G. H. Simpson-Hayward, c. Hoare, b. Robinson	88
F. G. H. Clayton, b. Robinson	39
K. J. Key, c. Beasley, b. Robinson	116
R. A. Williams, st. Reynolds, b. Robinson	8
R. H. Raphael, b. Robinson	7
J. E. Tomkinson, st. Reynolds, b. Hoare	46
C. Headlam, l.b.w., b. Marsham	29
H. J. Powys-Keck, not out	18
Byes 35, l.-b. 10	45
Total	482

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Hoare	25	0	121	1
Robinson . . .	32	3	146	7
Goldie	14	1	70	1
Ali Hassan . . .	8	0	65	0
Kaye	3	0	27	0
Marsham . . .	2-4	0	8	1

NORTHERN INDIA.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Capt. Bailey, c. Simpson-Hayward, b. Williams	0	b. Simpson-Hayward . .	10
H. J. Hoare, c. Headlam, b. Hornby	22	c. sub., b. Williams . . .	31
W. Marsham, st. Headlam, b. Williams	33	run out	7
Rev. A. Westcott, b. Williams . .	4	l.b.w., b. Powys-Keck . .	15
K. O. Goldie, c. Raphael, b. Hornby	57	c. Hollins, b. Simpson-Hayward	40
Capt. Beasley, c. Williams, b. Hornby	4	c. Chinnery, b. Key . .	86
C. T. Allen, c. Raphael, b. Clayton .	7	not out	16
A. B. Reynolds, c. Headlam, b. Clayton	35	b. Williams	1
Ali Hassan, c. Hornby, b. Williams	0		
A. H. Kaye, b. Williams	0		
J. Robinson, not out	3		
Byes 5, l.-b. 3. n.-b. 3	11	B. 8, l.-b. 3, w. 1, n.-b. 5	17
Total	176	Total (7 wickets) . .	223

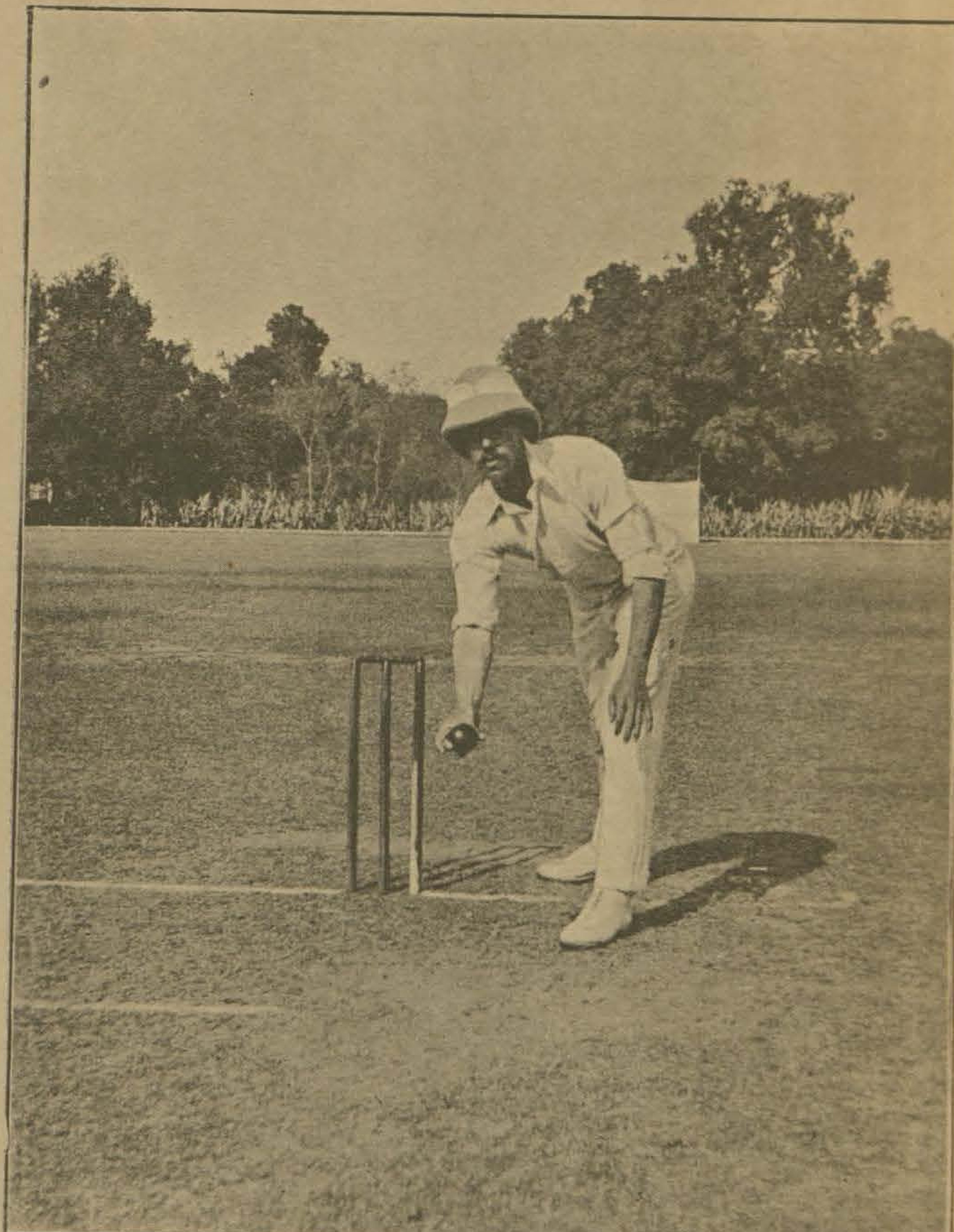
Bowling Analysis.

	O.	M.	R.	W.	O.	M.	R.	W.
Williams	12	3	40	5	15	2	60	2
Simpson-Hayward .	8	0	46	0	11	2	44	2
Powys-Keck	6	2	17	0	11	4	49	1
Hornby	8	0	43	3	11	4	38	0
Clayton	4-5	0	19	2	4	1	12	0
Key	...	...	...	...	0-5	0	2	1

XI

EUROPEAN CRICKET IN INDIA

WITH a drawn match against the North of India at Cawnpore, Mr. K. J. Key's team of Oxonians brought their tour in India to a conclusion. That the tour had been an intensely interesting and enjoyable one for those who took part in it goes without saying. But the record of achievements shows that, from a cricket point of view also, it had been extraordinarily successful. The record stood at nineteen matches played, twelve won, two lost, and five drawn. This is good enough, but when it is added that the Test Match *v.* the Gentlemen of India was won by six wickets, that all the five drawn games were overwhelmingly in favour of the Authentics—moral victories—and that the two games lost were lost within ten days of landing, when the bowlers were soft and stiff and four of the best men were absent or disabled, it must be granted that the record is very good indeed. It was certainly unfortunate that the match against the Parsees was put down for so early a date, for I am confident that on their form any time during the last two months the Authentics, with their full side, would have accounted pretty easily for the Parsee combination. But the fact remains that the Parsees beat them handsomely, as did also, but by a narrow margin, a weak team representing the Bombay Presidency. It has been the



MR. G. H. SIMPSON-HAYWARD

From a Photo by Mr. J. B. Aspinall

invariable fate of visiting teams to lose their first matches in Bombay, and it is to be hoped that in future any touring team will benefit by the experience of Mr. Vernon's, Lord Hawke's, and Mr. Key's elevens, and take their Bombay games at the end instead of the commencement of their tour; otherwise, against a keen side in full practice like the Parsees, they are bound to give a false impression of their powers.

Time saved the Hindus, and rain the men of Aligarh, from practically certain defeat. For once they got hard and fit, and received the welcome aid of a left-hand bowler in Powys-Keck, there was no holding the 'Tics. Out of their last fifteen matches they won twelve—six in single innings—and drew three. Those whose knowledge of cricket extends only to the paper records of players in the first-class County Championship regarded the bowling of the Authentics as hopelessly weak. But Williams has done some fine performances for Berkshire and for Oxford, and those who knew him were justified in believing that he would do well in India. As a matter of fact, he did not do quite so well as I had anticipated, but he succeeded in taking over a hundred wickets. He was, however, more expensive than Simpson-Hayward, who from beginning to end shared with him the brunt of the bowling. One had foretold a rich harvest of wickets for the Worcestershire lobster, who is not really so much a lobster as an under-hand flicker, and his original style of delivery, when once he got his hand in, proved extraordinarily deadly. A glance at the averages will show that he bested a hundred-odd batsmen for a remarkably small number of runs. On certain days and wickets he was peculiarly deadly, and on two occasions he succeeded in performing the hat-trick. But perhaps the most consistent and success-

ful bowler was Powys-Keck, who joined the team for the fifth match at Bangalore, and whose fast left-handed deliveries seemed to turn the scale of fortune in our favour. Not only did the great swerve which this really good natural bowler imparts to the ball again and again out the best of the opposing batsmen, but his style of bowling lent a needed variation to the attack, and thereby greatly improved it. These three shared the burden of bowling. The other bowlers were only occasionally requisitioned, for Clayton, who would undoubtedly have proved a very successful change, and who secured seven wickets for 60 in the first innings of the first match, was disabled during the Parsee match, and could not play again till the last three matches. I have referred before to the cruel stroke of fortune which befel him. Blood poisoning from a scratch, infected by Bombay dust, and not even neglected, kept him out of the field for many trying weeks; but in the few innings he was able to play he scored with a brilliant consistency which showed how valuable a batsman the side had lost. In Bombay he skippered the Authentics in the absence of Key, and an admirable skipper he made. Key himself was unfortunately unable to join his team before they reached Calcutta, nearly half-way through their tour. His presence immediately made itself felt. He played some very fine innings, notably his 96 at Calcutta, his 51 at Lahore, and his 116 at Cawnpore. He almost always won the toss, he never missed a catch, and he gave every single member of his team a bowl, including himself. What more could the most exacting ask of an ideal captain? When Clayton was ill, and Key had not arrived, Hollins acted as deputy-assistant-adjutant-skipper. His success with the bat throughout the tour was beyond all anticipation. Playing with far greater freedom than he had usually shown at

home, whether for Oxford or Lancashire, he made big scores with amazing consistency. Strokes behind the wicket were the chief features of his game ; his cutting and slipping, leg-hitting and leg-gliding being safe and brilliant always. He put century after century to his credit, and gained the distinction of being the first English visitor to score 1000 runs in India. Hornby, in the last match, followed his example, and also completed his 1000 runs. Hornby's fast bowling was not so deadly as one might have expected it to be, probably because he was for the greater part of the tour suffering from the after-effects of fever. But the same cause makes his batting performances all the more creditable. At the beginning of the tour, when we were short-handed and he very weak with fever, he got valuable runs every time. As he got stronger he naturally played a more vigorous game, but though he can hit well and hook splendidly, he watches the ball like a cat a mouse, and his defence is extremely good. His 113 at Rawal Pindi, and his 70 not out against the Gentlemen of India, were about as good innings on difficult wickets as you could wish to see. Simpson-Hayward played many useful innings in the first half of the tour, but it was not till later that he played himself into really first-rate form as a bat. Then he suddenly made the fine score of 203 not out at Peshawar, and from that time onwards he could not go wrong. Raphael, on the other hand, after scoring consistently well during the earlier stages of the tour—notably, a splendid century against the Parsees—fell off somewhat when runs were less needed. Tomkinson, though he never made a large score, made a regular and very useful 30 or 40. Disabled after the first innings he played in Bombay, Chinnery marked his reappearance in the team with a splendid 98. Then he fell off for a time, and took some while to play

himself into form. For the last three or four weeks, however, the Middlesex amateur was in fine fettle. He got runs every time, and got them always by the most brilliant and delightful cricket. It is a thousand pities that he does not play regularly for his county. On a tour of this kind there are always some batsmen who play above their form and others who play below it. Williams started off with a good century at Bombay, but after that, probably on account of the amount of hard work in the bowling line which fell to his share, he struck a bad patch, and hardly made a run. Headlam, too, was clean out of form and luck with the bat, but he did a lot of hard work with the gloves. The casual nature of the umpires on tours of this kind makes wicket-keeping a more than usually thankless job, but the fact that in thirty-one innings the number of byes averaged little over five is sufficient testimony to his watchfulness. Aspinall showed good form with bat as well as gloves when he played, and Ridley started well, but did not fulfil the promise he gave with both bat and ball in the earlier games. Kershaw, on the other hand, though inconsistent, nearly always made runs when they were most wanted, the Oxonian half-back having a happy gift of hitting up an invaluable 30 when the ground was bad and the wickets falling.

It was prophesied that the fielding of the team would be brilliant, as befitted Oxonians, and there have been no two opinions on that subject in India.

"The batting and bowling figures," said *The Englishman*, "are worthy of all praise, while the fielding throughout was proportionately even better, and Cecil Headlam kept wicket in irreproachable style, and with conspicuous success from start to finish. . . . The way the eleven worked together was a treat to see. If special praise must be accorded to

individuals we have no hesitation in bestowing it upon Headlam at the wicket, and a splendid trio—Hollins, Chinnery, and Hornby—at cover, extra-cover, and mid-off respectively."

"In the field," wrote *The Asian*, "the side, as a side, was even stronger than in batting. The pick-up was clean and smart, and the return to the wicket prompt and accurate almost without exception, and when the fieldsmen once got accustomed to the light, very few catches were missed. It was the keen combination which was chiefly noticeable after what is usually seen out here, but Chinnery, Hollins, Hornby, and Simpson-Hayward were also individually excellent. In Headlam the Authentics possessed a first-class wicket-keeper, quiet and effective, and the way in which his hands lasted all through the tour was wonderful. Aspinall was also very smart, but only kept in comparatively few of the matches."

In that important department of the game then the Authentics were first-class, or more than first-class, throughout. Our victories were in a large measure due to the fact that we never grew slack in the field, whilst, when the match was felt to be in jeopardy, the fielding was keen, close, and brilliant in the extreme. The ground-fielding was excellent, and extraordinarily few catches were dropped. That fact speaks volumes for the keenness of a team on tour through India.

Records of the Tour.

Matches won, 12; lost, 2; drawn 5. Total, 19.
Highest score for Authentics, 696, *v.* Peshawar.
Highest score against Authentics, 412, *v.* Bombay Presidency.
Lowest score for Authentics, 85, *v.* Madras Presidency.
Lowest score against Authentics, 31, *v.* Trichinopoly.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of Inns.	Times not Out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Inns.	Aver.
Hollins, F. H.	29	3	1230	185*	47.3
Hornby, A. H.	26	1	1008	143	40.3
Clayton, F. G. H.	8	0	301	85	37.62
Key, K. J.	16	2	493	116	35.21
Simpson-Hayward, G. H.	28	3	867	203*	34.68
Chinnery, H. B.	23	0	795	89	34.56
Raphael, R. H.	27	0	642	111	23.7
Tomkinson, J. E.	25	3	468	46	21.27
Aspinall, J. B.	9	5	67	20	16.3
Kershaw, F.	21	6	239	36	15.93
Williams, R. A.	26	1	383	105	15.32
Powys-Keck, H. J.	18	6	142	48	11.83
Ridley, J. N.	16	3	145	30*	11.15
Headlam, C.	22	1	162	29	7.7

* Signifies not out.

CENTURIES FOR.

Simpson-Hayward, G. H.—*v.* Peshawar	203*
Hollins, F. H.—*v.* Madras Presidency	185*
Hornby, A. H.—*v.* Northern Punjab, at Rawal Pindi	143
Hollins, F. H.—*v.* Hindus, at Bombay	141
Hollins, F. H.—*v.* Secunderabad	121
Hollins, F. H.—*v.* Peshawar	120
Key, K. J.—*v.* Northern India, at Cawnpore	116
Hornby, A. H.—*v.* Calcutta C.C.	111
Raphael, R. H.—*v.* Parsees, at Bombay	111
Williams, R. A.—*v.* Bombay Presidency	105
Simpson-Hayward, G. H.—*v.* United Provinces, at Allahabad	100

* Indicates not out.

CENTURIES AGAINST.

Greig, Capt.—For Bombay Presidency	204
Kanga, W.—For Parsees	116
McEuen, Capt.—For Secunderabad	119*
Neale, Capt.—For Peshawar	124*

* Indicates not out.

Bowling Averages (50 overs).

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
Simpson-Hayward, G. H.	369.4	58	1123	103	10.90
Powys-Keck, H. J.	334.2	104	765	69	11.03
Williams, R. H.	475.2	82	1579	102	15.48
Clayton, F. S. H.	94.4	19	282	15	18.8
Hornby, A. H.	129.4	43	599	27	22.08
Hollins, F. H.	56	16	173	7	24.70
Ridley, J. N.	52	6	222	6	37.0

The following bowled less than 50 overs—

Key, K. J.	20	3	59	5	11.8
Kershaw, F.	20	3	73	2	36.5
Tomkinson, J. E.	11	1	43	4	10.75
Headlam, C.	0.2	0	1	1	1
Raphael, R. H.	2	0	18	0	0
Aspinall, J. B.	2	0	1	0	0
Chinnery, H. B.	18	0	98	0	0

Simpson-Hayward bowled one wide, Powys-Keck and Williams 2 each. Powys-Keck delivered 1 no-ball, Williams 30, and A. H. Hornby 2.

Bowling Performances.

Williams—*v.* Mysore State, at Bangalore, 9 wickets for 58.

Williams—*v.* Trichinopoly, 6 wickets for 12.

Williams—*v.* Northern Punjab, at Rawal Pindi, 7 wickets for 25.

Williams—*v.* Calcutta C.C., 4 wickets for 26.

Powys-Keck—*v.* Northern Punjab (2nd innings), 9 wickets for 21.

Powys-Keck—*v.* Bundelkhand District, at Jhansi, 8 wickets for 53.

Powys-Keck—*v.* Calcutta C.C., 4 wickets for 11.

Simpson-Hayward—*v.* Secunderabad, 7 wickets for 39.

Simpson-Hayward—*v.* Trichinopoly, 4 wickets for 23 and 3 wickets for 1.

Simpson-Hayward—*v.* Punjab, at Lahore, 4 wickets for 26 and 5 wickets for 20.

Simpson-Hayward—*v.* Aligarh, 7 wickets for 34.

Simpson-Hayward—*v.* Behar Wanderers, at Mozufferpore, 7 wickets for 22 and 3 wickets for 14.

Simpson-Hayward—*v.* Oudh, at Lucknow, 8 wickets for 19.

Simpson-Hayward has a record of his own. He was the only Authentic who scored 200; also the only batsman who made a pair of "spectacles," and the only bowler who secured a "hat-trick." He did each of these last performances on two occasions.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Won, 12; drawn, 5; lost, 2. Total, 19.

Date and Place.		1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	Total.
Nov. 17, 18, 19 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	313	257	570
Bombay . . .	Bombay Presidency . .	204	412	616
	Lost by 46 runs.			
Nov. 21, 22 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	356	...	356
Bombay . . .	Hindus	158	227 *	385
	Drawn. * Nine wickets down.			
Nov. 24, 25 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	311	124	435
Bombay . . .	Parsees	406	30 *	436
	Lost by eight wickets. * Two wickets down.			
Nov. 28, 29 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	249	79 *	328
Secunderabad . .	Secunderabad	106	289 †‡	395
	Drawn. * Four wickets down. † Nine wickets down. ‡ Innings declared closed.			
Dec. 4, 5, 6 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	209	146 *	355
Bangalore . . .	Mysore State	105	248	353
	Won by six wickets. * Four wickets down.			
Dec. 8, 9, 10 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	85	373	458
Madras	Madras Presidency . .	149	200	349
	Won by 109 runs.			
Dec. 12, 13 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	215	...	215
Trichinopoly . .	Southern India . . .	89	31	120
	Won by an innings and 95 runs.			
Dec. 22, 23, 24 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	106	275 *†	381
Calcutta . . .	Bengal Presidency . .	85	139 ‡	224
	Drawn. * Five wickets down. † Innings declared closed. ‡ Five wickets down.			

RESULTS OF MATCHES—(*continued*)

Date and Place.		1st Inns.	2nd Inns.	Total.
Dec. 25, 26, 27 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	494	...	494
Calcutta . . .	Calcutta C. C.	66	95	161
	Won by an innings and 333 runs.			
Jan. 5, 6, 7 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	135	128 *	263
Delhi	Gentlemen of India . .	118	143	261
	Won by six wickets. * Four wickets down.			
Jan. 12, 13, 14 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	696	...	696
Peshawar . . .	Peshawar	168	208	376
	Won by an innings and 320 runs.			
Jan. 15, 16. . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	360	...	360
Rawal Pindi . .	Northern Punjab . . .	49	106	155
	Won by an innings and 205 runs.			
Jan. 19, 20, 21 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	150	145	295
Lahore	Punjab	101	94	195
	Won by 100 runs.			
Jan. 23, 24. . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	97	141	238
Aligarh	Aligarh College . . .	57	...	57
	Drawn.			
Jan. 28, 29 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	309 *†	...	309
Jhansi	Bundelkhand	154	153	307
	Won by an innings and 2 runs. * Eight wickets down. † Innings declared closed.			
Jan. 31, Feb. 2, 3 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	265	...	265
Allahabad . . .	United Provinces . . .	68	157	225
	Won by an innings and 40 runs.			
Feb. 5, 6, 7 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	246	273 *†	519
Mozufferpore . .	Behar Wanderers . . .	128	48	176
	Won by 343 runs. * Nine wickets down. † Innings declared closed.			
Feb. 12, 13, 14 .	O. U. Authentics . . .	390	...	390
Lucknow . . .	Oudh	56	107	163
	Won by an innings and 227 runs.			
Feb. 16, 27 . .	O. U. Authentics . . .	482	...	482
Cawnpore . . .	Northern India . . .	176	223 *	399
	Drawn. * Seven wickets down.			

That is the cricket summary and result of our tour. What then of our opponents?

I have dealt elsewhere with the growing enthusiasm of the natives of India for cricket, an enthusiasm which, if it continues to increase—and there is no reason why it should not—will, in my opinion, soon result in producing quite first-class teams among them.

Even to-day a combined team of natives would be almost if not quite first-class in bowling and fielding, though their excellence in those departments would scarcely compensate for their present weakness in batting. Jayaram, of Mysore, who will be seen on London cricket grounds this season, is one of their best bats.

The project of getting together such a team of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees to visit England, and play some of the counties at home, is at present being eagerly discussed out here, and it looks now as if the discussion might lead to a practical issue. It will be a vastly interesting experiment if it is tried.

But I must turn now to consider English cricket in India. Captain Greig and Major Poore were fine cricketers before they appeared for first-class counties at home, but the public heeded them not.

In the same way there are many fine cricketers in India to-day, born to bat unknown till they are revealed to a smaller public by the visit of an English team like K. J. Key's eleven.

The Gentlemen of India, though beaten by the Authentics, were represented at Delhi by such players as C. T. Studd, the old Cambridge Blue, W. J. Marsham, K. O. Goldie, and B. N. Bosworth-Smith. Take these and add H. J. Hoare, J. D. Guise, and A. J. Tweedie or F. Robinson to bowl, Captain Bateman Champain or

H. French to bat and keep wicket, and fill up your team with Captain Neale, Captain Wigram, the Viceroy's A.D.C., and Captain Challenor, and thus, having scoured the length and breadth of the land, you would have succeeded in collecting the nucleus of a first-class side, even without including Greig, who has gone to join his regiment in Somaliland.

But it would be a side out of practice, and, of course, handicapped by not being accustomed to play together.

Out of practice, for the patent, if lamentable, fact is that men do not keep up their cricket out here as they used to do. On all sides you hear the same lament.

And if you begin to search for reasons, several present themselves to you. It is urged, in general, that for Europeans cricket is not a game best suited to the conditions of modern India. It is, to begin with, too long a game. You want, in India, a game which is both violent and short. You do not want a game which keeps you out in the midday sun.

Polo you can begin when the heat of the day is over, and it enables you to get your exercise and enjoyment in time to turn up at the club—that essential feature of Indian life—and to see your friends before dinner. That is why the game of kings is gradually ousting the king of games.

The same is true of racquets, hockey, and lawn tennis. Also, you want a short game, because India is a land of work—of increasingly hard work.

Compared with the advantage of polo then, which is over after a few "chukkas," and at which you can get a station game two or three times a week, a short day's cricket once a week has not much to offer.

At polo, too, say those who have deserted the cricket

field, if you miss your ball once, you can recover; at cricket, if you are out first ball you must wait a whole week for another possible chance, and then perhaps not get an innings.

Again, if, as at Bombay, you play in the monsoon, the wickets, baked by a hot sun after heavy daily rain, are just a bit of glue, and give the batsman no fun, while the bowlers feel the effect of the burning, exhausting sun, and quickly modify their run, lose their sting, and, as the phrase goes, soon bowl only twelve annas to the rupee.

If, on the other hand, you play in the cold weather, you cannot, without very great expense and trouble in watering, provide a tolerable grass wicket at all.

There are other considerations which militate against cricket in India. India has become increasingly a land of passage. Not only are the regiments constantly changing their stations, but civilians also are moved more than used to be the case. And all business men have their faces ever set towards home.

Keen cricketers take their cricket at home, and play other games out here. Hence it may be said that the days when every little station had its ground and regular team as a matter of course, are over.

Undoubtedly, when you get a regiment, such, for instance, as the Queen's, with a fine cricket tradition and record, you still find a team accustomed to play together, and ready to give any side a good match. But here, again, comes in a difficulty.

India is a large country; men are all busy here, and they are separated by vast distances. That means that at most places there is little chance of a match with any outside team, except, it may be, with a regiment on the march.

There are no touring clubs, and cricket with the same people every week becomes monstrously monotonous.

The rare matches played with visiting teams, or for the possession of the cup presented by the Punjab Commission, involve so many days' travelling on the part of the players that you cannot expect them to be more frequent.

Some years ago, indeed, when the late Maharajah of Patiala was alive, the Patiala team used to go on tour. Recruited from all quarters—for a good cricketer was sure of a snug billet in the Patiala forces—this side undoubtedly added vastly to the interest taken in cricket in India.

The same may be said of the Behar Wanderers' team, which used occasionally to go on tour, or rather on a triumphal procession, round India. But, thanks to the invention of a German chemist, the indigo planters, of whom mainly the team was composed, have fallen on evil times, and the crises which they are now facing leaves them little leisure or energy for cricket.

The visit of the Oxford University Authentics has supplied for this past cold weather the needed incentive to play and practice, and has given undoubtedly a great fillip to the game.

If it were possible that some such tour, either of English or Colonial cricketers or of an Indian team, could take place frequently, cricket among Europeans in India would rapidly revive. But in a land of no "gates" that is perhaps too much to hope for, although the extremely hospitable welcome which the Authentics have everywhere received, besides making such a tour intensely enjoyable, shows also how much it is appreciated.

Batting averages of Indian players in matches against Authentics :—

	No. of Inns.	Times not out.	Highest Inns.	Runs.	Average.
Capt. G. H. Neale . .	4	1	124*	206	68.2
K. O. Goldie . . .	4	0	57	140	35
G. L. Whatford . .	4	0	82	139	34.3
Jayaram	4	0	97	117	29.1
H. J. Hoare . . .	6	3	31	84	28
W. J. Marsham. . .	6	0	68	158	26.2
S. R. Hignell . . .	4	0	51	96	24
H. O. C. Beasley . .	6	0	86	130	21.4
C. T. Studd . . .	6	1	56	105	20.5
H. Cheetham . . .	4	0	29	72	18
J. D. Guise . . .	6	0	33	97	16.2
Capt. S. F. Gosling . .	4	0	38	65	16.1
C. H. Richards . . .	6	0	30	76	12.4
Capt. J. B. Barstow . .	4	0	26	51	12.3
F. M. Luce . . .	4	0	46	46	11.2
C. T. Allen . . .	4	1	16*	34	11.1
E. H. Bray . . .	4	1	19*	31	10·6
Narayana Rao . . .	4	1	15	28	9.6
Capt. R. K. Healing .	4	0	13	34	8.2
A. H. W. Bentinck . .	6	1	19	33	6.3
R. D. Richmond . .	4	0	12	20	5

* Denotes not out.

Bowling Averages Against Authentics.

	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Narayana Rao	137	10	13.7
Jayaram	85	5	17
S. M. Robinson	278	16	17.6
Ali Hassan	210	11	19.1
Shafkat Husain	155	8	19.3
J. D. Guise	215	11	19.6
H. J. Hoare	262	13	20.2
J. B. Barstow	65	2	32.1
H. Cheetham	145	4	36.1
R. K. Healing	177	4	44.1
C. H. Richards	273	6	45.3
C. T. Studd	92	2	46

XII

SHOOTING IN KASHMIR

At Cawnpore, then, our cricket came to an end, for we could not arrange to take up the challenge of the Parsees, who, recognising that they had defeated us when we were at our worst, were in the most sporting spirit very anxious to give us a return match. And it was at Cawnpore that our team broke up, and I know that it was with feelings of sincere regret that we found that our tour was over, and that it was time to say "Good-bye." We had done well, and we had been right royally done by our friends in India. No touring team ever had a better time or enjoyed it more thoroughly. Living and playing together for four months we were fortunate in having no friction of any sort, whether on the cricket field or off. I shall never cease to congratulate myself on having been a member of so happy a band of cricketing pilgrims. The success we met with was due to the keenness with which we all played to the end, and in large part also to our good fortune in being captained first by so genial and thorough a sportsman as Freddie Clayton, next by so enthusiastic a cricketer as Bertie Hollins, and, after Trichinopoly, by so kind, imperturbable, and experienced a skipper as Kingsmill Key. These things helped us to pull together always and cheerily, whilst the presence of two ladies, Mrs. Key and Mrs. Powys-Keck, who set us a splendid example in the way of

making the best of the minor annoyances and fatigue of travelling, and of enjoying all that there was to be enjoyed, added enormously, even apart from the charm of their own personalities, to the social happiness of our days.

It was time, then, to say good-bye. Poor Ridley had left us at Lucknow to start on his ill-fated journey to Australia. Simpson-Hayward and Williams now set out to shoot in far Kashmir.

When we started most of us brought guns and rifles as well as racquets. We looked forward to sticking a pig if fortune favoured, and to shooting anything from snipe to tigers, and from elephants to—Bombay ducks! But cricket and travelling occupied most of our time, and did not allow us to go off the beaten track in search of sport, and that nowadays is the only way of getting good bags. One is apt to come out to India with the idea that very large bags of duck and snipe are very easy to obtain, but as a matter of fact you find that these are rarely obtained and only in out-of-the-way districts. It is a business to get them, and it takes a considerable amount of time.

As to tiger and big game the opportunities of the casual visitor are very small. The resident sahib keeps a shikari whose business it is to mark down a tiger, and to report when there is one about, to bait him with a kid or calf, and to summon his master at the right moment, as a keeper reports a rise of may-fly in England. These arrangements are naturally not made for the gratification of the globe-trotter. But when a Burra sahib comes along a big shoot is arranged, and if the visitor is of sufficient importance, an L.G. or a royal personage, he seldom comes home empty-handed. But if he inquire too closely he may find that the lions he has shot were hand-reared, and he tigers of which he is so proud were turned loose into

the jungle the day before with their eye-lids sewn down.

The serious sportsman, therefore, makes an elaborate "bundobust," and lays himself out for a three to six months' expedition into Kashmir, and he makes those preparations, if he can, so as to be in readiness to start from Rawal Pindi or thereabouts as soon as ever the passes are reported to be open.

This was what Williams and Simpson-Hayward did. The rest of the team made their way back to Europe; but Raphael, Chinnery, and I remained yet awhile in India to complete our sight-seeing, and anon to visit further lands. Our first move was to Benares on our way to Calcutta, whence we proposed to sail for Rangoon, and to spend a month in Burma.

No visitor to India ought to go away without seeing Benares, "oldest of all earth's cities awake before the gods." It gives one a closer insight into the nature and religion of the people than any other place, for it is the sacred city of the Hindus, though some Mohammedans also live there, as a testimony, it might seem, to the peace-keeping functions of the British Raj. You should take a boat once or twice up and down the river, "where in long, smudged perspective the ceaseless columns of smoke go up from the burning ghâts." The number of pilgrims and the bathers, the quaint buildings and the temples, and the large umbrellas under which the bathers dress, make a very busy and unique scene. There are about forty ghâts, each sacred to a different god, whose image is sometimes represented. One, particularly, representing the son of the Ganges, lives in the memory. One ghât is set aside for the burning of the dead. This ceremony is performed quite openly, but there is nothing unsightly or unseemly in the scene. The ashes of

the corpse are thrown into the river: yet people are bathing all the time in the river a few yards below, and others are straining the water for the gold of those bracelets which have been burnt with the corpses. The bathers are pilgrims who have come here from all parts of India, and many of them carry the holy water back to their homes.

In the town, in whose filthy, stinking streets the wail of prayer and supplication to a million different deities never ceases, are the three very sacred temples—the Golden Temple, the Temple of the Cow, and that of the Bull. Only Hindus may enter the first, but the other two are open to anybody, believer or unbeliever. There are several cows living in the Temple of the Cow, which presented the appearance of a particularly dirty cow-house, and smelt horribly. The carving of the pillars and idols is interesting enough to make a visit worth while, in spite of the effluvium of the sacred beasts. The Temple of the Bull has a special reek of its own, for there is a well into which every pilgrim throws a few handfuls of flowers, or rice, or oil. As the well is never cleaned out, and as the contents are allowed to remain therein and decompose, the result is not attractive to English nostrils.

There was time, before sailing for Rangoon, for a dash to Darjeeling, the chief hill-station of Calcutta.

The train journey from Siliguri is made on a two-foot gauge, through a magnificent jungle, containing a great variety of grand trees and ferns and orchids. The railway is a fine feat of engineering, for it is a succession of curves, galleries, and bridges. In one place so steep is the ascent that a double loop is made. Darjeeling was bitterly cold, and an early rise and climb of 1000 feet up Tiger Hill at 6 A.M. was a chilly proceeding. But a clear sky and a magnificent view were the deserved and all-satisfying reward.

Tiger Hill is about 8500 feet above the sea level, and from it were visible Kanchanjanga (28,300 feet), the second highest mountain in the world, and Everest, which could be seen 120 miles away, besides various other mountains of over 20,000 feet, and, beyond, the mountains of Thibet. Presently the clouds came down and the mountains were shut out from view for the rest of the few days spent there.

Hereabouts there are several passes into Thibet, through which many Thibetans come into India, but no one, other than a Thibetan, may go over to the other side. In this part of the country the ordinary Hindu and Mohammedan types are no longer to be seen, but only the Mongolian. You are in yet another India. The market-place of Darjeeling teems with Bhutians, Goorkhas, Nepalese, Lepchas and Thibetans, but not with the types to which your eye has grown accustomed in India. The people here are very picturesque, and they are free from the cramping influence of caste. In both these respects they were a good introduction to the fascinating people of the fascinating country we were next to visit.

The scenery does not, fortunately, at all remind you of Switzerland. Everything here is on a much larger scale, especially the depths of the valley as looked at from above. There is nothing in common here with the chocolate-box effects of the land of hotel-keepers and polytechnic tourists. The snows are, besides being at a much higher altitude, much farther off; they do not surround you as they do in Switzerland. The hard and clearly defined line drawn where vegetation ceases and the snow begins therefore provides a striking and peculiar effect, "the snow-line, where from east to west across hundreds of miles, ruled as with a ruler, the last of the bold birches stop. Above that, in scarps and

blocks upheaved, the rocks strive to fight their heads above the white smother. Above these again, changeless since the world's beginning, but changing to every mood of sun and cloud, lay out the eternal snow." But what you remember chiefly about Darjeeling is not so much the scenery as the tonga-drive up to the hills, and the bracing sensation of intense cold after the sticky, steamy heat of Calcutta. That is a new and an altogether delightful experience; it is also very liable to give you a severe chill. For the rest, why bother to try to write about the hills. Has not Rudyard Kipling written "Kim"? Or why try to write well about Darjeeling, or the journey there; the new world of plants through which you ascend, the vision of the Himalayas and the eternal snows? Has it not already been done as well and as vividly as man can desire by George Stevens in his brilliant book, "In India"? But I wish he had analysed and reproduced for us that new sensation of cold. Perhaps he had not stayed long enough in Calcutta to realise it. But his pen alone could have brought home the glorious chill that greets you here, like, only infinitely better than, the first cool breath of air that kisses your skin when the thermometer is at 107°, damp heat, and you come indoors and turn on the punkah. Ah!

I am greatly indebted to Mr. R. A. Williams for the following most interesting account of his shoot in Kashmir.

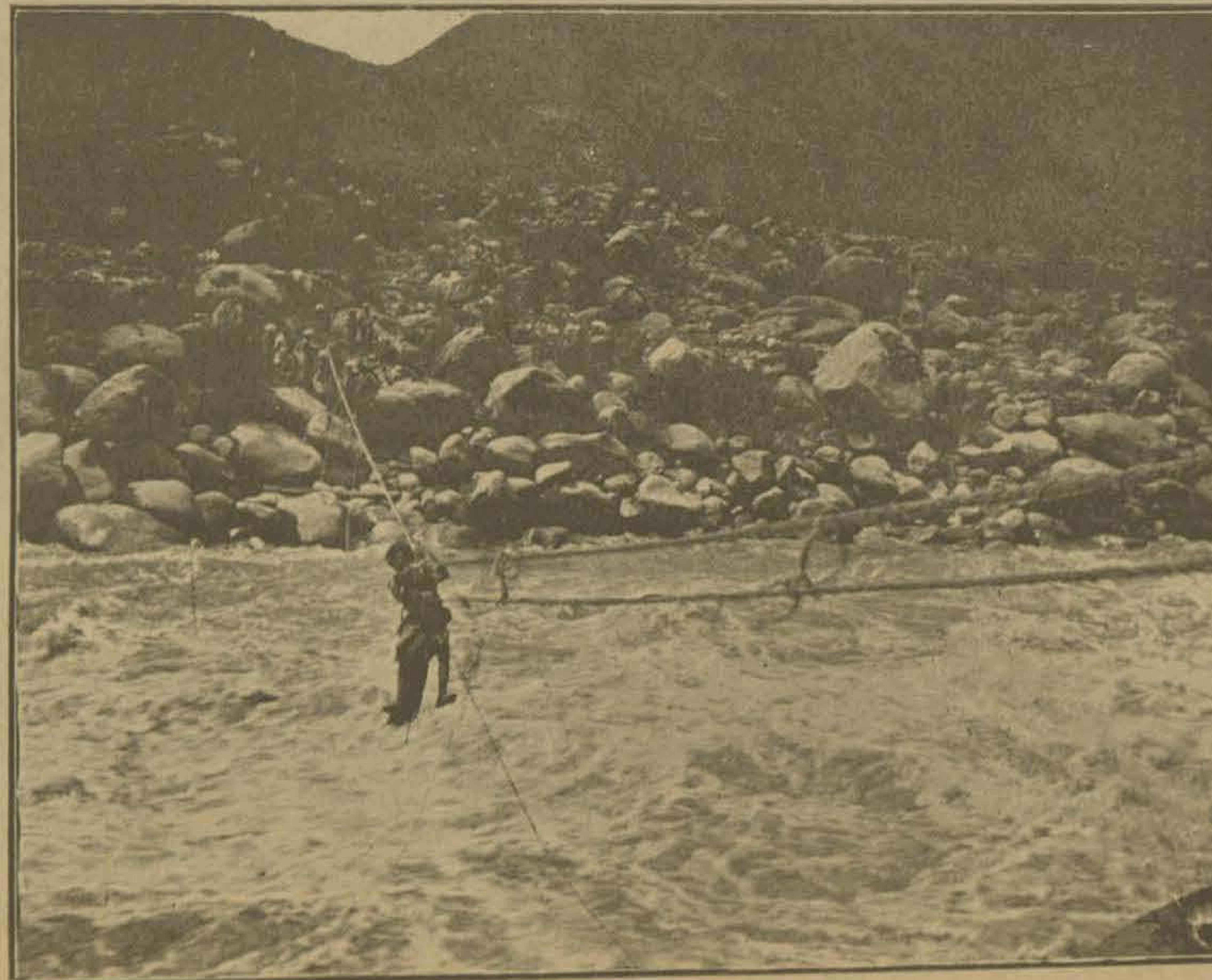
EXPERIENCES IN KASHMIR

By R. A. Williams

There are few people who have not heard something of Kashmir, but there are fewer who are acquainted with its geographical position, or who have any idea of the nature of the country. When I was asked to join a cricket team which was to go to India, almost the first thought that entered my mind was: "Well, if I get to India, I must go to Kashmir." I knew nothing whatever about the country, but it was associated in my mind with sport, and one has always heard it spoken of as a country of extraordinary beauty. I must say I was surprised at the somewhat vague knowledge that people in India displayed concerning Kashmir, and the varying advice that I received was somewhat confusing. However, every one was agreed that I should have to leave the railway behind at Rawal Pindi, and drive from there just under two hundred miles to reach Srinagar (pronounced Serinuggur), the capital of Kashmir. Our cricket tour in India being over in the middle of February, I was anxious to go off at once into Kashmir, my time being somewhat limited, as the monsoon breaks in Bombay at the beginning of June, and not even for sport would I risk four days' tossing and purgatory in the Indian Ocean. I was fortunate in securing the company of another of our cricket team, Mr. Simpson-Hayward, who was attracted by the twofold prospect of being able to pursue the study of botany, his favourite hobby, in a

country where the flora is quite unique, as well as of securing trophies larger than those ever secured before. I suppose every one who goes out big game shooting in the Himalayas, or elsewhere, hopes to secure something bigger than any one else has done; a most laudable ambition; but I'm afraid the day when he is likely to achieve the object of his ambition is past and gone. We arrived at Rawal Pindi on February 26, and the first thing I had to do was to prepare and send on in advance the heavy luggage, which consisted of everything not actually wanted during the journey to Srinagar. Our rifles, of course, we kept with us, as it is not advisable to part with them at all. This heavy luggage was put in a vehicle called an "ekka," and my own bearer (or valet) accompanied it in order to look after it. The ekka is a two-wheeled cart drawn by one pony, and as the same pony has to go the whole distance to Srinagar, the ekka takes roughly five days to complete the journey, while the tonga, in which we followed the next day, is drawn by two ponies which are changed every five or six miles. In a tonga the distance can be covered in two long days, but this makes the journey very trying and tedious, while if one takes four days over it the drive is quite comfortable and full of interest.

It is really best to start your ekka off two days before you leave Pindi yourself, but as we were anxious to get into Kashmir while the road was open—not blocked with snow, that is—we decided to start off the next day. This journey from Pindi to Srinagar has been described so vividly by Mr. E. F. Knight in his book, "Where Three Empires Meet," that it would be superfluous, if not presumptuous, for me to describe it; but a few facts of interest are worth mentioning. Going into Kashmir at that early time of the



A ROPE BRIDGE IN KASHMIR

From a Photo by Mr. R. A. Williams

year, we found the ponies very fresh indeed, and we were generally warned by the driver to take our seats in the tonga before the ponies were put in at each posting station, as directly they were ready they were off as fast as they could lay legs to the ground, and would have taken a lot of stopping. I was agreeably surprised to find the back seat in a tonga a most comfortable method of conveyance, as well as being quite dry in case of rain. There had been a heavy fall of snow at Murree, which is 7000 feet high, about ten days before our arrival, but this had nearly all disappeared ; and after spending a night at Murree we sent the tonga round the hill, while we ourselves walked over Murree peak to see the view, and got our first impressions of an Indian hill-station out of season. What a contrast it was from the plains! There was a bitterly cold north-east wind blowing, and with the exception of our coolies there was not a human being to be seen. The aspect of Murree in February is decidedly cheerless, and I fancy that, with the exception of the courteous manager of Chamber's Hotel and his family, there was not an Englishman in the place.

From Murree the road descends straight down hill for about twenty-seven miles to Kohala, and there we passed across the river Jhelum into Kashmir territory. When I read Mr. Knight's description of his discussion with the Customs officials at Kohala and compared it with my own experience, I could not help realising how slowly things move in these parts, and how the most inefficient machinery and organisation remains for years unaltered. Kashmir is, in truth, "a land where all things always seemed the same."

Our next halting place was Domel, which is certainly one of the prettiest spots on the route ; and then our next

day's journey took us to Baramulla, a long day's drive of seventy-five miles. Two little incidents that happened this day are worth relating. Shortly after leaving Uri, where we had tiffin, one of our ponies kicked so hard and so high that he not only put the driver in considerable danger, but he succeeded in getting one hind leg on each side of the pole. This necessitated some considerable delay. Later on, shortly after leaving Rampur, some pheasants were viewed feeding just above the road, so Simpson-Hayward got his gun out and secured a brace, which subsequently proved most acceptable. What this pheasant was I have never been able quite to make out. The plumage was for the most part quite black, but the feathers were flecked with grey at the tips; he had a tail just like the pheasant we see at home, though quite black. The red cone on the head showed out in marked contrast to the black of the body, and with a black crest on his head he had a very handsome appearance. I cannot find that he is mentioned in Sir Walter Lawrence's book, "The Valley of Kashmir."

From Baramulla it is an easy run of four hours into Srinagar, and there we took up our abode in Nedou's Hotel. This hotel is most comfortable and quite a contrast to any hotel one finds in India. It has only been built quite recently, and is a great boon to people who have to spend a day or two in Srinagar to collect their tents and general camp equipment before passing on to their hunting-grounds. We spent almost a week in Srinagar, and very quickly the time passed. We were pestered to distraction by the Kashmiri dealers, who persisted in laying out their wares in the hall of the hotel, which were extremely fascinating to one who had never been to the country before. But I veritably believe if you survived the first fortnight you would become

so annoyed with these men, and so sick of having their goods flaunted before you, that you would resolve never to buy a thing. One fellow, who dealt in shawls, to whom I had got a recommendation from an officer in the Indian army, but against whom I had been warned by every single other person I met, was so anxious to secure my patronage that he came up armed with rupees, assuring me that he was a banker, an agent, and a dealer in every conceivable sort of article, and wanting to know how much money I required for the present. I must confess I was very nearly collared by this fellow, whom I believe to be the biggest knave of all. One notable characteristic of all these Kashmiris is that they each warn you against the other, telling you the other will cheat and swindle you. Then, without the slightest scruple, they will march you off to their shops and palm off on you something for 100 rupees which is perhaps worth 25 rupees.

The most enjoyable feature of our time in Srinagar was a duck-shoot on Hokra jhil, to which we were very kindly invited. By March the duck have become very wild indeed, and, to make matters worse, the day turned out very wet. But, nevertheless, that day was to me most enjoyable, and will long remain in my memory. There were six guns, and we were each deposited in tubs sunken in the water and surrounded by reeds. When the last of us had taken up his position, he fired a shot as a signal for the rest, and shooting opened all down the line. Then was heard a sound like waves beating on some rocky shore, as hundreds and hundreds of duck rose from the water, and, circling ever higher and higher, left their toll behind them before they were out of shot. Many of the duck went away to other jhils; others after flying round at a great height gave capital shots from time to time as they came down

again or were disturbed by the coolies. No single species of duck are shot in these weekly shoots on the Maharajah's jhils, but a far greater variety than ever I had heard or thought of before I went out to the East. Our bag comprised the shoveller, the mallard, the gadwall, the pintail, the widgeon, the common teal, the red-crested pochard, the white-eyed duck, and maybe another variety or two, while the total ran well on into the second hundred. But the best bags are not got in March, and the record bag for the jhil we were on is between five and six hundred to six guns. These duck are none of those tame wild-duck that flap up from a pond where they have been born and bred to swell the bag on an off-day's shoot, but they are duck which have learnt to fly and take very good care of themselves, and can give the best driven shots that man can want. And so our sojourn in Srinagar came to an end, when we had fitted ourselves out with all the necessary equipage, and on the evening of Friday, March 6, we took possession of a boarded doonga in which we were to beat down to the village of Bandipore, on the Wular Lake. Our intention was to try for the *bara singh*, or Kashmir stag, which is very much like the Scotch red-deer, but bigger and with far more massive horns. The preservation of game in Kashmir has done a lot for these animals, and their numbers have largely increased of late years. A boarded doonga, though not as large and roomy as a house-boat, makes a tolerably comfortable dwelling if it is clean, which ours was not, and is far more easy to navigate and propel than the house-boat. The journey to Bandipore from Srinagar takes, roughly, two days, allowing for sallies after duck and other birds, which are most welcome for the pot.

On arriving at Bandipore my shikari informed me that

we should have to separate, as we could not shoot together in the same nulla. This necessitated our dividing the stores, which had been thrown haphazard into the kiltas. The kilta is a round oblong basket covered with rough leather, and a very strong and serviceable thing it is. It is necessary to have locks on them, as otherwise some of your stores might mysteriously disappear. And so when the stores were divided, we separated, I going up the Lashkot nulla, and Simpson-Hayward taking the Atawat nulla. I cannot say that the next month was quite what we had anticipated. So far I have said nothing about the weather. It had rained almost incessantly ever since we left Murree, and most of the days we spent in Srinagar were wet, but those who ought to have known told us that it would clear up the day we left, as March was always a very fine month in Kashmir, otherwise we should never have left Srinagar till the weather looked more settled. No sooner had I pitched my tent up my nulla than the snow began to fall. So heavy was the snowfall that on the second day my position in the tent—an 80 lb. Kabul tent—was untenable. So I moved into the top loft of a cattle shed, which was made fairly comfortable by the aid of rush mats. There I remained till the snow had disappeared from the valley, and then I insisted on moving farther up the nulla. My first halting place was practically at the mouth of the nulla, and not at all a likely place near which to find a stag, and I subsequently discovered that my shikari had been bribed to take me to this village, Kralpura, in order that I might leave a little money behind by my purchases of eggs, milk, and sheep. So I then marched farther up the nulla, about five or six miles, and pitched my tent in another village on the top of a disused native dwelling-house, which I was told was a place of worship. I was in camp in these parts altogether

four weeks: of that time eleven days were wet either with rain or snow, and eight were useless so far as stalking was concerned owing to the depth and condition of the snow. So that I had just a week in which I could get out after stag.

However, in those high altitudes my spirits were always extremely high, and not even the monotony of sitting in my tent four or five successive days could depress me very much. In spite of the snow it was not very cold; at any rate the air was dry, and being provided with a poshtin coat, which consists entirely of sheep's skin, I was always able to keep warm and comfortable. When one is out in camp in those parts it is necessary to have almost as much clothing underneath one as above. Thus my bedding underneath consisted of two mundahs—or Kashmir rugs—one razai, an Indian mattress, which is rather like a coarse eider-down quilt, and a blanket. Then came my sleeping bag lined with sheep's wool, which I had made for me in Srinagar. Then on the top I had two thick blankets, a travelling rug, and a rug lined with sheep's wool. This seemed a great deal, but it was not too much for me, and I passed some nights in very sound sleep, and the greater part of many days too.

There is a library in Srinagar from which any Englishman can take books for long periods. I don't know what I should have done if I had not been able to kill some of those weary hours in reading. I should mention that during the first part of March I had some capital days' sport after chikor. The chikor is almost exactly like the French partridge, though somewhat more greyish in colour and not quite so vividly marked. One can get capital shots by sending the coolies up hill to drive the birds, as the birds generally swoop down hill, and it thus gives some capital high shots. But the chief difficulty

about walking up chikor is that one requires a stick for climbing, and the bird generally gets up as you are sitting or falling down, and you have to throw the stick down and get ready while the bird is rapidly going away. Another bird one finds at much higher altitudes is the monaul pheasant, and a more magnificent bird it is hard to find. A taxidermist in London tells me that a few years ago there was a great demand for the feathers of the monaul for trimming hats, and so great was the run on them that the line of carriages outside his shop extended for a long way down the street, and people paid up to three guineas for a bird. But the craze has gone out now, I am happy to say, and the taxidermist has still a few on hand which he can't sell at any price. I saw as many as ten to fifteen in a day on the southern slopes of Lashkot Spur, and Simpson-Hayward had the somewhat unique experience of bringing down with a right and left a monaul, and a Kashmir Pucras pheasant, commonly called "koklas."

My experience in hunting the Kashmir stag was probably quite unique. My first two days out produced no stags worthy of the name, though my shikari twice was very anxious for me to shoot at a stag on which my naked eye could discern no horns at all. On one day, however, my chance came, and I suppose a chance comes to most men some day or other.

The snow was very deep, and after the sun had risen it became very difficult to get along at all. About three o'clock in the afternoon we came on the fresh tracks of two apparently big *bara singh*. We followed their tracks for a long way up hill, and after ploughing our way for about two hours in the snow, we must have come very near indeed to them; and one of the coolies said he caught a glimpse of them. However, off they went down hill into another

nulla, and while we were descending ourselves we saw them top the hill opposite on the other side of the nulla. They appeared to me, who had never seen a stag before, to be two good heads.

It was now five o'clock, and I could see that my shikari was not very keen to follow, but the villageman, whom I was compelled to employ owing to the system of blackmail that prevails throughout the East, and who really did all the hard work in making the roads and who knew where we were likely to find sport, insisted on going on in pursuit.

So down the hill we floundered, and up the other side of the nulla, and then we sighted the stags standing under a little clump of three trees on the other side of the nulla. Snow was falling slightly at the time, and I was fairly taken aback when my shikari, trembling with excitement, hastily snatched my ·303 out of the case and told me to fire. I was too much out of breath to fire at once, so I waited a little and then took aim at a big stag which was standing clear out from under the trees. I had two shots at him, and then he moved up behind the trunk of a tree. I then opened fire on the second stag whose horns were hidden under the tree. I proceeded to fire away merrily without apparently doing any harm. I started with the 200 yard sight on my rifle, then I put that down and shot with the 100 yard sight up, and then I tried the 300 yard sight, and kept on changing. I had nothing to guide me. My shots sank into the snow, so that I could not tell where one of them went, though I had an idea that my fifth shot hit. Meanwhile my shikari was urging me to shoot quickly, but he had no idea of where my shots were going, or what the distance was. All this time I was getting very anxious about my cartridges, as they were rapidly running out. I don't know that I ever felt more helpless in my life; here

was a chance—perhaps the only one I should have—of a lifetime, of which I was utterly unable to take advantage. I felt like some man who, finding himself in the water and unable to swim, clutches at some projecting obstacle which, being slippery, eludes his every grasp. Twelve cartridges were gone, and then I stopped to consider and draw breath. I had only three more cartridges. While I waited a wonderful sight appeared. From under that little clump of trees emerged a procession of six stags, four of which had hitherto been unseen. The three leaders were as fine specimens of *bara singh* as one could wish for, one with eleven points and two ten-pointers with fine, massive horns, as I discerned afterwards. I pulled myself together for a supreme effort, and fired one, two, three shots. Alas! onwards they slowly advanced, halting now and again, and wondering what was happening. For me! if I had had another cartridge I verily believe I should have shot myself. I sat me down and wept. No one can realise the feeling who has not himself experienced what it is to miss an animal for which one has travelled miles, and spent many a long and tedious day in camp. I sat aghast, dumb with grief. Presently I endeavoured to cheer up a little, and was so far interested as to stalk these stags and have a closer inspection. They were advancing up to the head of the nulla, and I went that way too, they being on one side, I on the other. And then it was that I realised my mistake. My shikari had been making me fire at a distance little short of a quarter of a mile. I suppose he did not wish to risk his reputation on a stalk, and so long as he got me to fire that was all he required. Whereas when I went off by myself up to the head of the nulla I got within an easy distance of 150 yards, and could have made certain of securing two fine heads.

Then it was, too, that I perceived that I had hit two stags, one a fine one, the other a moderate one only, which must have been the one I shot when his horns were hidden under the tree with my fifth shot. The latter had a hind leg broken, while the former was hit just behind the ribs. There was nothing to be done but to leave them where they were and come out early next morning. There they stood, the wounded ones lagging behind, and the others in advance waiting and wondering what was wrong with their friends.

So I went home sick at heart, and waited for rosy-fingered dawn to appear. During the early part of the night snow fell heavily, and this undoubtedly caused me to lose the biggest stag. The other one with the broken leg we found in the same spot as we left him, and I, foolishly thinking that there was little life left in him, ordered two of my men to *hallal* the animal (cut his throat). But directly they got near him, he was off at once, and I was let in for a long chase for two miles right down to the river before I could deliver the *coup de grâce.* Then we had to clamber the same distance up again to follow the tracks of the other, but though we saw many blood marks for some distance, we eventually lost him in the jungle on the northern slopes of the mountains.

A noticeable feature of the Himalayas is that the pine forests only grow on the northern slopes. The slopes that face the south and the midday sun become too dry and parched in the summer. So that the trees are only sparsely scattered about, and it is on these slopes that one is able to look for game.

This was really the only adventure I had while after *bara singh*, for the rest of my time proved blank. You, my readers, will probably dub me the worst shot that ever left

the shores of England ; you will certainly laugh at the very idea of a man having fifteen shots at the same lot of stags. But until you have been into the Himalayas and found how hard it is to judge distance in the rarefied atmosphere, you are not in a position to judge. When, too, you not only do not know the distance, but also have no idea where your shots are going, and when at your side you have an excited shikari urging you on to shoot quickly—if you have never had a rifle in your hands before and have never before done any stalking, perhaps you would not do much better than I did. After all, an initial failure intensifies the pleasure of subsequent success—such is my philosophy. So that when, eventually, in a different range of the Himalayas I did manage to secure a few trophies, I began to feel that perhaps it is not good for us to be too successful in our initial efforts even at big game shooting. One then realises the difficulties, and one takes more trouble to overcome them. After all, one lives for experiences and sensations, and even though they are not all pleasant, yet, I believe, the unpleasant ones are best calculated to do us good. Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds. Some of our deeds are successes, some are not. Our characters are determined by the combination of outward with inward facts. I had a few more days' stalking on the southern slopes of Lashkot Spur, but I never saw anything except hinds, and the weather was still very unsettled.

Meanwhile Simpson-Hayward, who was living in a log-hut up another nulla, the Atawat nulla, had been having a worse experience than I had. His nulla was at a higher elevation and more exposed. He had the misfortune to cut his first finger on the right hand very badly with a hunting knife, and the wound, aggravated by being knocked about during one day's floundering in the snow,

became so bad that he was confined to his hut for a fortnight. Not that he could have done much stalking, as the snow was excessively deep, and there was little or no fine weather to freeze it. Then, to add to his misfortunes, his shikari in drying his camera put it too near the fire and burnt it. So he was unable to take any more photographs.

One day during a snowstorm I, being weary of sitting in my tent, marched over to Hayward's camp, and took my bedding with me, intending to stop the night. The march was about 12 miles, but one coolie took my bedding, which must have weighed quite sixty pounds, the whole distance in the worst going it is possible to conceive. In the valley there was a slippery slush, while higher up the snow came up to one's knees. And yet for this remarkable feat of endurance, which no European could possibly have accomplished, he most contentedly accepted fourpence. The natives develop their neck and back muscles from their childhood, and the native women are most noticeable for the upright way in which they carry themselves with straight backs and chest well thrown forward. Perhaps some of our own womankind might improve their physique by learning to carry weights on their heads when they are young, as so many of the women in the East do.

While I was away from my own camp, where I left my own bearer in charge, my shikari took the opportunity to inform me of all the malpractices of my cook-bearer. This bearer of mine I picked up at Umballa ; he could talk English fairly well, but he was a Christian. Now the Christian converts in India have the worst reputation of any natives, and I think they deserve it. They have all the bad qualities of the Hindu or Mohammedan servant, but they are not restrained by their religion from eating the

sahib's food—an affliction from which one is safe if one's servant is a Hindu or Mohammedan.

My shikari informed me that this Christian servant was eating my stores, and meat, and eggs, and rice, and also indulging occasionally in a pull at my brandy and whisky. One story he told me will long remain a joke in those parts. One day my bearer made two rice puddings, both of my rice, one with milk, one with water. I was the recipient of the watery rice pudding, while my bearer lapped up my milk and rice. Curiously enough I had noticed a few days previously that a rice pudding I had had was made with water, and remarked upon the fact to my bearer, but of course he had an excuse ready by saying that the *lumbadar* had supplied watered milk. It was an amusing incident, and I certainly derived a lot of fun from hearing my shikari describing the episode.

Although I was confined to my camp for so many days yet there is much to study in the life of these village folk. These village communities afford an insight into the workings of most primitive societies. Each village has its headman, or *lumbadar*, who receives your orders for eggs and milk, and it is to him that you complain if these are not forthcoming.

Then there is the *tahsildar*, or headman of the district, or *tahsil*, who secures for you your coolies when you wish to move your camp, and he can compel the coolies to work for you. There are practically no police in Kashmir, except in Srinagar itself. The Kashmiris lead such a quiet, peaceful, and harmless existence that police are quite unnecessary. The women are shy, and hurry into their houses directly a sahib comes near. They may be pretty if you could discern their features beneath many layers of dirt, but I should say that the pretty Kashmiri women are to be

found in Srinagar among the more wealthy families. One day I visited a native hut. It was with some difficulty that I examined the interior, as the smoke from a wood fire which was blazing inside not only stifled but blinded me. I discerned several human beings of all ages gathered round the fire in a very filthy condition. The floor consisted of earth, and there was no furniture except a bedstead. I also observed fowls and goats in the same compartment, while in another room adjoining were quartered all manner of beasts—ponies, cows, water buffalo, sheep, and goats. Then I had to rush out again and get some fresh air before I dived once more into the stifling atmosphere to explore the recesses of that gloomy habitation.

I looked for a chimney, but all I found was a hole in the roof in the opposite corner of the room to where the fire was burning, through which the smoke issued as best it could.

I observed little else but squalor and filth, and I was glad to get outside and breathe the fresh air once again.

A few more days of weary waiting and then in disgust I sent a note to Simpson-Hayward, suggesting that we should return to England by a boat leaving Bombay on April 18. He consented readily to the proposal, and had already decided to return to Srinagar at once. So I wired for berths and secured them, and then on April 4 I struck camp and marched to Bandipore. No sooner had I reached Bandipore than the weather seemed to clear up and appear settled. I camped at Bandipore that night, and early next morning I chartered a doonga covered with rush mats and returned to Srinagar.

Those two days which I spent in boating back to Srinagar were two of the most perfect days I experienced in Kashmir. In descending into the valley from the hills

one passed from the cold and frost of winter into the fragrant warmth of spring, from ice and snow into the fresh green orchards of apple and apricot. Different elevation brings some new phase of climate and vegetation. One can pass from extreme heat to a temperature delightfully cool, or can escape from wearisome wet weather to a dry and sunny atmosphere. The peaceful calm of a spring evening in Kashmir inspires one with silent awe. The sun sinks behind the mountains, and the enormous barriers clad with snow which derives a peculiar lustre from the setting sun, stand out in greater emphasis against a sky in the East of brilliant blue, in the West of glowing red. Not a breath of wind disturbs the calm of the valley; not a sound breaks the silence of the evening.

> "How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
> With half-shut eyes ever to seem
> Falling asleep in a half-dream."

I had not been long in Srinagar before I was resolved to stay another month in Kashmir if I could persuade Simpson-Hayward to do likewise, and as he readily fell in with my suggestion, we cancelled our berths and re-booked others on the s.s. *Caledonia*, sailing from Bombay on May 16. We met the assistant forest-officer in Srinagar, who invited us both to join him on a bear-hunting, flower-seeking, bird's-nesting picnic up in the Lolab district, to the N.W. of the Wular Lake. We thought that so long as we three were together we should be able to enjoy ourselves whatever the weather was like. It was arranged to start from Baramulla, so with that intent we boated down there on a boarded doonga. On our way down we had a capital little duck and snipe shoot, and as the latter was quite unique shooting I will describe it.

The snipe ground consisted of a mass of floating vegetation on the borders of a jhil (lake). This growth did not permit of our standing long in the same place, as one sunk down, and eventually one's weight forced a hole right through. So one walked along, or rather was pushed along by a coolie at each elbow. Then when the snipe got up one shook off the coolies, took a hurried shot, and was rapidly pushed along again. Occasionally one struck a spot where the vegetation was weak, and then one went right through up to one's middle; but the coolies were wonderfully clever at showing you the ground which was safe.

On arriving at Baramulla we had another snipe shoot near there, and while returning from that shoot I met a Punjaubi shikari, who was seeking to escort some sahib up to the Kag-i-Nag Mountains in pursuit of the markhor. I, regarding this as an intervention of Providence, hastily decided to employ him, leaving the other two to go off together to the Lolab.

It was a pouring wet day when, on April 14, I set out from Baramulla in a tonga to drive to the dâk bungalow at Chakoti. I had about twenty days in which I hoped to get two markhor, and possibly a red and black bear, and get back to Srinagar to collect my things before leaving the country.

The Kag-i-Nag Mountains run from India up to the Valley of Kashmir on the left bank of the river Jhelum as one drives from Rawal Pindi. It is a longish range, and the highest point, the Kag-i-Nag Peak, is over 14,000 feet high. The nulla I intended to take possession of was the Kattai nulla. I sent off my shikari, chota-shikari, and bearer in two ekkas with my things, and they arrived the same evening after me at the dâk bungalow. I should mention that with the exception of my bearer all my servants were new, and were Punjaubis. I discharged all my



A SCENE IN KASHMIR

From a Photo by Mr. R. A. Williams

Kashmiris either at Bandipore or at Srinagar. My shikari, of course, wanted a chit—or letter of recommendation—which I was soft-hearted enough to give him. The next morning I left Chakoti with a large army of thirteen coolies besides my permanent staff, which consisted of my shikari, chota-shikari, bearer, tiffin coolie, dâk coolie, and cooking coolie.

It took two days' marching before I pitched my camp finally up the top of the nulla, and I had one or two experiences on the way. I halted at midday on the first day by the house of a small nawab, who sent me out a chair on which to rest myself under some trees, and who also gave me tea. He also lent me a watch, as mine had gone wrong, but I soon discovered that his was useless, as it gained from three to five hours every day. So for a fortnight I had nothing to guide me but the sun in calculating the time. While I was halting here the coolies struck and refused to advance. But I made an example of one by kicking him, and then they soon picked up their burdens and advanced. The first day's march was a long one of fifteen miles. I had hoped to get to the end of my journey in one day, but this was quite impossible, and though the shikari told me that I should only have to march about one mile to reach my destination on the next day, I found that the distance was quite four miles, and included some of the hardest climbing I had experienced. The Kattai nulla is extremely wild and jungly, besides being very large. There is quite enough room for three sahibs to be up there at the same time for shooting, and I regretted afterwards that I had not brought Simpson-Hayward along with me.

The scenery in this nulla is extremely grand, and we passed two big waterfalls, which made it evident that we were going up hill all the way, even if we had failed to notice it before, which was not at all probable.

On opening my tiffin basket at the end of the first day's march I found that a large bottle of chutney had been broken, and that all the other contents of the basket were contaminated by this greasy mixture. A more filthy mess I never saw. This is one of those little incidents which are most annoying, especially when you are very tired after a long day's march, and are longing to get a cup of tea as quickly as possible. On these occasions you feel inclined to think that camp life is not a happy one.

I will now mention the proper prices of food which you can secure from the villages. Eggs are twopence a dozen; milk is one penny a seer (or pint). You ought to be able to get a good sheep for four shillings (R. 3), and a chicken for fourpence or fivepence.

While I was in Kashmir I had no English bread. I fed on the Kashmir roti or "biscoot," as they called it, which was quite crisp and nice.

In the Kag-i-Nag I took up with me a tin of Delhi flour, from which my bearer, with the aid of Yeatman's yeast baking powder, produced some excellent scones. One day I had my bread eaten for me by some birds called the bulbul, quite the most impudent of birds, while on another occasion a jungle cat disposed of my next day's bread during the night.

Concerning my time in the Kattai nulla and my subsequent adventures I cannot do better than give the account that I find in my diary:—

Friday, April 17.—We set out in pursuit of markhor at 7 A.M. At first we had a long and tedious climb, and I was not going at all well; in fact I was feeling very seedy. My mouth was utterly parched, and a disagreeable bitter taste of salt made me long for a drink. (My supply of drink for the day consisted of a small "sparklet" bottle, and a

flask of whisky.) As the day wore on this craving for drink increased. About 11 A.M. the shikari left me behind with the tiffin coolie to take matters easy, while he went to scan the ground. About 3 P.M. he returned and announced that he had seen one fifty-inch markhor and three with horns over forty inches. Meanwhile I had been alternately eating and sleeping. The shikari informed me that if I went after the markhor I should not be able to get back to my tent that night. So I speedily made up my mind to strike while the iron was hot, in spite of my indisposition. I decided to go in pursuit, and to send my coolie back to my camp to bring out some more food and my small sleeping tent. After a long détour the shikari brought me to a place where we could clearly see the markhor. They were then in an absolutely inaccessible spot, which to the human eye was nothing more than a sheer precipice, rising straight up above the rushing torrent. There was a waterfall on each side of this steep face, and it was too far to shoot across the gully. So we waited, and presently the markhor moved up higher. We then made another détour and got above them. This last manœuvre was executed over exceedingly difficult ground, and one false step would have launched one into eternity. However, when we did get round we discerned a markhor standing beneath us, and apparently with good horns. At first he stood looking straight up at us about eighty yards above, and apparently satisfied that there was no danger he moved up a step and stood broadside on. My shikari was now trembling with excitement, and he besought me to shoot, but at first I found it quite impossible. We were stuck up on an almost bare face, running down nearly at a perpendicular, the shikari with his foothold on a small projecting stone supporting me above, and the chota-shikari above that. Just immediately

in front of us were several small twigs. I found it absolutely impossible to get my eye down to the sights at all. However, I eventually managed to get my knee up, and fired from that over the shikari's shoulder through the twigs. The light was extremely bad, as the sun had sunk behind the hills, and I had to fire at an object standing beneath me under a dark pine tree. However, the result of my shot was that the animal gave a jump and disappeared. Then after waiting a short time another markhor moved up and gave me a hurried shot, and then three more ran up the hill. We moved up and round to try and cut them off, and one big markhor doubling back stood within thirty yards of me, but I could not get the trigger of my rifle back, so a very good opportunity was lost. It turned out that the safety-catch had got moved slightly while I was running up hill. After that they all dispersed, and we went back to see if my first shot had taken effect. It had, and the markhor had fallen over the cud (precipice) to the bottom—a drop of 300 feet. My shikari went to the bottom, but when we met afterwards he told me that he could not get to the markhor, as it had fallen right through an avalanche of snow into the torrent that was rushing underneath. He had seen one hoof, and he brought me a collection of blood. I and the chota-shikari went along the top by the way we came.

Then came an awful struggle to get back to where we were to meet the coolies. It was now quite dark, being 8 P.M., and I had had no food since 1 P.M., and had done a long and exciting march since. How we found our way back was a miracle. We started along by the river from the head of a nulla, floundering in the avalanches of snow that had come down from above. Then as a grand finale we had to climb straight up a steep face deep in snow for one mile.

I was absolutely exhausted, and have never been so utterly done up in my life. How I welcomed the coolies, and greedily snatched a drink! My mouth was parched, and I felt that I had not one grain of food inside me. Having satisfied my appetite — my thirst was unquenchable — I crept inside my little tent, where I spent a most uncomfortable night, much disturbed by visions of gigantic markhor, fearful precipices, and enormous mountains which vied with each other in tumbling on me.

Saturday, April 18.—After lying awake for a long time I got to sleep in the early hours of the morning, and was rather annoyed at being disturbed. However, I got up, and proceeded to fold up my tent, and then made some sort of breakfast. This consisted of the remains of the overnight rice pudding, and some potted meat, and for water for tea I had to melt down some snow.

I decided to return to my camp with the shikari and tiffin coolie, while my chota-shikari and the dâk coolie who had brought up my bedding went out to secure the markhor.

On my way down I saw a gooral, which is like a small mountain sheep with small horns, and I thought I should like to stalk him. He was on a steep slope with slight undulations covered with dried dead grass, which was most slippery. I don't think I was ever more nervous than I was while stalking this animal. It was early morning, and my breakfast had been very scanty, and then it is that courage is most difficult to find. However, the stalk was not a success, and the gooral bolted away down hill. I took a snap shot at him and missed. Then as we were moving down hill I espied four markhor, of which one white and aged veteran would have been a fine trophy if he had not lost a few inches off one horn. While I was

watching these four below, five more young markhor appeared out of a little dip in the ground, and walked slowly up hill on a level with myself. All this time I was being propped up behind a small projecting rock by my shikari, who was beginning to pant, though he said he was all right.

We were now in a dilemma, as if we moved, we were certain to be seen by the markhor which were within eighty yards of us, while we wanted to stalk the bigger ones below. Eventually we decided we could hold on no longer, I becoming rapidly more and more exhausted, so we resolved to move back a little into another dip, where we should be out of sight of the higher markhor. If no alarm was given, we hoped to be able to clamber down within shooting distance of the lower ones. We managed to make our way back without unduly exciting suspicion, but the little dip into which we dropped was too shallow, and did not run far enough down hill to enable us to cover our approach. Then suddenly a gooral from above gave a note of alarm, and off the markhor went. It was disappointing, but I was glad to get back on safe ground once more, as my nerves were in no state to permit of my clambering along precipices with any degree of safety. I returned to my camp, and spent the rest of the day very quietly.

Sunday, April 19.—I wrote letters, and took a stroll in search of gooral. We had a heavy storm.

Monday, April 20.—Feeling as seedy as possible, I started out at 5 A.M. by moonlight. However, I got better in body as the day wore on, though my temper got worse. We went out to look for the big markhor I had seen the previous Saturday. He was in the same spot feeding off a few scraps of young green grass that was just beginning to appear, which all the animals of these hills

love so dearly. But my shikari made a hopeless mess of the stalk by blundering right on them, and he then beckoned to me to scramble along, and shoot at any one as they rushed down hill. I was more than annoyed but said little, and the rest of the day proved blank.

This evening my men brought in the markhor which I had shot on the Friday before. He was not as big as I had expected, being just under forty inches, but there is nothing harder than judging a horn when you have never shot the same species of animal before. My men had been three days digging the markhor out of the snow, and they had never left the spot the whole time. Luckily the markhor fell on snow, otherwise his horns must have been smashed to pieces.

Tuesday, *April* 21.—I had such a splendid night that the fact is worth recording, and I did not wake up till about 10 A.M. I breakfasted at 10.30 A.M., and having various domestic duties to perform I did not start till 1 P.M. It was a lovely day, and just as I was going out my dâk coolie arrived bringing my mail letters, which are most acceptable after a long absence from home. So I took my letters with me to read on the hill. The rain overnight had made the steep slopes covered with dead grass tolerably firm, so the going was excellent. We descended down into one nulla, and then up on the other side, a very steep ascent, but a beautiful cool breeze up above soon made one comfortable again. We did not hurry, but took our time, and at 3 P.M. I had tiffin and read my letters. The chota-shikari joined us now. He had been out early, and said he had seen no big markhor, but he had watched a leopard killing a small female markhor, and carrying it off into the jungle. I wished I had seen such an interesting sight. After lunch we moved on up hill, and soon after

sighted some markhor feeding on their way down hill. We waited till they disappeared into a dip in the ground, and then the shikari and I tried the stalk. The ground lay excellently for us, but when we got within easy distance my shikari wanted me to shoot at one whose horns I felt sure were under forty inches. This one was standing above the others, and he soon scented danger, as the wind was blowing from us towards them. He began to snort, and then ran at intervals up the hill and disappeared. This was most opportune, as it allowed me to move up a little to a place where I could lodge myself comfortably without being seen, and where I could get a good view of the other markhor. There were only two, and these were looking straight in my direction, and wondering what the cause of danger was.

As luck would have it they moved up hill, and gave me a much better view. I then saw that one was a big markhor; at any rate the first throw of his horns was very large and wide, and the shikari said he was well over forty inches. I then made the shikari lie just beside me, and using his head as a rest I took aim and fired. The bullet went a little high on the shoulder, and out half way down the other side. The markhor sank down, and before the shikari reached him he was stone dead.

He proved to be quite a fine head, and I was immensely pleased with the whole performance. I left the chota-shikari and tiffin coolie to do the needful, and bring home the requisite parts.

The shikari and I reached camp about 7 P.M. Coming back I saw several small markhor feeding on a place where to the human eye there appeared no foothold for beast of any sort.

It is simply extraordinary where they can go with the

utmost unconcern. Where a markhor cannot go is not worth going.

This has been one of those days, which are few and far between, when everything goes right.

I enjoyed this day more than any I have spent in this delightful country.

There are other days when everything goes wrong, when after a bad night you wake up to find that the porridge is smoked and full of wood-ash, when the eggs are served up on a filthy plate, when you forget half the things you want for tiffin, when every place on which you put your foot gives way, and you tumble down and hurt yourself, only to be saved from a hasty death by clinging on to some shrub which scratches your hands to pieces, when the stalk is spoilt by your shikari, and when you finish up by returning home in drenching rain to be told there is no milk for tea and no boiling water. Such is the contrast. On such days you feel inclined to think that after all shooting in the Himalayas is the worst game you ever played. I have had such days; I have passed day after day sitting in my tent watching the snow and rain descend, but I have had good days, and one good day makes up for a very great deal. And so it is all the world over in everything one does. We have our failures and our successes, our good and our bad days; but happiest is he who, while striving all he knows, can complacently take everything as it comes.

I will now break off from my diary and summarise the rest of my time in camp.

Having secured my two markhor (which is all one is allowed by license to shoot) I was anxious to try for a red bear. With that object I left the Kattai nulla, and marched for two days to the Goojur nulla. This journey took me over a high spur of the Kag-ī-Nag range, which

must have been about 13,000 feet high. That was the highest altitude I reached.

At the close of the first day's march, as I was descending into a nulla on the opposite side of this spur, we sighted a bear lying fast asleep about 100 yards below. It was rather dark, being about 7 P.M., but I put up my ·450 and shot him stone dead through the head. I shall always regard this shot as a fluke, as I subsequently on my last day in these hills had a much easier shot, when I only succeeded in grazing the bear's side. Both of these were black bears, and the one I killed was a particularly fine one. It rained for five successive days after I reached the Goojur nulla. The damp brought the fleas out of the ground, which made my nights most unpleasant, and as no red bear were likely to appear till the weather cleared up, I decided to return to Srinagar. I marched all the way back to Baramulla, spending two nights at Rampur dâk bungalow on the way, and at Baramulla I chartered an ekka to take me to Srinagar—a most unpleasant method of conveyance, which I should recommend to none except an enemy.

Those last few days in Srinagar were delightful, spent in collecting the many things I had ordered from the dealers, in watching polo, and in playing cricket. The English visitors had by this time arrived, and the English quarters on the river were looking gay with house-boats, so that we were very loath to leave.

To any one going out to India, who intends to shoot in Kashmir, I would give a few hints that might be useful. Firstly, I would say that there are no two finer trophies to be got in the Himalayas than the *bara singh* and the markhor. Both these can be got within a few days' marching from Srinagar. The stags are in very good condition in March, and the shooting then is more sporting to my mind

than in October, when the rutting season begins. The subalterns from India cannot get leave in March, so there should be no difficulty about securing a good nulla in March quite close to the Wular Lake. I am told that March is usually a fine month, but apparently the weather is uncertain, and that seems to be the chief drawback to shooting in March.

For markhor the Kag-ī-Nag Mountains are not always open. They were opened this year after being closed for six years, so I may consider myself very lucky. The Kag-ī-Nag markhor is considered by many people the finest of the markhor. His horns rise in the most graceful spiral curves, his long grey beard gives him a most venerable aspect. He is a truly handsome trophy.

To any one going to the Kag-ī-Nag range I would say, "Don't take a Kashmiri." You want the local or village shikari, a Punjaubi in fact. He knows the ground; he knows the roads, and his knowledge gives him confidence. Wherever you go the shikari can go, but wherever he can go I am sure you can't. If you take a Kashmiri into the Kag-ī-Nag you will find that he does not know the country or the roads, that he therefore is cowardly, and you will soon realise that he is boycotted by the village men. It is only part of the system of blackmail once again. You must employ the local men, but the local men—the Punjaubis—will never work under a Kashmiri shikari. When I was crossing over from the Kattai nulla to the Goojur nulla, on reaching Lutchipura we heard that a sahib had entered the Goojur nulla the night before. But on going farther we ascertained that the sahib had left that morning. The report was that a Kashmiri shikari had taken the sahib out up some hill where there was no road, and that the sahib had had a nasty fall, and he had left in disgust.

I was never so pleased over the misfortune of another, as his vacating the nulla left it open for me. If you are going shooting early in the year, I would advise certain kinds of stores to be taken in with you. The first stores only arrive in Srinagar about the middle of April at the earliest, so things like tinned vegetables, and fresh bacon, which are disagreeable, and perhaps harmful if not fresh, are best taken in with you. But the ordinary things can be got just as well in Srinagar as in India. Looking at my list of stores I would say that the following are absolutely essential for camp life: Porridge, bacon, soup tablets (Lazenby's are excellent), tea and cocoa, jam. Some form of vegetable; I took Brussels sprouts and haricot beans. As regards rifles, I would advise a single barrel small rifle, and for preference a Mannlicher. The reason why I prefer a Mannlicher to a ·303 is, that it is impossible to secure ammunition for the latter without considerable difficulty. However, if any one has already got a ·303 let him take it by all means, but let him see that he is well provided with cartridges before he leaves India. Of the cartridges I prefer Jeffrey's split bullets, as being more certain to break up on hitting the object aimed at. The ordinary soft-nosed bullet has been known to go straight through an animal without breaking up at all. Then of course it is necessary to have some big-bore rifle. I had a D.B. ·450 which only took black powder. I think perhaps it is best to have a D.B. rifle for bears in case of emergency, especially if you intend to have any bear drives. Any bore from ·400 to ·500 is large enough to stop a bear, though a bear has been known to go away with more than one ·500 bullet in him. The bear is a terrible animal to stop unless you hit him in a vital spot.

Some people will tell you on no account to get your tents in Srinagar. My advice is just the opposite. You

can hire most excellent tents from any of the agencies at a very reasonable charge. For yourself you want an 80 lb. Kabul tent with double fly. For your cook-bearer you want one servant's pall, and your shikaris need one as well. Personally, I bought a Colonel Young's tent from the Elgin Mills at Cawnpore. This tent only weighs 30 lb. It has a waterproof sheet at the bottom, can be used as a valise for bedding, and is a splendid little tent to sleep out on the hills for a night when you cannot get back to your main camp. I found this tent invaluable on two or three occasions.

If I was asked to recommend an agency in Srinagar, I should not hesitate to name AA's or Cockburn's Agency. They will get you anything from a house-boat to a shikari, and will attend to any business as promptly as any firm in England. If you wish to buy any of the Kashmir goods, you might do far worse than get such things through Cockburn's Agency. You will then lose the empty pleasure of bargaining, but you will have the more substantial satisfaction of getting a good article at the right price. Among the Kashmir dealers I would recommend Guffar Joo for tailoring and silk work, Jubbar Khan for wood-carving, and Habib Joo for silver and enamel work.

I dare say some of my readers are wondering what commission I receive for this recommendation. It would only be in accordance with the custom of the East if I were to make a bit, but unfortunately I don't, and so you may have the satisfaction of knowing that I am free from the taint of corruption.

Now I would make a few remarks in conclusion. If any one can spare to be three months away from Srinagar I would advise him to go over the Zoji La into Baltistan. Better still if he can be away six months, as he will have more opportunity of securing a good bag. He might then

secure ibex, sharpu, markhor, ovis ammon, burhel, red and black bear, and possibly some other trophy.

I am afraid that much that I have said will be dull and uninteresting, especially to those who have not been to Kashmir, while perhaps those who know the country and have indulged in the sport which the country affords will find much to criticise in the remarks I have made at the end of this chapter. My main purport in writing was to set forth my experiences and any little incidents which might be found interesting to others, either as being unique or as being similar to the experiences of others. Then, too, I added a few remarks which I thought might be useful to any one who is contemplating a visit to those parts.

There have been many books written on sport in the Himalayas, but few of these have dealt with sport immediately round the main Valley of Kashmir itself and within the precincts of the Wular Lake. Also, many people are under the impression that you must cross the Zoji La into Baltistan and Ladakh before you can get any sport worth having.

For those who are pampered with every luxury of a luxurious age nothing could be more beneficial than two or three months of camp life with nothing but the bare necessities of existence. For the student of botany and natural history there is a veritable gold mine to be explored. To the invalid the exhilarating air and the bright sunshine will soon restore his former spirits and his pristine health.

No one who has visited Kashmir has come back disappointed, except, perhaps, with the town of Srinagar itself, and that was, I think, because they failed to appreciate the striking and unique individuality of an ancient, historical, and tumble-down city.

But there was one thing that struck me more than anything else during my sojourn in the East, whether in India or in Kashmir. It was not the strange features of the country, or any meteorological peculiarities, or the complex character of the native, though these were subjects of absorbing interest: it was the open-heartedness and kindly disposition of the Anglo-Indians towards their wandering fellow-countrymen. Let the most cynical of mankind leave his English home, let him spend merely the short time of some few weeks in India, and he will return to his country a more cheerful and a wiser man, satisfied that at any rate in one quarter of the British Empire there is to be found in human nature something that is not absolutely sordid, something that is nice, something that is truly attractive.

XIII

LIFE ON THE IRRAWADDY—RANGOON

Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon."
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

AN invitation from a friend in Rangoon to come over to Burma and see him, and another from a friend in the Indian Marine who commands a boat that runs between Rangoon and Bhamo decided me to visit a country which had long appealed to my imagination. It is only a four days' voyage from Calcutta to Rangoon, but the contrast between the India you have left and the Burma you reach is striking. You leave a land which has stamped upon your mind a prevailing impression of monotonous drabness; you come to a country refreshingly green—green with the vivid hues of growing paddy, and the dark restful tones of unbounded forests. You leave a land peopled by chattering natives, noisy, but cringing, patient and hard-working, cramped by the laws of caste, suspicious of you, natives who keep their women "purdah" and themselves aloof, natives of many creeds and tongues, and races all at enmity among themselves. You find a people friendly and full of fun, light-hearted and quick to laughter, contented, charitable, and with no inordinate desire for money. And when you see the streets filled with fascinating women,



TSANG-DIVA IN COURT DRESS

dressed in bright silks, a skirt of pink wrapped tightly about them, a silk scarf of another shade thrown over a coquettish sort of white Zouave jacket, and a flower stuck in their raven tresses, you begin to appreciate what the theory of the equality of sexes, implied by Buddhism, can do for a people. The flower in their hair reminds you of the Spanish women, and this impression is heightened by their walk, an attractive little waddle from the hips, and by the fragrant, straw-coloured powder with which they keep their faces cool. They smoke too, these Burmese ladies, and it is not long before you see the "whacking white cheroot" between their lips. Where Mr. Kipling saw the "little cap of green," or how a soldier's girl came to be called Soopieyawlat is a mystery insoluble, but the white cheroot and the green one too is there, larger than you would believe. For many of them are nine inches or a foot in length. It is a land of happy, contented, mirthful people, this Burma; a land of primitive simplicity for the most part, of forest and jungle, of bright colours and happy beliefs—but above all it is a land of smokers. The very children smoke before they are weaned, a recorded fact which you are inclined to disbelieve till you notice that the children are weaned very late, and till you observe with your own eyes a woman stop giving the breast and appease her infant's appetite by giving it a cheroot.

This is a fact, but in the East you grow cautious about accepting such facts till you have verified them; for the traveller is regarded as fair game, a heaven-born receptacle of strange fictions.

And there are liars, fine rhythmic liars, with full rich utterances on the Irrawaddy as elsewhere. It was here that one famous for his powers of invention impressed a lady globe-trotter with the gorgeous invention that way down the

river the mosquitos grew so big that men who were keen on shooting snipe—a difficult, dodgy bird to hit—kept their eye in during the off season by shooting them; and the yarn, it is said, was gravely chronicled in a Book!

After India, then, as I was saying, the contrast of Burma is everywhere astonishing. The contrast extends to the animals you see in the street. To pass from India to Burma is like passing from France to Germany, from a land of cruelty to animals to a land where animals are petted and made fat with an almost sentimental tenderness. And then in Burma the ponies in the gharis or on the polo ground, besides being well cared for, are no larger than big sheep! This fact adds to the exotic appearance of these enchanted streets.

They are the Irish of the East, these Burmans! But even over this people there is the trail of the modern serpent. The baneful progress of civilisation is beginning to produce its inevitable effects. In the towns the Burman is rapidly becoming dirty, degenerate, and diseased; he is catching from us the evil love of money; youths are ceasing to tattoo their legs; the palace at Mandalay, now used as a very pleasant and original house for the Upper Burma Club, has been roofed over with corrugated iron, and the roofs of some of the smaller pagodas about the Shwe Dagon Temple itself are made of the same abomination. Under our rule there is peace on the borders; there is a great development of trade, and there will be a greater; and the nameless cruelties of the old régime have disappeared. It is now no longer possible to bury human beings alive beneath the posts at the gates of Mandalay Fort in order that their spirits might act as guardian *Nats*. Dacoity is being effectively suppressed and order reigns. But English education is teaching the people to be selfish, and English example

will make them avaricious. It is a pity that we cannot improve the administration of a country without contaminating the morals of a people.

These, of course, are the sentimentalities of the globe-trotter. The business-man and the administrator find the slackness of the Burman unforgivable. John Chinamen and Madrassis swarm into the country to do the work and grow rich, and get as a reward the best of the Burmese women for their wives. So that competition is supplying the Burman at last with the stimulus which he used to lack, thanks to the natural richness of his country.

We only had a few hours to spend in Rangoon on our way up to Katha, where we were to join our friend's ship. Those few hours we spent on the polo ground and at the Shwe Dagon pagoda. That is a pagoda you must see when you visit Rangoon, whether you wish to or not, and very well worth seeing it is. For the Shwe Dagon is the most venerable and popular place of worship in all the Indo-Chinese countries. Its peculiar sanctity is due to the fact that it is the only shrine known to Buddhists which contains the actual relics not only of Shin Gautama but also of the three Budhs who preceded him. The glittering gold spire on the last spur of the Pegu hills attracts pilgrims, not only from the farthest parts of Burma, but also from Cambodia, Siam, and Corea.

On the morning of our arrival it attracted a most unexpected sort of pilgrim in the shape of a man-eating tigress. There is no tiger story in India more hallowed by custom and unstaled by variety than that of the Tommy who hung on to the tiger's tail till it came off. I suppose it is to be reckoned among the beneficent effects of our education of the native that this fine old chestnut has recently been appropriated and served up by the Babu in his native papers.

We are told how the animal, "infuriated" at having the door of the Babu's sitting-room shut in his face, tried to get in through the roof. "He pushed up the thatch with his head and just got well in when down came the thatch upon him, preventing him from moving either way. Master Stripes was now an object of derision to the assembled villagers. One brave youth got hold of his tail, and there was a regular tug-of-war between man and tiger. But a still stranger thing happened. The tail gave way under severe tension, and a considerable portion of it was left in the hands of the plucky youth, to the delight of the bystanders."

After this sort of thing a plain, unvarnished fact is what you begin to think refreshing. But the plain, unvarnished fact which then took place in Rangoon is really more astonishing. A man-eating tigress which had recently been reported in the vicinity of Rangoon was suddenly discovered early in the morning to be lying fast asleep on the platform of the famous Shwe Dagon pagoda, which stands almost in the centre of Rangoon and is the chief place of Buddhist worship in Lower Burma. The pagoda is thronged night and day with monks and devotees, and it would be almost incredible, if it were not true, that a tigress should choose such a place for a night's rest. Perhaps the monks will explain that she was in a former existence a wicked nun who had now come to do penance before the shrine of Buddha, or perhaps she remembered the spot as one where she might easily pick out a fat devotee for dinner. At any rate, there on the gilded platform she was seen to be sleeping in the early morning sunshine, and the excitement and panic of the holy men may be imagined. They rushed across to the arsenal just below, and called upon the sahibs to save them. Some officers and "the sons of the military" came to their aid.

It is rumoured that a firing party was drawn up which shot at the tigress by sections and half-sections; but the tigress wisely refused to be frightened—she was, of course, secure from being hit—by the British Army. At any rate, in the end one officer climbed on to the roof of a pyathat and another on to the scaffolding of one of the small pagodas. Thence they fired. The tigress was hit but did not move. After another shot to make sure, Major ——, followed by some Burmans armed with spears, gave the beast the *coup de grâce.* It proved to be a tigress, in fine condition, measuring between 7 feet and 8 feet.

We pushed on at once by train to Katha, intending to spend a week at Mandalay, and another week or so at Rangoon on our way back. At Katha the train strikes the river again after many hours of travel through impenetrable jungle, rich in creepers and orchids and splendid timber, varied by vast ravines and forested heights. We found our friend waiting for us on board his little flat-bottomed stern-wheeler, and experienced with a keen reminiscence of home the sensation of neatness and clean paint which is the *cachet* of the Navy. Our business was to carry mules up to Bhamo, transport for the military police, who were organising a little raid up country where there had been some trouble, and a few prisoners, dacoits and opium smugglers, Chins from across the border. These were philosophic scoundrels whom I interviewed through an interpreter with the very smallest success. Doubtless they were merely the agents of the respectable rascals who conduct operations on a large scale in Rangoon. There was also a criminal lunatic on board, who, in a moment of exasperation, had killed his mother-in-law. I did not understand at first why he was described as a lunatic; but in the evening he began to make so much

noise that buckets of water had to be poured over his heated brow. This made him unpopular with his fellow-prisoners, who disliked the water even more than the noise.

And so began our journey up the river to Bhamo, and down the river again to Mandalay, and afterwards to Prome. Surely this great winding water-way, with its ever-changing channel, its banks here steep and jungly, there sandy and flat, is a wonderful stream.

I quote from a pleasing article by Mr. Ernest Dawson in *Blackwood's Magazine*: "A river in Europe is a pleasing feature of a landscape. One knows, of course, that it is also a page of history, a highway of industry, and a means of livelihood for thousands, but these thoughts are not primary, nor upon the surface of the mind. In the East one beholds the working of the wheel of things. God has said, wrote the Emperor Akbar, from water all things were made. Consider these endless tons of pouring water. This thing that sucks and gobbles at the mooring chains and swirls among the piles of the black wharf has come a thousand miles and more, from among untrodden snows, from the mysterious heart of Asia. It has fed millions of beings, human and bovine, of those for whom

> Life is a long-drawn question
> Between a crop and a crop,

and its work is not yet done. Untiring, itself impregnated with the soil it has fertilised, it is eagerly sliding to the sea. It is the road to England, and to-morrow it will bear away some of these tall ships, crammed to the hatches with its own produce, the grain that is to feed millions more. And after it has mingled with the ocean it will return months hence in the form of rain clouds, and slake again the thirst of the land. So turn the mills of God. . . ."

A glance at its position on the map, and a knowledge that it is navigable, make you sure at once that the Irrawaddy ever has been, is, and must be the main axis round which revolve the wheels of the political, commercial, and social activity of Burma. The sources of that mighty river are still unknown; 1000 miles from its mouth is Bhamo, the most northern station of British troops. Beyond is the Chinese frontier and the far distant mountains on whose snow-capped bosom the river is cradled. Mighty it is, but most difficult to navigate.

Even a fine river, says a Burmese proverb, is spoilt by shoals. You are reminded of the truth of this saying when you pass one of the Flotilla Company's steamers stranded high and dry on a sand bank. There is 10 feet of water there in the flood season (June to October), and it saves a mile or more of bending river to cut across it: so cut across a skipper will until at last, if he is unlucky, he touches the sand when the water is falling. If he is going up stream he may succeed in getting out his anchors and hauling off; but with the current behind him he will be forced further on to the shore. Then when the water recedes he will be left high and dry, and the skippers of passing boats will bring him mustard and cress to sow his decks withal. And the cold weather comes and goes, and the hot weather succeeds, until at long last the rains break again, the river begins to rise, and the steamer floats off to resume once more its interrupted course up and down the shifting channels and past the changing shores of the Irrawaddy.

The river is buoyed by pilot-tugs belonging to the Flotilla Company. These continually patrol the stream and mark the snags that lie in the way, huge trees that have been washed down in the rains ready to rip open the unwary steamer, and they buoy with light bamboos the channel, which is for ever

changing. The channel is narrow after the cold weather. Nearly a mile from shore, perhaps, you are looking across the shallow water to the jungly shore, marking the barking-deer and peacocks, the wily jungle fowl with its brilliant bantam-like plumage, or watching the teal and duck, the otters and geese that line the long stretches of sand. A gust of wind ripples the intervening water, strikes the sand and whirls it up into a thousand little sand devils, then comes down upon you and dashes a cloud of sand into your face, obliterating all the buoys from view ; or there is pointed out to you an opening in the jungle which is the favourite place for wild elephants and tigers to come down to drink. The villages round about here, you are told, provide themselves with clappers, who make an incessant noise all night to keep off the wild beasts, for cheetahs, tigers, and elephants abound here as in hardly any other part of the world. But you must be careful about shooting elephants. Not long ago a globe-trotter landed from one of the Flotilla Company's steamers and wandered through the jungle in the hope of seeing an elephant. It was the ambition of his lifetime to shoot one. At last suddenly he saw before him a huge head and trunk swinging backwards and forwards through the foliage of the trees. He took careful aim. It was a good shot. The bullet struck the elephant between the eye and ear and entered the tiny brain. Death was instantaneous. The delighted sportsman rushed up to examine his prize. But his joy soon gave place to shame and disgust when he found that the elephant was chained by the hind leg to a tree. It belonged to a big Forest man who had a word or two to say on the subject.

And just as your attention is deeply engaged with these things, suddenly there is a shock ; the bows of the boat shoot out across the river, and in a second she is aground

with her nose jammed in the opposite shore, for she has cushioned against a newly-formed sand-bank and "shied" off it. You land and try for some geese or snipe whilst the ship is being hauled off with the aid of her anchors. Geese we were too late for, but snipe are plentiful here as mosquitoes, and flies and mosquitoes were so numerous that they used to choke the lamps when we banked up of an evening and leave us in darkness.

Full of change and variety, then, is this fascinating river—change and variety of scenery and atmosphere. For miles you steam under clear sky, bright and blinding above you as a burnished brazen bowl. Then the horizon grows black with smoke and the brown plumage of a fish-hawk poised in mid-air shines against a sepia background. The air is filled with clouds of black wood ash, and the flame-coloured flower of the cotton trees in the distance deceives you for a moment into thinking thar you can see the tongues of fire from a forest blaze. But it is an orderly conflagration. The Government Foresters or the employés of the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company are burning fire-lines through the jungle; clearing stretches of forest many miles long as a precaution against any general fire, for these spaces, cleared at regular distances, parallel, are calculated to stop any blaze which may arise from spontaneous combustion in the forest, from lightning or from the carelessness of a hunter who has left his camp fire unextinguished.

For miles you follow the tortuous channel which winds from side to side of the wide waters that sprawl over the sands and wash the low and distant shores. But presently the river narrows into a magnificent defile. On either side of you steep cliffs, in some places 800 feet high, run down sheer into the water. They are fringed

with timber, and here and there on a suitable crag a pagoda is perched. But for that last touch you might fancy for the moment that you are in Scotland or on a Norwegian fiord. There ahead of you, however, is a reminder that you are close to the Chinese border. On the rocks are the remains of two wrecked river steamers. They were run ashore by the Burmese admirals years ago when they were sent on an expedition which they did not relish. Their orders were to transport troops up the river to the Chinese frontier, but they refused to proceed beyond this place, and when the generals insisted they ran their ships ashore. But the device was of no avail, for on their return they were ingloriously shortened by a head.

All the trade of the river is transacted by flats and floating bazaars which are towed up and down by one of the Flotilla Company's steamers. All the fishing villages on the banks depend on it for supplies of every kind. The scene presented by this bazaar, especially at night, is picturesque and amusing in the extreme. The deck space is let out to various merchants, whose headquarters are usually Mandalay. They establish a stall and embark their goods, on which they pay freight—that is where the Company comes in. The men sit in the background, sleeping, smoking, and keeping accounts, or occasionally they get up and carry the goods. The women, smoking too, laughing and chaffing with all the freedom and frankness of their race, sit in the foreground, and they do most of the work of selling. It is a picture full of vivid colour and of animation. Here you will see a handsome woman measuring out betel nuts or potatoes with one hand, whilst with the other she holds the babe, which she is suckling, to her breast. There sits another selling candles, matches, bright Mandalay silks or cheroots, with a spray of rich orchids in her hair. She

is parrying in the intervals of trade the chaff of her neighbours, which has never ceased since the boat struck a snag a few weeks ago and went down, to the great loss of the bazaar and to the great inconvenience of the villages up the river. For the neighbours have agreed to hold this poor girl responsible, for it must have been her illegitimate child that brought misfortune to the boat! And so, on this journey, the little fellow has been left behind, with the happy result that trade is brisk, the river rising, and the voyage so far has been prosperous exceedingly!

As we steamed from Bhamo to Mandalay we stopped at or passed many places of interest. One day we saw, sixty miles away on our port bow, the hills wherein lie the famous ruby mines of Burma; rubies and other precious minerals too, one would imagine, are there and in the mountains beyond Bhamo, destined to be worked some day, it is hoped, by English companies. Lack of good fuel is the great difficulty at present in the way of developing the mineral resources of India. There there is plenty of coal, but coal of so low a grade that special machinery has to be made for it. A Parsee millionaire, whose son I had the pleasure of meeting in Bombay, Mr. Tata, is devoting himself to this question in India. In Burma some day as much will be done, and here, when the time comes, there will be no lack of fuel. For there is the timber near at hand, and, lower down the river, there are the oil-fields of Burma.

Another day we stopped, some nine miles above Mandalay, at Mingan, where a megalomaniac king, Mintayagyi, began to build a pagoda that should top the surrounding hills. All that now remains is the model of his intention, and close by it a huge cube of brick, split and cracked in all directions by earthquake, which is but one-third of the intended building, but is yet the largest mass of brickwork

in the world. It leaves one unmoved and uninterested, but the unfinished leogryphs, gigantic also, who are set in the foreground overlooking the river astonish you mildly as you stand beneath them, sterns which tower above you for all the world like the stern of some vast liner in dry dock. Near at hand is swung the second biggest bell in the world. To me mere size is never either interesting or impressive: it is how things look, not how things are, that I care about, and this depends upon the proportions of a building, the beauty of the curves and the design, not upon the number of bricks in it or the cost of erection. I must apologise for this state of mind to the thousands of red-booked strangers who swarm over the world, reading wide-eyed and open-mouthed the luscious facts of Bædeker—how this thing cost £120,000 or that *zwei hundert tausend mark!* I remember paying a visit to the Temple Church in London in order to look once more at those few windows which, almost unique in England, recall the glories of the coloured glass at Bourges, Le Mans, or Chartres. There was only one other visitor there, and he was a German. He seemed to be appreciating the place, especially the marble pillars. I spoke to him, and asked him in his native tongue whether he thought them beautiful? "*Schön!*" he answered. "*Schön—Wunderschön! Sie kosteten zwei hundert tausend mark!*"

Well, I am not writing a guide-book this time and therefore I shall say no more about these places, and shall forbear to describe the pagodas and the palace at Mandalay. I come back to the river, to the villages, and the fisher-folk upon its banks.

You may not care for sight-seeing; you may not be interested in places and big bells; you may even have the courage to refuse to look at mountains and ravines because you prefer "not to spoil your holiday with scenery"; but

if you are human at all and have the ounce of sympathy and understanding which makes you think, with the Latin poet, nothing human alien to you, then will you find Burma fascinating by virtue of its people.

In the evening the boat is brought in and tied up to the bank—banked up, as it is called, no easy manœuvre when the tide is running strong. You disembark and follow idly the first part that leads into the jungle. You make your way beneath huge mango and bread-fruit trees till you enter upon a narrow sandy track, with open bamboo huts on either side. You pass beyond this High Street, and presently find yourself, after you have left the human dwelling-places behind you, in one of the many streets of innumerable pagodas. Some of these pagodas are old and crumbling to pieces; others are quite new. Some of the new ones are but half finished, some of the old so ancient that they have almost been re-absorbed into the primeval jungle. Trees have sprung up around and on top of them, thrusting their roots down from above or forcing their stems up through the iron bands of the crowning Tis—those umbrella-like pagoda tops, hung about with bells that once swung and tinkled in the breeze. You note a tribute to modern civilisation, for some of these Tis are tipped with soda-water bottles that glisten in the sun. As you stand amid these myriads of pagodas, you need to be reminded of the reason for this multiplication of fanes.

No work of merit, it is believed, is so richly rewarded as the building of a pagoda. The builder's merits in the final summing up outweigh his demerits, and he attains the Holy Rest. It avails little, however, to repair a previous dedication. Hence a bright new place of worship springs up on every side, whilst the old ones at its side crumble to dust for lack of the least care.

A sudden turn and you are in the main street of this city of pagodas. A huge gilt pagoda at the end of it is the parent shrine round which pilgrims from many parts—Burmans, Shans, Cachins—have built other new and smaller ones. These pilgrims come especially on the occasion of the fixed fête or *pwé* of the place. For every district in pagoda-land has its special feast, when visitors flock to the pagoda-feast, to laugh and talk and trade, and see the travelling troupes perform the plays of which they are passionately fond, and also from a genuine pious desire to acquire merit by contributing candles, paper-prayers cut into fanciful shapes of dragons or lizards, flags and rice or gold-leaf to the shrine. These feasts are the only breaks in a Burman's life—the only interruption in the peaceful round of betel-chewing in the wattled bothy wherein he was born, and smoking a cheroot round his patch of paddy.

You approach the great shrine and enter. On either side of the wooden portals are two big bells swinging on posts, and deer's antlers are hung beside them. The devotee takes one of these and strikes the bell several times. The deep tones mingle harmoniously with the tinkle of the thousand bells that hang about the top of the pagodas and are rung by a passing breeze. And the purpose of the ringing of all these bells is the same—to attract the attention of the good spirits, or *Nats*, to the fact that the lauds of Buddha have been recited, and that the reciter has gained *Koothoh*, acquired merit thereby. "You can't," said a sailorman to me, "you can't beat Burma for bells." Round the central shrine are many women and children, men and boys bowing before the Buddha, and repeating in this holy place the beautiful commandments he gave. Yellow-robed monks intone those precepts, and teach them to their disciples. Troops of maidens, beautifully dressed in ex-

quisite shades of silk approach from every side, to pray and burn a candle and offer a flower at the many shrines. They are accompanied by grey-haired beldames, but they do not pay too much heed to these their chaperones. They do not disguise their interest in the white stranger, who perhaps, when they leave the main pagoda, follows them idly. They walk at first sedately in single file behind the old women, and stop ever and anon to place a little paper flag or joss-stick on a favourite shrine. Presently the girl who most has pleased the stranger's fancy drops a little behind the rest and looks hastily round. She walks on again quickly, and after a little takes a flower from her hair and drops it carelessly. The stranger smiles and picks it up, and she looks round and smiles too. Then she takes the scarf (*pawah*) of pale yellow silk that was hung about her neck and over her bosom, unfolds it and poses with it, again with apparent carelessness, holding it suspended across her shoulders. The delicate shade of yellow harmonises with the pale yellow-green of her jacket and the pink and yellow and green bands of her skirt (*tawehn*). The pagoda-street down which the little party has gone ends at last in a flight of steps. They disappear from the stranger's view. When he arrives at the top of the wooden steps he perceives beyond a village on the sands, and below him, on the sand at the foot of the steps, a row of kneeling figures in an attitude of prayer—a row of pretty girls in fair-coloured draperies, holding up their little hands and murmuring the wise precepts of Buddha. They smile as they murmur, and one of them half forgets to utter her holy aspirations.

Presently they continue their path to the village. The village consists of but a few huts built of bamboo. In the centre is the convict-house and market-place, round which are ranged the chief dwelling-places. As they approach this site, the other girls laugh aloud and run

on, leaving the other for a moment alone, confused. They have disappeared round the corner into one of the huts in the square. She looks back for a moment coyly, then runs too. The stranger when he reaches the corner round which she disappeared sees no sign of life. He walks round and peers about him. He sees nothing, hears nothing but a vague tom-tomming within some of the huts. But at last as he passes one there is a merry laugh, the leaves of the bamboo-wall are pushed aside, and a laughing, roguish face appears within a few inches of his own. What wonder if she charm him, what harm if he sits down in the square, and drawing a cheroot from his pocket, waits till a match is brought him from within ; or if, when he has been invited into the house, he sits with the family, drinking a glass of water, smoking and flirting with the roguish little wench ? For in the art of flirtation as in the game of intrigue, she is sure to be as proficient as all her Burman sisters. 'Tis good-bye then, with a sigh, and back to the ship. He reaches the water's edge, and there sees other maidens of the village assembling with their water-pots upon their heads. They have come to replenish them, to talk over the events and the gossip of the day, and to bathe in the Irrawaddy, if it be their bathing day.

If the women are skilled in intrigue, and know well how to flirt, the men too know how to court and to write a song to their mistress's eyebrow. Here is a version I made from a prose translation of a Burmese love-song.

BURMESE LOVE SONG

The Moon wooed the Lotus in the silver night-time,
  Wooed her and won her and my sweetheart was their child.
When the petals opened forth came my darling,
  Gentle as the twilight and as the woodland wild.

Fair as the Dawn is the bosom of my loved one,
And her hair is as Night falling over the hills,
Soft are her cheeks as the sweet South wind that woos her,
Musical her voice as the murmur of the rills.

Bright are the jewels that glisten in her earrings,
Brighter than diamonds the lustre of her eyes,
Golden is her dress, and her bracelets are golden,
But richer than gold is the loving heart I prize.

Proud is my mistress and no man dares approach her,
So proud is she and beautiful none durst come near;
Search you the world round, to what can I compare her?
There is no simile, for she's beyond compare!

Land then another day, if these people fascinate you, and stroll through a rich village, rich in paddy and timber. The streets are strewn with paddy-husks. You pause and watch a woman weaving in a house; a woman or child working with her feet the wooden see-saw with which fish is pounded for oil or rice to separate it from the husks. She is smoking a cheroot the while. She stops to look at you. You play with her little child and she laughs, pleased without reserve, as no Indian could be. You pass on. In the street you traverse are little shelters with water-pots therein, kept full by the charitable for the benefit of the passer-by. Further on are some rest-houses—empty houses, built also by the charitable, for the stranger to occupy if he will. Next you pass the school. The children hold slates in their hands, but chiefly they learn their lessons *viva voce*, and admirable lungs they seem to have. The schoolmistress, if you stop to watch, tries to keep the attention of the older girls, who somehow find excuses to come forward from the back of the room. But she too soon gives way, and begins

to make those little additions to her toilet—she touches up the powder on her face, shifts her *pawah* and arranges the flower in her hair.

Wandering on you reach, on the outskirts of the village, a monastery. Curiosity compels a crowd of boys, scholars and some of them embryo Poonghyees, to follow at your heels; curiosity leads you to examine the Poonghyee boat in its shed, and the rich carving of the building which forms the store-house of Buddhas and begging-bowls, of boxes and coffins elaborately adorned with glass and lacquer-work; curiosity brings the abbot from his meditations to look at you, so white you are and strange. The yellow-robed fraternity cluster round you till he comes, but they make way for the Poonghyee. Aged, wrinkled, his teeth rotten with chewing the eternal betel-nut, he advances, clutching nervously the yellow robe which he wears toga-wise. He invites you to enter the monastery. You climb the outside stair—for all houses in Burma are built on piles, to guard against the floods of the rainy season. You squat down and talk of the *Pwé* you have just visited. He listens smilingly polite, but he is more interested in your clothes, your ring which he presently takes from your finger and examines, and in the whiteness of your skin. He makes you show him your arm—how strangely white it is! and he naïvely admires the Englishman's broad chest. Then he calls a boy, who brings you a present of plantains and a green cocoa-nut. You take them and depart. For though they have no wealth and no means of subsistence you are not depriving the monks. Of food they have always plenty. For every morning they set out on their rounds with their begging-bowls, and the pious populace give them enough of rice and fruit. It is a curious and beautiful sight to see the villagers at any place where you



A SHAN BEAUTY

stop bring down cloth and food and various presents to the Poonghyee if you have one aboard. For so they acquire merit, and the Poonghyee, uninterrupted by earthly cares, is enabled to continue his course of peaceful meditation, so also acquiring gradually the supreme merit of triumphing over human vileness, thus escaping from the vortex of existences, and passing, when he dies, to the desired nothingness, the complete rest of *Neikban*.

It is the corollary of such a religion, that, apart from the sense of personal loss, it is meet to rejoice when a man, and especially when a Poonghyee, dies.

Therefore you find that along with boat races, pony races, and a football of their own kind, funerals are the chief amusements of this light-hearted people. The obsequies of a much-revered monk are made the occasion of a *Pwé*, or festival in which the whole countryside joins. As the head of a monastery or even an archbishop does not always time his death to suit the convenience of the holiday-makers, it is usual to embalm him until such time as money is plentiful, and the ceremony of cremating him can be performed on an adequate scale. That time is when the rice crops have been reaped and sold, and it is in March, therefore, that the *Poonghyee Byan* or "Return of the Great Glory" usually takes place. I was lucky enough to be in Mandalay when an archbishop-elect was about to be burnt. He had been kept waiting for nearly a year.

The scene was one of extraordinary animation. Dressed in their gayest clothes, the pleasure-loving crowds flocked from all quarters. Elaborate preparations had been made. The festivities continued for days. The *Pwé* was held in an open space near the Arrakan pagoda. Here was every form of gaiety, and hither the belles of Mandalay drove out

all the week in bullock-carts and gharis, their hair so carefully prepared, their faces so studiously powdered! For was there not dancing and music galore, and marionettes and long dramatic performances so dear to the Burman? And is not a *Pwé* the place to find a husband? In the centre of the fair was a model of Mandalay Fort, the old stronghold of Theebaw, and within the fort the Palace and the seven-roofed Pyathat which is the centre of the universe. The funeral pyre of the archbishop-elect was a huge and grotesque elephant made of paper and bamboo. A light was set to it by a man in a large devil's mask, after much preliminary and apparently humorous mumming.

On every side were shows and decorations. Here were a crowd of boys beating gongs and cymbals and ringing bells—there a throng of urchins taking turns, amidst shouts of laughter, in the endeavour to climb a greasy pole. Here a bevy of Mandalay damsels, clad in bright pink and yellow silks, wandered round, huge cheroot in hand, and examined with minute care the pictures wherewith the bases of innumerable pagodas like hearses on wheels were decorated. There were pyramids of begging-bowls and pyramids of false flowers. There were poles flying the Union Jack with bath towels rigged up on the stays of them as a decoration. Naked children, nuns with their shaven heads and salmon-coloured robes, yellow-robed monks and men and women in pink and red and yellow and blue Mandalay silk clustered round these, staring, through the thick clouds of dust they had stirred up, at the cardboard menagerie of fabulous animals, of leogryphs and tigers, of elephants and horses.

The ceremony of cremation is thus described by Mr. John Nisbet in his "Burma under British Rule":—

"When the day fixed for the cremation has at last arrived, the lower part of the pyre (a lofty, seven-roofed bier, gorgeously adorned with pictures, gold-leaf, tinsel, and coloured paper) is filled with combustibles and chips of fragrant woods. The receptacle for the coffin occupies one of the upper tiers of the seven-roofed spire.

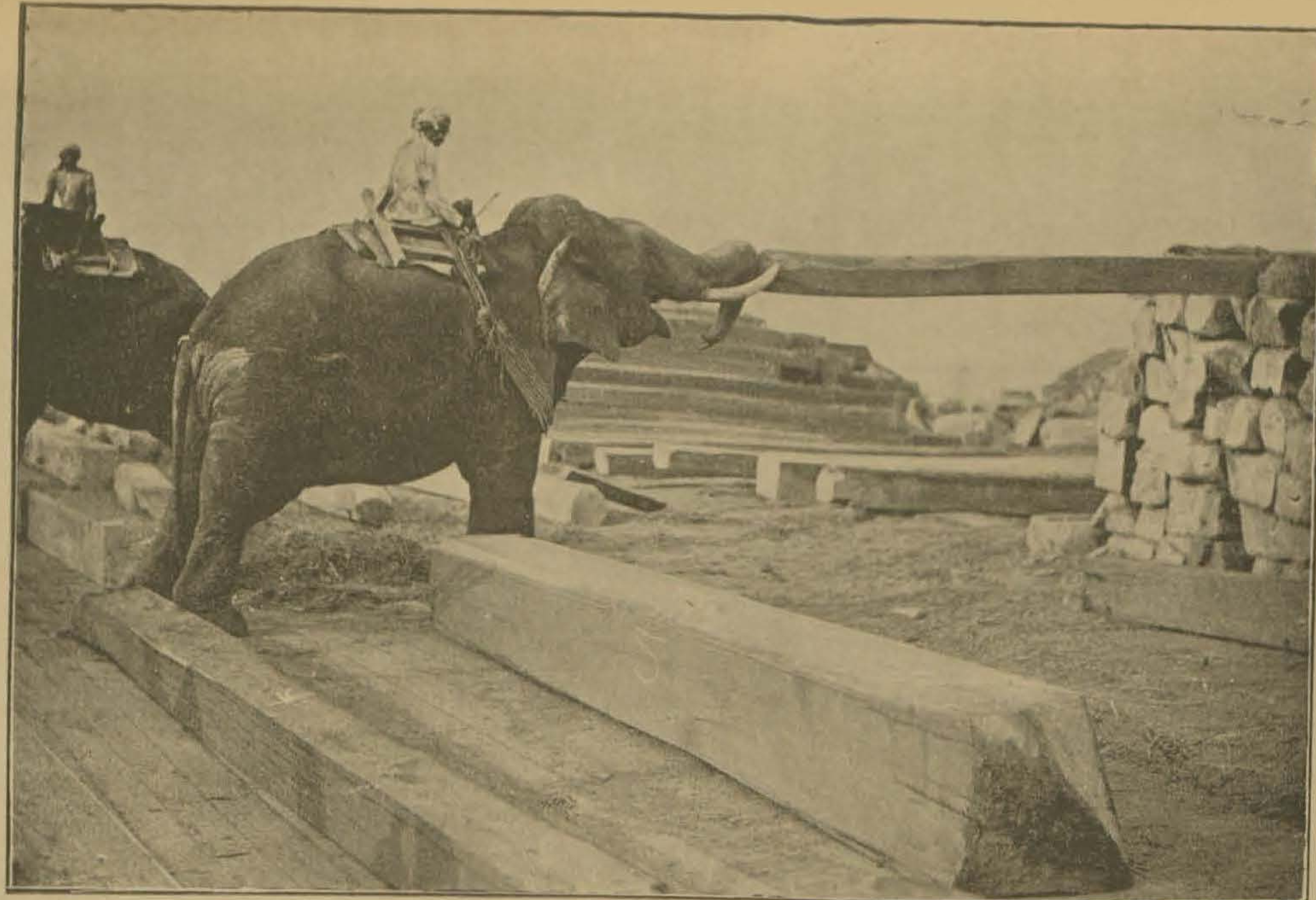
"The golden case enshrining the coffin and corpse is brought from the *Neikban Kyaung* to the place of cremation on a four-wheeled car richly decorated. Ropes are attached to each end of the car, and when it reaches the pyre a great tug-of-war ensues before the sacred casket is placed in position. The pulling from side to side takes place without any prescribed method. Men take sides as they please, and as one side needs strengthening, people rush forward to lend their assistance.

"The ignition of the pyre is effected by large rockets, attached with rings to guide ropes, fixed from one or another, and often from all four sides of the car. As the Burmese are not good mechanicians these rockets sometimes get disengaged and shoot into the dense throng of people. The fall of each badly aimed missile affords much amusement to the crowd, but a great shout arises when at last one reaches its goal, and smoke is seen to issue from the pyre. The cremation is soon effected. The ashes left are afterwards examined, and any bones found are interred near some sacred shrine, or have a small pagoda built over them."

But life is not all play and Poongyes in Burma. For John Chinaman has arrived there and John Bull, and between them they are beginning to develop the rich resources of the country—a development not a little retarded by the indolent habits of the Burman, and the resultant scarcity of labour. The resources themselves are rich enough.

be a marvel of strength if he succeeds in drawing his legs out again. He, however, not only does this easily enough, but at the same time he shoves a huge tree trunk along the ground in front of him, laying his tusk scientifically to the flat of the bole, and he also in the same stride drags by a chain behind him a mighty stem of teak.

Taking advantage of their courteous invitation I went inside Messrs. M'Gregor's timber yard and there found the smaller, female elephants busy shifting planks to and from the saw-mills, carrying them daintily in their trunks. Beyond, a magnificent sixty-year-old tusker was busy piling teak. His head and trunk are of enormous size, the latter certainly developed by the work which he has been doing these many years. It is a huge piece of muscle, almost as thick as the square teak logs which he picks up as easily as if they were toothpicks and balances on his splendid ivories. He carries the log thus to the pile and rests it endwise against it. Then he comes round and places his trunk and tusk against the bottom end of the log, and, sitting half down, he shoves up the log on to the pile. It is all done with extraordinary precision under the guidance of the skilled mahout, who sits on his neck using precept, toe and stick, for he talks to him, he scratches him on this side and on that with his foot, and he whacks him on the back of the head with a sharp iron instrument. The elephant obeys these hints without, I fancy, greatly enjoying the job. He works from dawn till nine in the morning and then knocks off, for he would get sunstroke if he worked to the middle of the day, being a denizen of the jungle. So, for thirty or forty years he will earn his daily food, piling teak and supplying the globe-trotter with an excuse for spoiling a plate. Each



PILING TEAK IN RANGOON

one of those teak logs which he lifts with so little apparent effort it would task the puny strength of seventy coolies to move.

There are relatives of his working harder still up the river, hauling and shoving likewise in the jungle. They, like him, were once given to tearing down huge bamboos and hurling small trees about them for their own pleasure and profit. But there came a day when the herd to which they belonged was marked down by the Keddah men. An elephant drive was organised. There is nothing in the world more exciting than an elephant drive and few things more dangerous. In the one which has just been concluded near Mandalay, six men were killed and twenty wounded. The biggest casualty list on record for one drive, however, occurred in India, where thirty-two men were killed in one day. The method adopted is briefly as follows. A huge band of beaters picketed in threes about fifty yards apart is formed into a circle of some ten miles round the herd. Gradually this circle is narrowed, and whilst a house or keddah with a funnel-shaped avenue of trees and bamboos is being prepared for the little strangers at one point, the beaters move the elephants in that direction by the aid of every sort of noise. Drums and tom-toms, pipes and whistles, gongs and guns beat and bang and shriek all day and all night, and the herd is slowly worked towards the trap. The day of great danger comes, a day of the intensest excitement, when at last the elephants have been brought close to the entrance of the funnel. They must be made to go inside at all hazards. If they go in all is well, save with the few beaters who have been seized or struck by the swinging trunk of a casual elephant. But if, when they have got within the funnel, they turn and stampede, then the slaughter may be horrible. For they

get amongst the crowd of men at their heels, pursue them like mosquitoes and trample them to death by the score. Lines of fire are indeed laid across the mouth of the funnel, which are lit if there be time to stop them from thus bolting back, but the mighty beasts, mad with rage and terror, will cross even the boundary of flame.

Once they have been herded within the elephant house the gates are dropped and they are left awhile to reflect. The result of their reflections usually is that when the gates are opened they dash madly out. They are checked by men with guns, who fire charges of shot into the centre of their foreheads. Then when they have been sobered by this treatment, tame elephants are introduced into the house. Quiet and motionless the mahouts sit on their necks and guide them, so that they go alongside of the wild beasts, and they gradually coax and press them closer and closer together, wedging them tighter and tighter against the far wall of their prison. The coolness and pluck of these drivers is extraordinary. It is said that if you sit or stand absolutely still in the presence of an infuriated elephant he will not kill you. He will come up to you and feel you, may be, all over with his trunk, and then not knowing what to make of it, will leave you alone. Move an inch and you will be dashed to death in a second. The ordinary shikari, finding himself in the presence of a wild elephant, will run at the top of his speed for the nearest tree, shouting meanwhile good advice to you to this effect. It is much safer, he yells, panting breathlessly, to stop and stand quite still. But these mahouts put the precept into practice. Unmoved they sit whilst the wild elephants wave their trunks above them, inquiring, menacing.

At last when the herd is wedged tightly together, the

men slip down and shackle the feet of the enormous brutes. From that moment the life of bondage commences. For fifty or sixty years perhaps, unless anthrax or sunstroke, or one of the dozen ills to which delicate elephant flesh is heir to relieves him, that bondage will continue, and the mighty monarch of the forest will assuredly be piling teak in Rangoon long after I have ceased to trouble the printers, long after I have ceased to perambulate this globe.

THE END

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(Travels – cricket tour)

Sports

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